

VOL. XXVII.

No. 3.



J U N E

THE FRANK A. MUNSEY COMPANY, 111 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

Munsey's Magazine

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IMPORTANT

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ISSUED MONTHLY by THE FRANK A. MUNSEY COMPANY, 111 Fifth Avenue, New York.

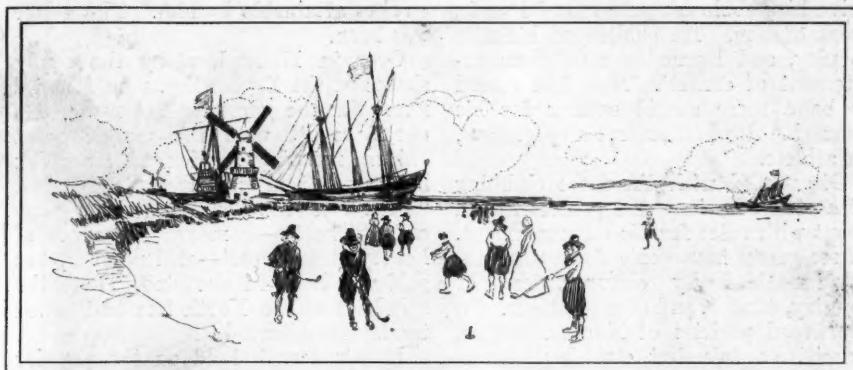
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MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVII.

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THE BIRTH OF GOLF.

BY DOUGLAS STORY.

GOLF AS A GAME HAD ITS ORIGIN IN THE DAYS OF THE MIGHTY MASTODONS, THE PRIMEVAL FORESTS, AND THE STONE AGE—LATER, IT WAS DOMICILED IN SCOTLAND, BECAME THE SPORT OF KINGS, AND TODAY RANKS FIRST OF GAMES IN SIX CONTINENTS.

PRIMITIVE Man emerged from the family cave and stealthily surveyed the situation. Before him were the blue green trees of the pleistocene forest, on the ground great boulders, and in the woods strange figures of animals, flying lizards, and terrible dinosaurians.

It was an ugly Eden, and Primitive Man himself was no Adonis. Short and stumpy, deep chested, with long, hairy arms and legs that bent at the knees and hips, in one strong prehensile hand he carried a jagged club of fir wood. His hair was shaggy and matted, of a rusty red, and his teeth were keen as those of a beaver.

Advance though he was on the ape-like form of his great uncle, the pithecanthropus, man had not yet attained much dignity of carriage. His knees and hips still sought the upright

with difficulty, and his feet grasped the inequalities of his primeval pathway as might the modern man walking on his hands. He swung from branch to branch of his purple conifers by hand or foot, as occasion demanded. In the woods, and among the heavy boulders of the ice moraines, he slunk as an uninvited stranger, as a creature who had entered the world without a ticket of admission, ashamed.

In his right hand he carried his *kulban*, the symbol of his power, the weapon of his defense, the instrument of his pleasure. With this club he maintained himself erect, killed his dinner, disciplined his wife. It was his support, but not yet his comforter. In his mind was a great unrest. He had eaten, he had slept, existence offered no farther entertainment. He struck at a stone with the club he carried, and

marked where it skittered to rest near a boulder. He hobbled to the pebble and struck again. The exercise warmed him, his ennui vanished, his spirits rose; he waddled after the stone and laughed as he struck it from him.

With practice he grew expert, could drive his pebble a machærodus' leap in front of him. He challenged his wife to play, and learned the delicious excitement of contest. Man had ceased to be a mere sordid caterer for his stomach. He had become a sportsman, an athlete.

Dissatisfied with the mere clubbing of a stone, he invented games hedged about with rules for his entertainment. Those games have come down to us today modified by circumstances of country, of race, and of civilization. On the broad prairies of North America, primitive man's first clubbing became lacrosse. On the tree laden slopes of southern Europe he hung a twisted wooden hoop and batted his ball through it. Thence came the Italian game of paille maille, the many variations of rackets and tennis. On the flat plains of the east, with their droves of horses, he invented polo. On the rough, grassy grounds of the north he played hockey. On the smooth, monkish turf of England medieval man played cricket. On the polished surface of degenerate dining tables, modern man today plays ping pong. All of these are modifications of the primitive man's slogging at a stone with the crutch of his every day existence.

GOLF, THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT.

But the greatest game of all is golf. Demanding the greatest exercise of skill, it is at the same time the most ancient, the least modified of all the games that have come down to us from the paleolithic age. It stands out as the highest development of primitive man's ingenuity.

Born on the sandy dunes of the sea coast, it is an adaptation of man's first game to the necessities of his surroundings. With a club, he early learned to propel a ball of boxwood long distances along the sandy links above high water. He discovered that skill depended on the distance to which he could bat the

ball, and on the accuracy with which he could make it drop within a defined area. Consequently he laid out a series of small holes at distances of several hundreds of yards, and set about endeavoring to knock the ball from hole to hole in the smallest number of strokes attainable by him. The golfer was born.

Over in Holland, along the sandy shores of the Zuyder Zee, man found a name for the game he had made. He chose as its base the Gothic word *kulban*, meaning a stick with a thick knob, and from it derived "club" and "kolf." In the Low Countries a game called "kolf"—a mongrel product of hockey and croquet—still persists, but golf was born in Scotland, where the spindrift of the North Sea had salted the land and turfed it.

It seized such hold on the popular fancy that men forsook the practice of archery to engage in it. In 1457 it was decreed that "the fut ball and golf be utterly cryit dune," but the enthusiastic Scots would not be "cryit dune," and so at intervals of a few years other ordinances were passed to stay the game—happily, in vain.

In 1592 the town council of Edinburgh, jealous of the reputation of the Scottish Sabbath, forbade the game on Sundays. Scotsmen, divided between their allegiance to the kirk and their loyalty to the game, grew dour and sullen at the bylaw. John Henrie and Pat Royie, -douce citizens of Edinburgh, were haled before the justices for "playing of the Gowf on the Links of Leith every Sabbath the time of the sermons." For the same dire reason, Robert Robertson of Perth was seated on the stool of repentance in 1604.

In the register of the kirk session of Humble are two entries of grave consideration for golfers:

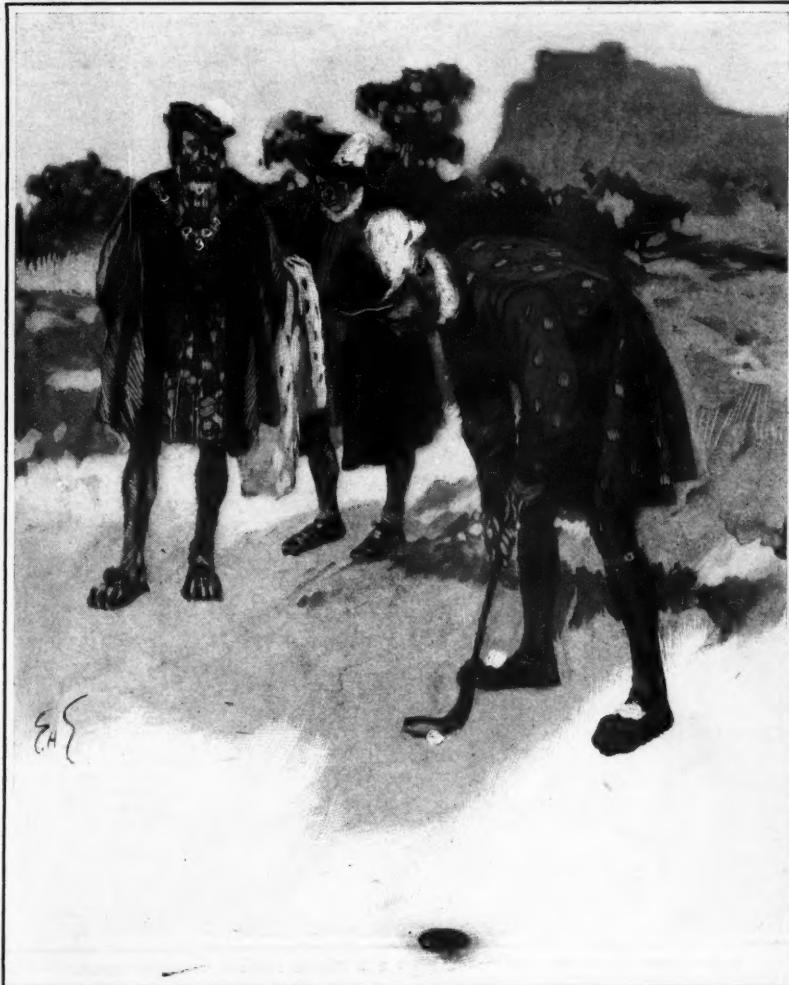
April 27, 1631—The which day James Rodger, John Rodger, John Howdan, Andrew Howdan, and George Paterson, were complained upon for playing at the golf upon ane Lord's day; were ordained to be cited the next day.

May 4—The which day compaired the aforementioned persons and confessed their prophaning of the Lord's day by playing at the golf; were ordained to make their publick repentance the next day.

Occasionally the stool of repentance

did not suffice, but sacrilegious golfers had to make reparation in hard cash of the realm. From the register of the kirk session of Stirling one learns:

in the royal accounts nine shillings for clubs and balls. These balls were of leather stuffed with feathers, and cost four shillings a dozen, although the



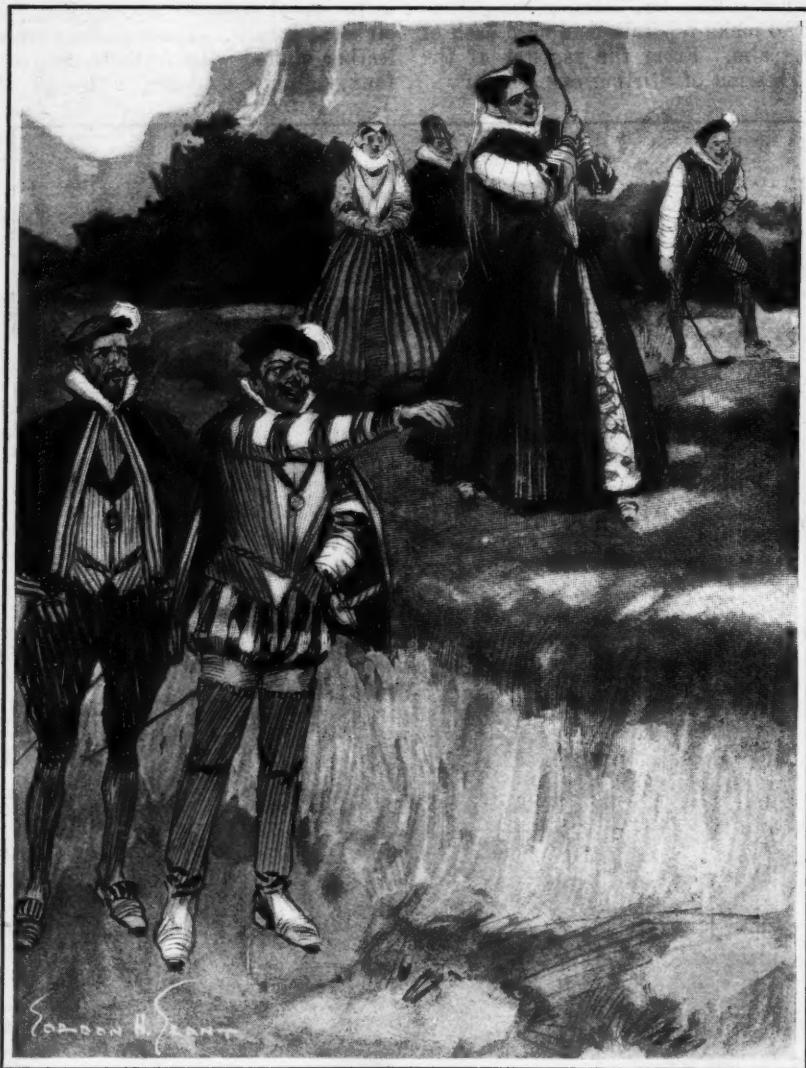
GOLF IN 1503—KING JAMES IV OF SCOTLAND AND THE EARL OF BOTHWELL PLAYING THEIR MATCH ON THE KING'S FIELD AT STIRLING.

January 30, 1621—David Hairt.—The quhilke day David Hairt, prenteis to Gilbert Banhop Wrycht, confest prophanatione of the Sabbath in playing at the goff in the park on the Sabbath affirnone in tyme of preaching; and therefor is ordeint to pay *ad pios usus* six shillings and acht pence.

It was in this park of Stirling that James IV played his match with the Earl of Bothwell in 1503, setting aside

Marquis of Montrose was charged three pounds for “ane dozen goiff balls to my lord” a century later.

At St. Andrews, golf has been a game of the students since the foundation of the university in 1411. Melvill, who was afterwards professor of theology there, tells in his autobiography how, while a student in 1574:



MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS PLAYING GOLF ON THE FIELDS NEAR HOLYROOD PALACE.

I haid my necessaire honestie aneuch of my father, but nocht else; for archerie and goff, I haid bow, arrose, glub and balls, but nocht a purs for catchpall and tavern, sic was his fatherlie wisdom for my weill.

Exactly why the hard headed father of Melvill deemed the temptations of "catchpall" the equivalent of the tavern as a peril to the student is not vouch-safed to us, albeit "catchpall" was an English game—a sort of namby pamby, foreign rackets, any way. Melvill *père*

would have none of it in the curriculum of his Scots bred son.

SOME ROYAL GOLFERS.

All of the Stuarts played golf. Mary Queen of Scots played on the fields near Holyrood Palace after the murder of Darnley, to the scandalization of the leaders of the Reformation. James VI carried the game to England, and played with gusto on Blackheath.

Charles I was playing on Leith links when news was brought to him of the outbreak of the Irish rebellion. There is much debate as to whether he played his game out, as did stout Sir Francis Drake his game of bowls when the Spanish Armada was sighted from Plymouth, or whether he cast aside his club, and, in the words of the historians, retired hastily to his closet.

Charles II preferred paille maille to golf, and played it daintily with his fair friend, Louise Renée de Querouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth, along the Mall in London. His brother, James II, was an enthusiastic golfer, and, like Nero, played vigorously the while his kingdom was slipping from him. It was in his time, 1671, that the citizens of Westminster caroled:

Thus all our life long we were frolick and gay
At Goff and at Football ; and when we have done
These innocent sports we'll laugh and lie down

And to each pretty lass
We will give a green gown.

Bonnie Prince Charlie—he of the '45—took golf to Italy in 1738, and played it there in the Borghese gardens. And so the royal and ancient game had started on the tour that was to put a girdle of red flags round about the earth.

DAVID GARRICK'S GOLFING GROUND.

By the end of the eighteenth century, golf was as much a game on the inland links of England as on the sea coast of Scotland. David Garrick, the actor, had a course near his house at Hampton Court on the Thames. Thither he invited John Home and Alexander Carlyle of Musselburgh. Carlyle tells of the day's experience in his autobiography:

Garrick was so friendly to John Home that he gave a dinner to his friends and companions at his house at Hampton, which he did but seldom. He had told us to bring golf clubs and balls that we might play at that game on Molesey Hurst. We accordingly set out in good time, six of us, in a landau.

As we passed through Kensington, the Coldstream Regiment were changing guard, and, on seeing our clubs, they gave us three cheers in honor of a diversion peculiar to Scotland; so much does the remembrance of one's native country dilate the heart, when one has been some time absent. The same sentiment made us open our purses and wherewithal to drink the "Land o' Cakes."

Garrick met us by the way, so impatient he seemed to be for his company. There were John Home, and Robertson, and Wedderburn, and Robert and James Adam, and Colonel David Wedderburn, who was

killed when commander of the army in Bombay in the year 1773. . . .

Immediately after we arrived we crossed the river to the golfing ground, which was very good. None of the company could play but John Home and myself and Parson Black from Aberdeen.

Garrick had built a handsome temple, with a statue of Shakspere in it, in his lower garden on the banks of the Thames, which was separated from the upper one by a high road, under which there was an archway which united the two gardens. Garrick, in compliment to Home, had ordered the wine to be carried to this temple, where we were to drink it under the shade of the copy of that statue to which Home had addressed his pathetic verses on the rejection of his play. The poet and the actor were equally gay and well pleased with each other on this occasion, with much respect on the one hand and a total oblivion of animosity on the other; for vanity is a passion that is easy to be entreated, and unites freely with all the best affections.

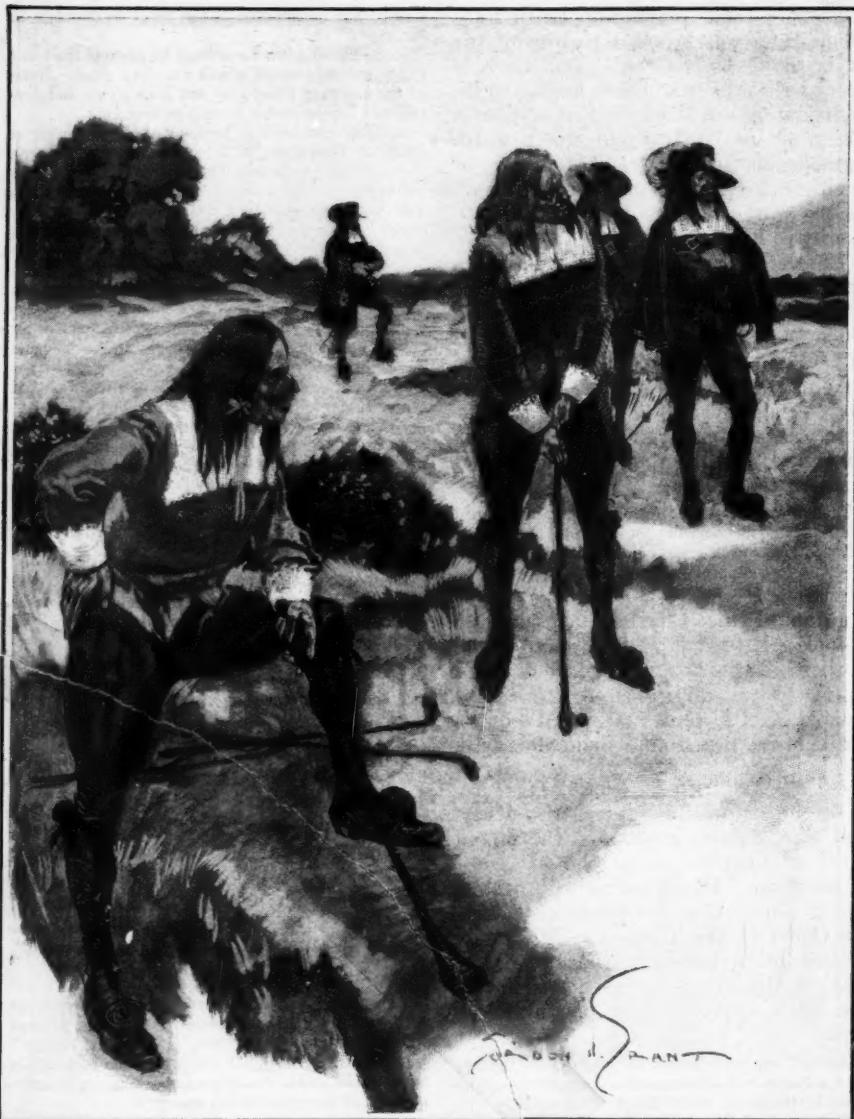
Having observed a green mound in the garden opposite the archway, I said to our landlord that while the servants were preparing the collation in the temple I would surprise him with a stroke at golf, as I should drive a ball through his archway into the Thames once in three strokes. I had measured the distance with my eye in walking about the garden, and accordingly, at the second stroke, made the ball alight in the mouth of the gateway, and roll down the green slope into the river. This was so dexterous that he was quite surprised, and begged the club of me by which such a feat had been performed. We passed a very agreeable afternoon, and it is hard to say which were happier, the landlord and landlady or the guests.

Today, Garrick's temple rests placidly beside the river, and the game that so amused him is as familiar in New York as in St. Andrews, in Peking as in Johannesburg, in Bombay as in Quebec. Last of all it came to the United States; and in the Philadelphia *Times* of Sunday, February 24, 1889, is a famous account of that "most aristocratic exercise" in which a servant is so indispensable:

As soon as the ball is started in the air the player runs forward in the direction which the ball has taken, and his servant, who is called a "caddy," runs after him with all the other nine tools in his arms. The caddy really gets about as much exercise out of the sport as his master.

Spectators sometimes view games of golf, but as a rule they stand far off, for the nature of the implements employed is such that a ball may be driven in a very contrary direction to that which the player wishes, and, therefore, may fall among the spectators and cause some temporary discomfort. Moreover, it would require considerable activity upon the part of the spectators to watch the play in golf, for they would have to run around and see how every hole was gained, from one end of the game to the other.

This "astonishing nonsense," as Andrew Lang called it, and much more, formed a serious exposition of the



KING CHARLES I ON THE LINKS—IT IS RECORDED THAT CHARLES WAS PLAYING GOLF AT LEITH, NEAR EDINBURGH, WHEN NEWS WAS BROUGHT TO HIM OF THE OUTBREAK OF THE REBELLION IN IRELAND.

game as understood in Philadelphia thirteen short years ago. Verily, if Sydney Smith were justified in his conjecture that it needed a surgical operation to let one of his jokes into a Scotsman's skull, it demanded a pile-driver to crush a conception of the great Scots game into the head of the Philadelphian writer of 1889. Heaven

be praised, it is otherwise in 1902! Philadelphia has learned wisdom and the United States golf. From Maine to California the land is studded with putting greens and humped with bunkers. A new race of caddies has sprung up, champions numerous as blackberries. The world conquering Yankee has gone back to the sport of his first parent.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

The Navy's Chief Engineer.

Rear Admiral George W. Melville, who contributes to this magazine a paper on a novel and interesting experiment now in progress in the arctic, writes of polar work from experience. A stirring chapter in his life was his part in the Jeannette expedition, of which he was chief engineer. When the ill fated ship was crushed in the ice, and her crew made for the Siberian coast, he commanded one of the three boats; and it was due partly to good fortune, and partly to good leadership, that he brought all his men out alive, while the others perished in the Arctic Ocean, or in the frozen wilds of the Lena delta. But Melville did more than save his men. On reaching safety, he went back to search for his lost comrades; and though he did not succeed in rescuing them, he found the body of his commander, Lieutenant De Long, and saved the records of the expedition.

Admiral Melville is a man of sixty, a New Yorker by birth, a Scotsman by descent. Entering the navy at the outbreak of the Civil War, he saw all sorts of service afloat and ashore, and gradually established the professional reputation that won him his place at the head of the Bureau of Steam Engineering. In other important naval posts men may come and men may go, but Admiral Melville has long been regarded as indispensable as chief engineer.

His reports are documents that show his thorough grasp of the affairs of his bureau. There is nothing perfunctory about them, and they speak with remarkable plainness when occasion demands. For instance, amid the well earned plaudits that the navy won in the war of 1898, Admiral Melville did not hesitate to state that some of the smaller vessels came out of the campaign with their machinery "in a condition that can only be described as horrible." And

last year, in reviewing the working of the long desired reform by which line officers and engineer officers were placed on an equal footing, he very frankly admitted the weak points of the new system. He pointed out the dangerous fact that "the number of trained and expert engineers in the navy is being steadily reduced," and he suggested the remedies that he deemed advisable.

The Man of the Northwest.

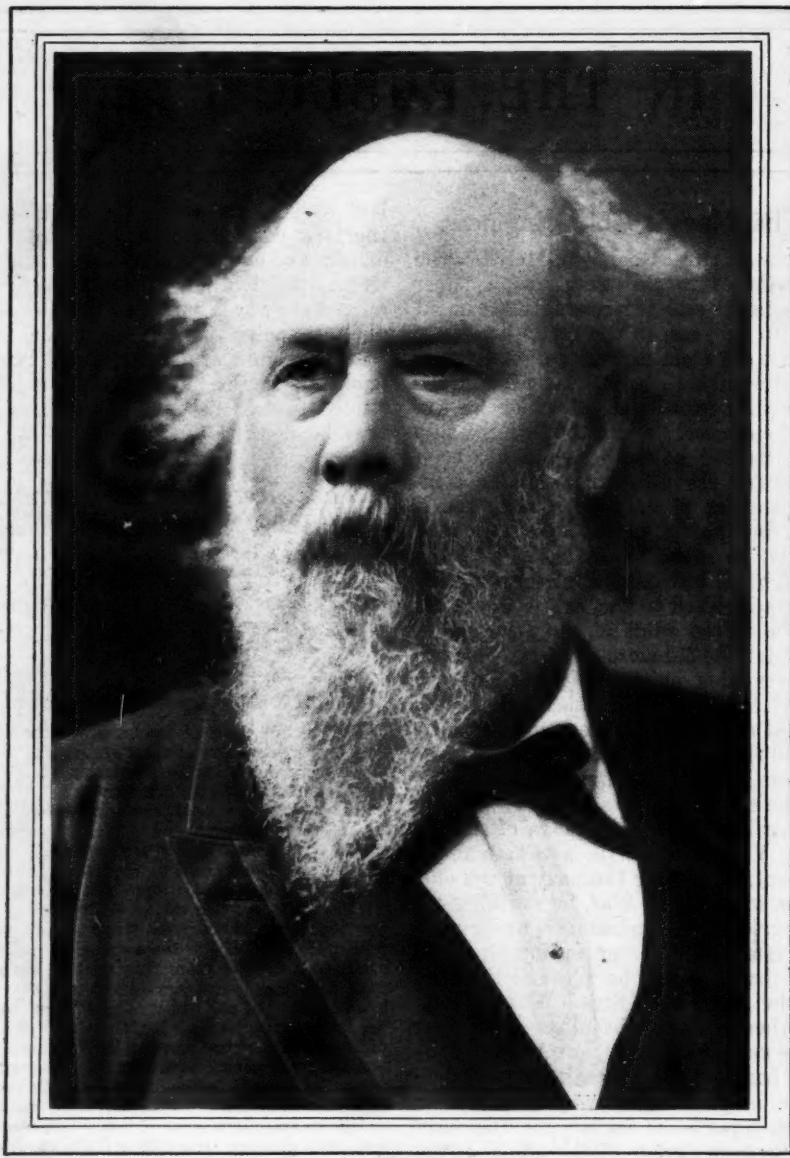
When that keen eyed French Academician, Paul Bourget, was in this country, a few years ago, he visited St. Paul, Minnesota, and there made observations on the homes of some Western millionaires. The sum of his conclusions may be read in "*Outre Mer.*" He says of one such house:

What the American millionaire most cares for in the conquest of wealth is the excitement of activity, of self affirmation; and he affirms himself by the lavish ostentation of his expenditures.

This ostentation is sometimes very barbaric. It is often very intelligent. Of this I have convinced myself by a visit to one of the houses on Summit Avenue, the elegant street of this rough hewn St. Paul. The gallery of paintings which it contains is mentioned in the guide books. It belongs to the president of one of the great Western railways, a "self made man," if ever there was one. All who knew him twenty five years ago remember him as a small commercial employee. After that he went into the selling of coal and the freighting of boats. The latter enterprise made him acquainted *de visu* with the wealth of Montana and North Dakota.

A railway which had been begun in these regions was on the point of failure. He bought the ruined line. Today, thanks to contracts that he was wise enough to make, by a series of transhipments, this line has a through service from Buffalo to Japan. This is the finished type of a great American business enterprise, with its foundations laid in minute personal experience, and its results expanded by bold combinations to the verge of unreality.

The interior appointments of this man's house are not less typical. Pictures, pictures everywhere. Corots of the highest beauty, among others the "Biblis" which figured at the Secretan sale; Troyons, a colossal Courbet, the "Convulsionnaires" of Delacroix, and a view of the coast of Morocco, before which I stood long, as in a dream. I saw this canvas years ago. I have sought for it since in hundreds of public and private museums, finding no



REAR ADMIRAL GEORGE W. MELVILLE, CHIEF OF THE BUREAU OF STEAM ENGINEERING, UNITED STATES NAVY, WHO CONTRIBUTES TO THIS MAGAZINE AN ARTICLE ON ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

From a photograph by Hayes, Detroit.

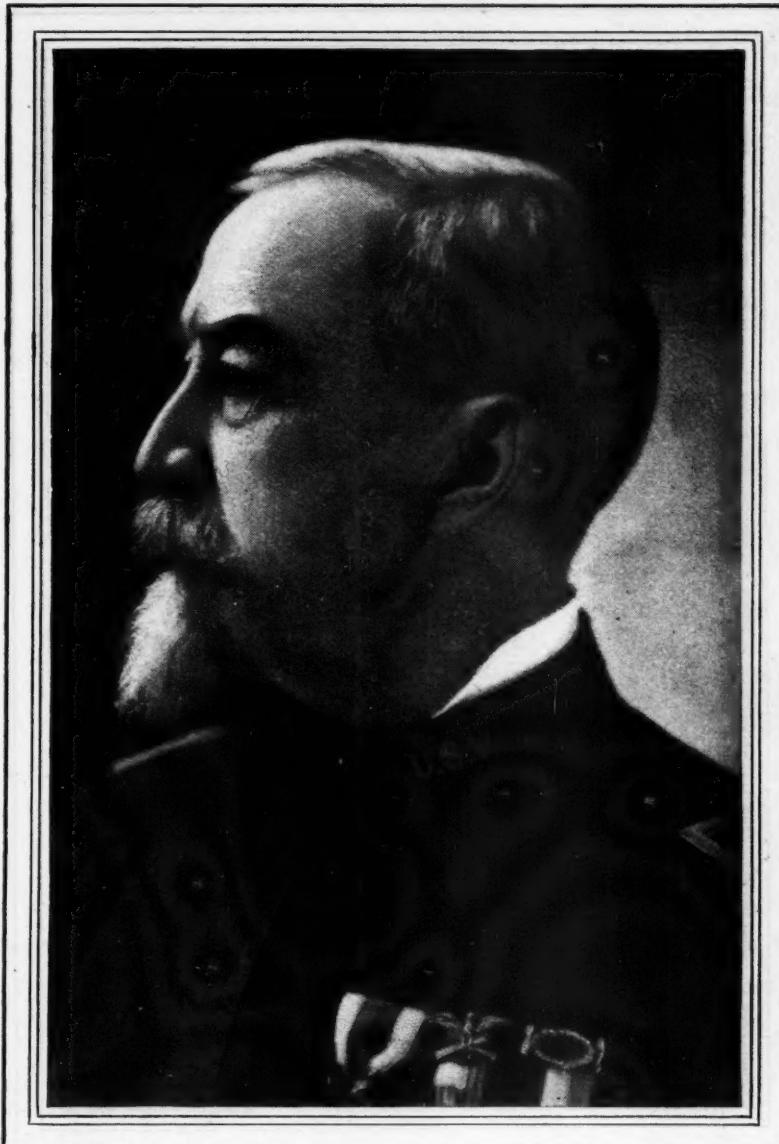
book which could inform me who was its present possessor; and I find it here!

The home of the Frenchman's typical American millionaire was the home of James J. Hill, the man who created the Great Northern railroad system, and who has demonstrated to Eastern finan-

ciers the power and weight of Western enterprise.

The Painter of the Coronation.

Great Britain has come to America for an artist to paint the picture of the

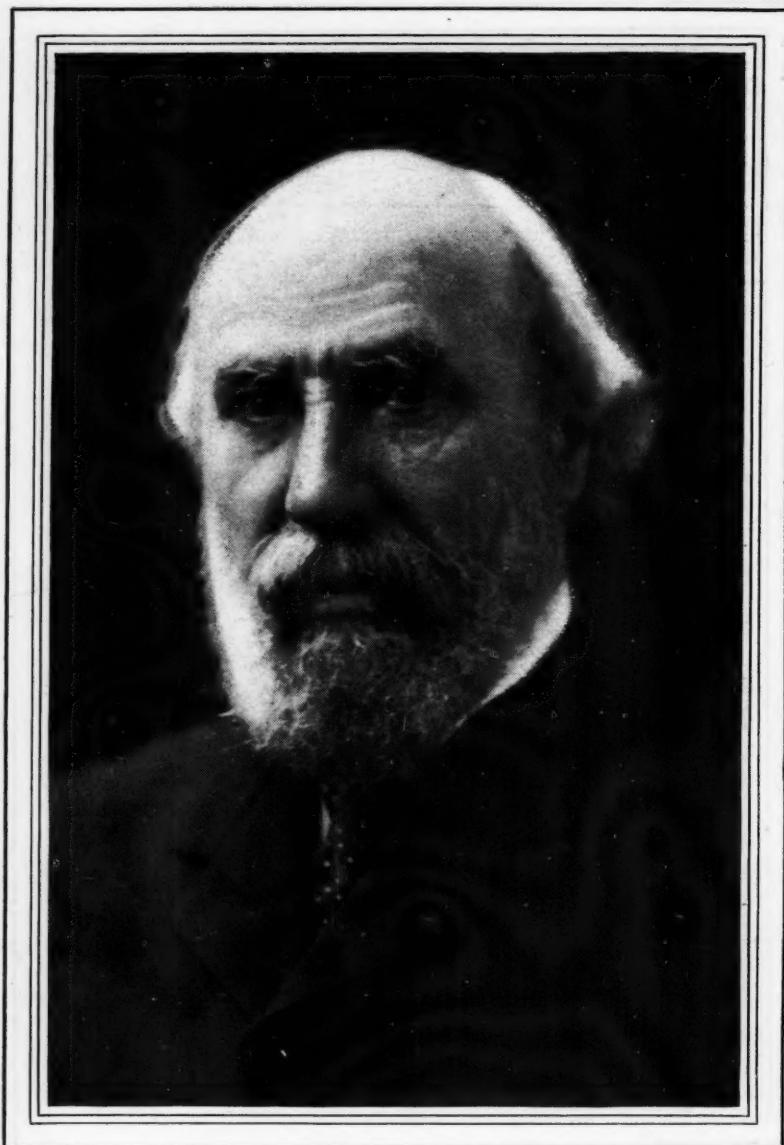


GENERAL MICHAEL V. SHERIDAN, A BROTHER OF THE FAMOUS "FIGHTING PHIL" SHERIDAN,
RECENTLY APPOINTED A BRIGADIER GENERAL IN THE REGULAR ARMY AND RETIRED.

From a photograph by Root, Chicago.

coronation of King Edward VII. Time was when England sought its historical painters in continental Europe. Queen Victoria was once a great admirer of Winterhalter; later she commissioned Benjamin Constant, and received from him a picture which the artist himself

proclaims more allegory than portrait. Native British art has contributed little to the recording of historic occasions within the last century. It may be that its disregard has been necessitated by its decadence in portraiture since the great days of Reynolds, Gainsborough,



JAMES J. HILL, OF ST. PAUL, THE MOST FAMOUS CITIZEN OF THE GREAT NORTHWEST—RAIL-ROAD PRESIDENT, MILLIONAIRE, AND ART PATRON.

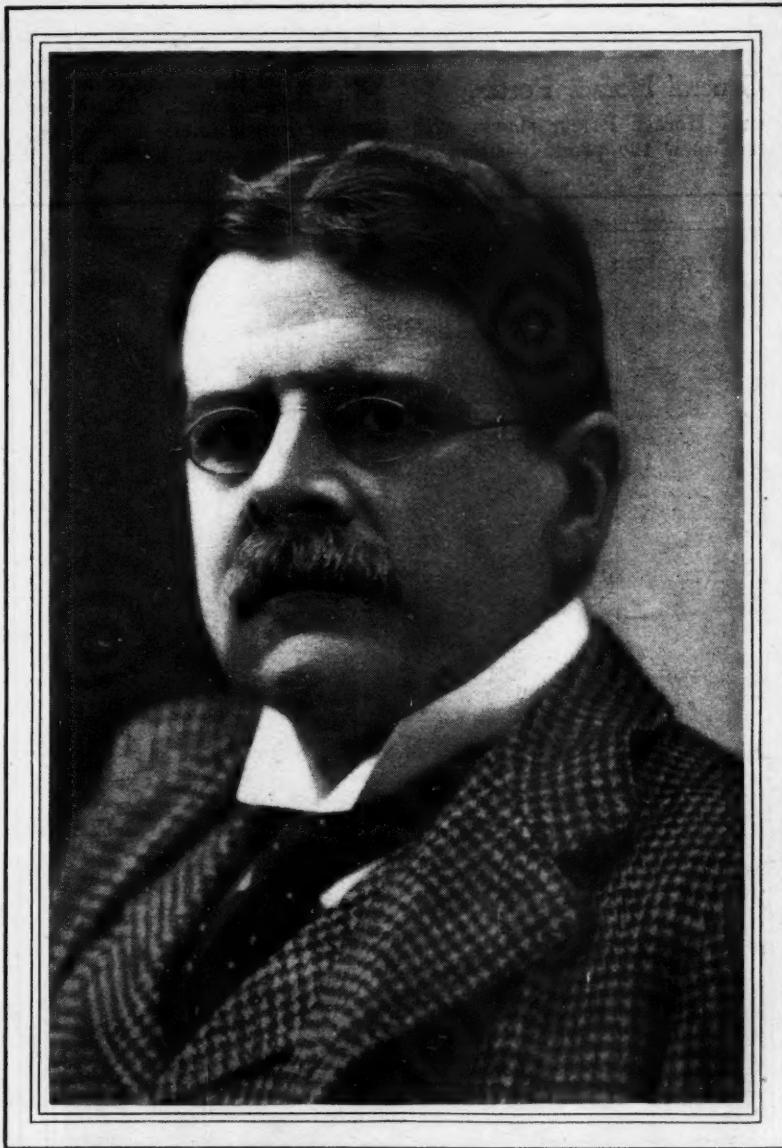
From a copyrighted photograph by Pach, New York.

and Lawrence; but no man gazing at the German canvases in the National Portrait Gallery in London, and at Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace, will accord much praise to the artists imported from the continent.

It is otherwise with Mr. Abbey. He

is an Anglo Saxon, instinct with the legendary lore of Great Britain, sympathetic with its traditions and with its characteristics.

Trained as a magazine draftsman, Abbey developed into an illustrator of books. He journeyed to England, and



EDWIN A. ABBEY, R. A., THE AMERICAN ARTIST WHO HAS BEEN COMMISSIONED TO PAINT THE OFFICIAL PICTURE OF THE CORONATION OF KING EDWARD VII.

From a copyrighted photograph by Purdy, Boston.

there found the atmosphere he had sought in vain in his native Pennsylvania, as in New York. It was twenty four years ago that Abbey went to England to get color for his illustrations of Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer." In 1890 he first exhibited an oil painting

at the Royal Academy. Six years later he was elected an associate, and in 1898 received his full R. A.

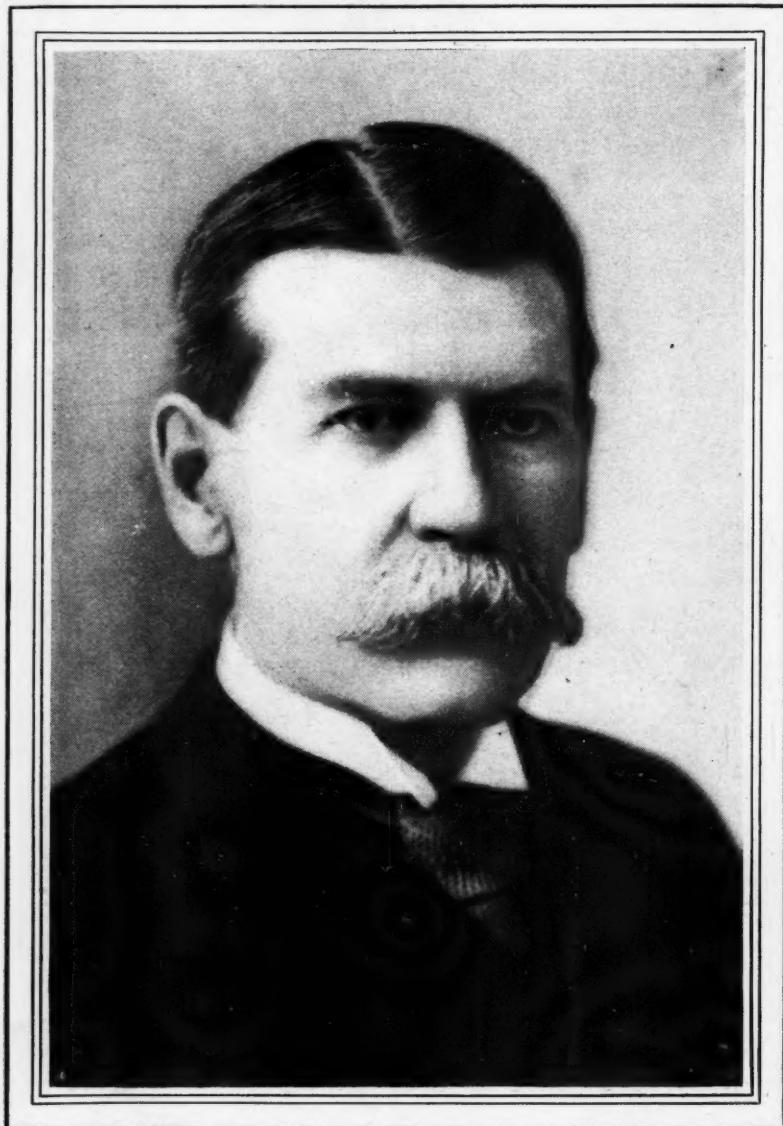
Saturated with English literature, domiciled in an English village, fond of English rural life, he stands out as more British in sympathy and in manner

than the British themselves. In the coronation he has a great opportunity.

General Horace Porter.

General Horace Porter shares with Senator Depew the proud position of

postprandial orator in ordinary to the United States. He belongs to a generation of after dinner speakers—men who studied the telling of a tale as an actor studies a part. Those were the days of long dinners, begun early and ending in the small hours. People had

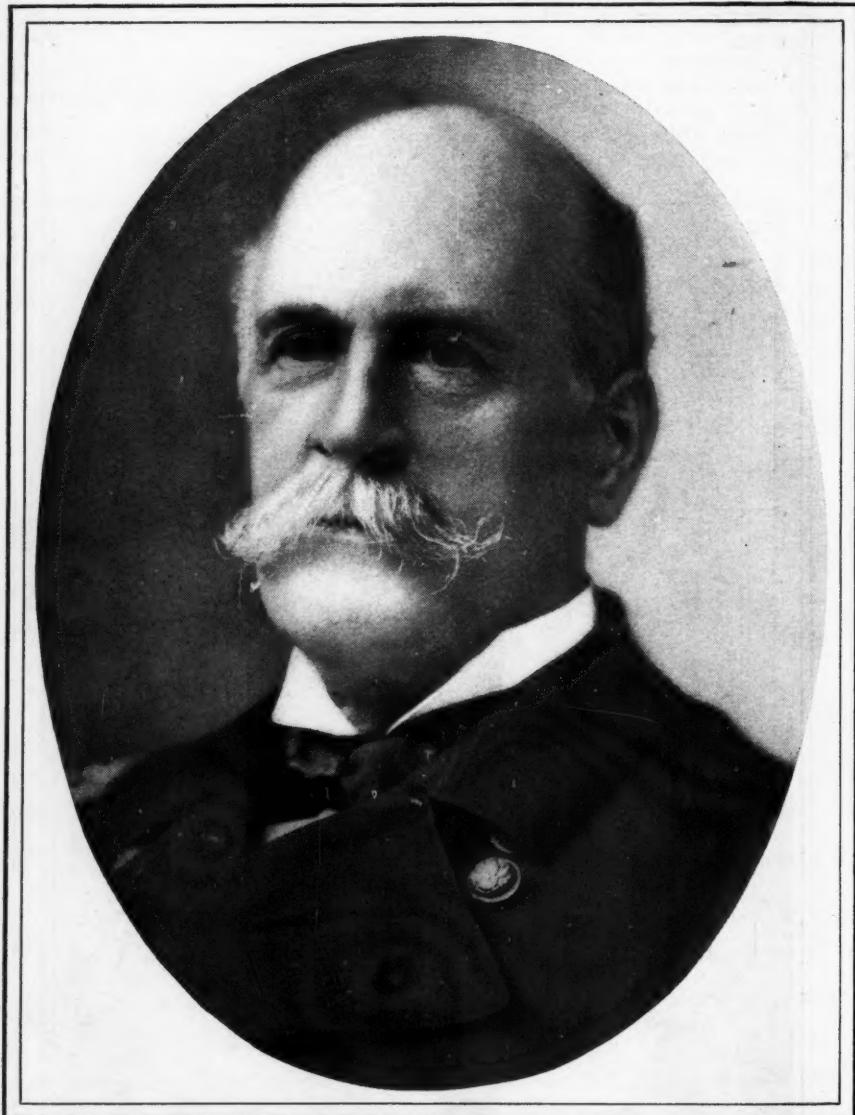


GENERAL HORACE PORTER, CIVIL WAR VETERAN, SUCCESSFUL MAN OF AFFAIRS, POSTPRANDIAL ORATOR, AND UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR TO FRANCE.

From a photograph by Gessford, New York.



THE VICTOR HUGO MONUMENT IN THE PLACE VICTOR HUGO, PARIS, DESIGNED BY BARRIAS, AND
UNVEILED ON THE CENTENARY OF HUGO'S BIRTH, FEBRUARY 26 LAST.



GENERAL JAMES H. WILSON, WHO IS TO REPRESENT THE UNITED STATES ARMY AT THE CORONATION OF KING EDWARD VII.

From a photograph by Pack, New York.

time to tell stories and to listen to them. Nowadays, the art has become a rare one, and those few stately gentlemen who still possess it are the pets of the nation. Of such are the junior Senator from New York and the ambassador to France.

But General Porter has done more

practical service than the mere telling of stories. In the Civil War he was the trusted lieutenant of General Grant. When his chief was elected to the Presidency Porter became assistant secretary of war, and later private secretary at the White House.

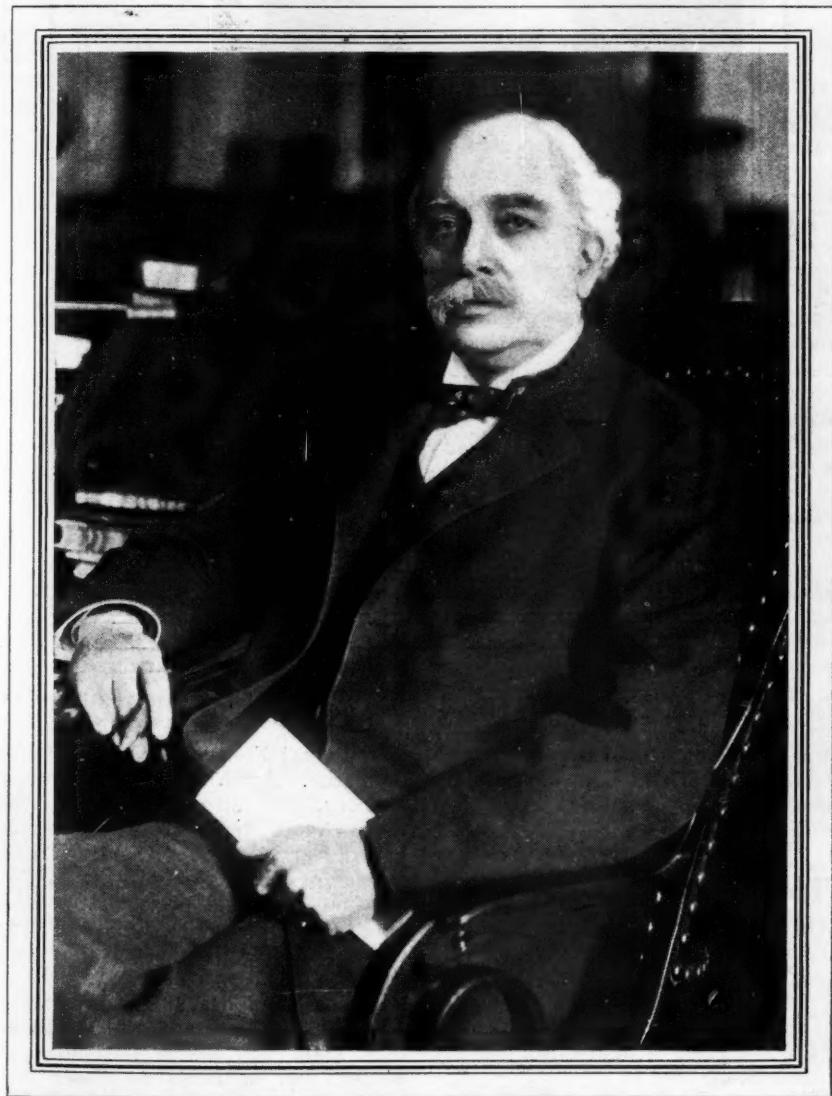
Towards the close of his last Presi-

dency, Grant was approached by George M. Pullman, who was seeking "a young man, conscientious, clear headed, industrious, and of executive ability," to assist him in the management of the Pullman Company.

"Yes," said General Grant, "I know such a man as you describe, but you cannot get him. He is General Horace

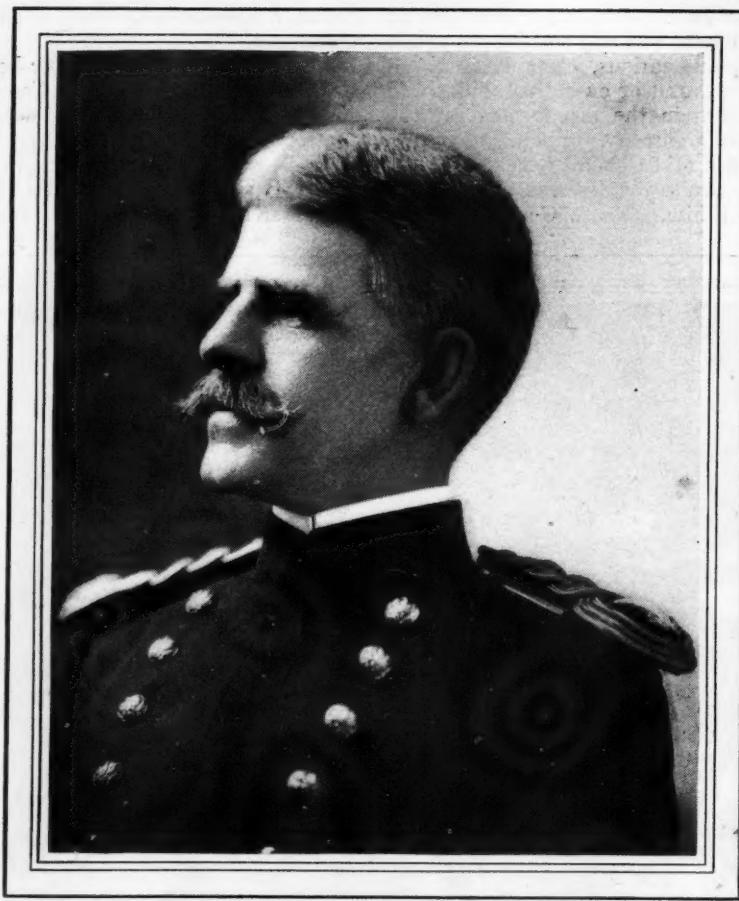
Porter, a member of my staff, and I need him myself."

A year later, General Porter became vice president of the Pullman Company, and held that position for nearly a quarter of a century. Today, he is United States Ambassador to the Élysée, having been appointed by President McKinley in 1897. His term of



ETHAN ALLEN HITCHCOCK, OF MISSOURI, FORMERLY UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR TO RUSSIA, AND
NOW SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.

From a photograph by Clinchinst, Washington.



COLONEL ALBERT L. MILLS, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY,
WHICH CELEBRATES ITS CENTENARY IN JUNE.

From a photograph by Pach, New York.

office has been one in which the two great republics have been drawn more closely together and have exchanged many courtesies.

The Victor Hugo Centenary.

On February 26, 1802, at Besançon, Victor Hugo was born. On May 22, 1885, he died, and Paris turned out in its myriads to do him honor. Its grief was the grief of a people stricken at the loss of the greatest figure in a century of their literature.

The other day, on March 2, the Sunday following the anniversary of his birth, Paris celebrated the centenary

of the great French novelist, poet, and dramatist. Again there were crowds, orations, and display of floral tributes. Again there were expressions of grief at the loss of the man, testimonies of admiration for the colossal greatness of the poet. But Victor Hugo had been a long time dead. In the seventeen years that had elapsed since his funeral, a new generation of sentimentalists has arisen in France. They know Hugo, and revere him as they know and revere Corneille and Racine; but he holds no closer intimacy over them, and the celebration of March marked the lapse of time, the change in a nation's ideals.

Great crowds thronged to the Pantheon to view the tomb of the dead poet. A monument was unveiled, and "Les Burgraves," his drama of 1843, was reproduced at the Théâtre Français. Frenchmen revere their great dead as they love *la gloire*; but Victor Hugo is still too near the present generation to bear satisfactorily his canonization. His works belong to too remote a period to bear worthily their reproduction today. The play at the Théâtre Français was as unconvincing as Italian opera, full of long speeches, of incomprehensible references, of sonorous mousings.

The monument in the Place Victor Hugo is a daring conception made notable by symbolical figures of women, not altogether satisfactory to the Anglo Saxon idea of dignity associated with a great figure in literature.

It is more difficult to estimate Victor Hugo's place among the immortals to-day than it was seventeen years ago. In another hundred years it may again have become more easy.

General James H. Wilson.

General James H. Wilson, who will represent the army at the coronation ceremonies in London, is a man of peculiarly American development.

A graduate of West Point in the class of 1860, he earned a brilliant record as cavalry leader in the Civil War. After he was mustered out at the close of hostilities, General Wilson betook himself to business, and secured the same success that he had won in the field. When the Spanish American War broke out, he promptly offered his services and received a commission as major general of volunteers. He commanded a division under Miles in Porto Rico, and personally directed the successful action against the Spaniards at Coamo. Later he was appointed military commander of the provinces of Matanzas and Santa Clara, in Cuba, where he did good work for the sorely tried people committed to his care.

From Matanzas General Wilson was ordered to China, to serve under General Chaffee in the relief of the Peking legations. His selection for this task was partly the result of his knowledge of the

country. He had visited the east several years before, and his book on China is one of the authoritative works on recent conditions in the Flowery Kingdom. He goes to London with the reputation of a popular and experienced officer.

The navy will be represented at King Edward's coronation by Rear Admiral John C. Watson, Captain Clark, to whom the commission was first offered, having found himself unable to serve.

The Secretary of the Interior.

It has been rumored more than once that Secretary Hitchcock was about to follow the example of Messrs. Smith, Gage, and Long, and to retire into private life. It is only natural that Cabinet changes should follow a change at the White House. However sincere his desire to carry out his predecessor's policies, a new President is sure to wish to have about him men of his own choice. This, and the fact that with the exception of Secretary Wilson, who is his senior by a month, Mr. Hitchcock is the oldest member of the Cabinet, probably formed the chief basis for the rumors of his retirement.

Mr. Hitchcock is a Westerner by long residence, a Southerner by birth, a New Englander by descent, and a typical American in his career and personality. He is a great grandson of the famous Vermont patriot, Ethan Allen, but during most of his life he has been closely identified with St. Louis, where his home has been ever since he left school, and where he has important business interests. He had never held office when President McKinley, who was his personal friend, appointed him minister to Russia in August, 1897. In the following year the St. Petersburg legation was raised to the dignity of an embassy, and Mr. Hitchcock became our first ambassador at the court of the Czar. He was always on excellent terms with the emperor, and with the late Russian foreign minister, Count Muravieff; and it fell to him to conduct the preliminary negotiations connected with the peace conference at the Hague.

In February, 1899, he left Russia to take the Cabinet position he has since held.

John Burt.*

BY FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS.

MR. ADAMS, WHOSE "KIDNAPPED MILLIONAIRES" SCORED ONE OF THE NOTABLE SUCCESSES OF RECENT AMERICAN FICTION, HAS MADE A DECIDED ADVANCE IN HIS NEW NOVEL. IT IS A STORY OF NEW ENGLAND, CALIFORNIA, AND NEW YORK, WITH AN ORIGINAL PLOT, AND SOME CHARACTERS THAT ARE NOVEL AND STRIKING. IT IS INTERESTING TO NOTE THAT THE PRINCIPAL FIGURES OF THE STORY ARE DRAWN FROM LIFE, AND THAT THE NARRATIVE IS BASED ON ACTUAL EVENTS.

I.

"KNEEL, John. Take off your hat, lad. Let us pray!"

An old man and a boy clung like wreckage to a rock which marked the outer edge of Black Reef. The flickering light of a lantern accentuated the gloom of the night; a night famous in the annals of New England for the storm which tore the coast from Quoddy Head to Siasconset. Darkness fell at three o'clock that murky November day, and the half gale from the west waned, only to gain strength for the blast which in the evening roared from the northeast.

Black Reef is a jagged spur of the rock walled coast which holds the Atlantic at bay in the crescent sweep of beach and cliff from Nantasket to Cohasset. Forty years ago the scattered houses of a few farmers nestled in the hills well back from the beach.

The lantern's light revealed two figures worthy the pencil of a Hogarth. Bared to the gale, the scant white locks of the old man streamed back from a forehead massive and unfurrowed. Wonderful eyes of steel gray glowed with the fires of fanaticism beneath dark, shadowing eyebrows that were scarcely touched with the rime of years. The thin lips parted in a line which suggested an implacable tenacity of purpose, not halting at cruelty nor stop-

ping at cunning. Above the mouth, the head was that of a Greek god; below it showed the civilized savage—selfish, relentless—the incarnation of animal courage, strength, and determination. The man's frame was so broad that the legs seemed stumpy, yet Peter Burt stood six feet at three score years and ten.

His companion on this night mission to hurricane swept Black Reef was a boy of eight. When he removed his cap at the old man's command, it showed dark curls clustering over a high and well formed brow. No fear of the storm or of the strange old man appeared in the dark gray eyes of the youth. He was garbed in a tightly buttoned jacket and a pair of homespun trousers, securely tucked into copper toed boots. The ends of a blue yarn "comforter" fluttered in the gale.

As the old man spoke, a wave dashed its icy spray across the rock.

"It's awful wet, granddad. Can't I stand up and pray?"

"Kneel, my boy, kneel," replied the old man in a deep but not unkind voice. "The Lord will not harm His servants whether they approach Him in storm or in calm."

Clinging to the projecting edge of the rock, young John Burt knelt at the edge of a pool left by the wave. Above the roar of the surf there came to his ears the notes of a distant village clock

tolling the hour of ten. To the east, Minot's Light glowed intermittently through the mist. Against the black of sea and sky it burned a halo for an instant, vanishing to make the gloom all encompassing.

Twenty feet below, the surges of the Atlantic, impelled by the rising gale and tide, dashed against the rock with a fury unabated in a conflict which had endured for centuries. A stone's throw away a reef of low rocks withstood the first impact of the waves. Through the darkness it showed a ridge of foam. The spindrift hurled landward by the wind was salt to the lips, and stinging as the lash of hail.

Falling on his knees, the old man faced the sea, raised his arms to heaven, and prayed to the God who rides on the wings of the storm. The spray stung his face, but he heeded it not. A giant surge swept the lantern away, and its faint light went out as it clattered along the rocks. The old man prayed fervently that his sins might be forgiven. There was one sin which weighed heavily upon him, though he specified it not in his petition.

The year was 1860, and on that November day the news had come to Rocky Woods of Abraham Lincoln's election to the presidency.

Peter Burt belonged to no religious denomination. He interpreted the Scriptures according to the "light which was within him." He believed he had received a revelation from God, and that he was gifted with the spirit of prophecy. He made no effort to win converts to his faith. On the contrary, he cherished it as a heritage. Sure of his close communion and partnership with God, he was jealous of his intimacy with the Almighty. As a prophet he sought no fame—and consequently, perhaps, he had found it.

On still, clear nights, from a lonely hill which served as an altar, the giant patriarch lifted up his voice as one praying in the wilderness. During the closing weeks of the Presidential campaign he did not petition for the election of Abraham Lincoln. His addresses to the Almighty were firm declarations and arguments, presented as if for consideration to a reasonable but

influential opponent. And now that Lincoln was elected, Peter Burt knelt before his God, humble and submissive for himself, but esteeming himself worthy to be treated as an equal in matters of State or nation.

In the tempest which lowered when the election was in doubt, and broke in fury when the triumph of Lincoln was certain, Peter Burt saw an augury of the storm which was soon to sweep the country. An ardent Abolitionist, and a rabid advocate of Unionism, he lifted his voice that November night in a frenzy of eloquence which thrilled the child at his side and left an impress which years did not efface. Amid the crash of waters, with no gleam of light save the sickly pulsating glare of Minot, his gray hair streaming in the wind, his arms stretched over the foam, Peter Burt prophesied the four years of desolating war then impending. He invoked the curse of God on the enemies of his country, returned thanks for the coming emancipation of the slaves, and exulted in the glorious victory about to be achieved by the Union arms. He ended with a tender plea for the grandson kneeling beside him—"who is the heir," the old man declared, "not of my worldly possessions, which are nothing in Thine eyes, but of those gifts and that power of divination with which Thou hast graciously vouchsafed me. John Burt shall be the chosen one of the house of Burt. Withhold not, O Lord, Thy blessing from him! Amen."

The old man arose and shook the water from his hair. The boy clutched at him for support against the gale, now blowing with cyclone force. The prophet was gone, and the Yankee farmer stood in his place. The resonant voice which challenged wind and wave sounded harsh as he exclaimed:

"Where's the lantern, John? See if you can find it. We'll break our necks trying to get back without it."

John found the lantern, and after many attempts and muttered complaints the old man lighted it. Laboriously they picked their way along the slippery rocks until they came to a protected side of the ledge, where the water swung in an eddy but faintly disturbed by the thundering surf. Hold-

ing the lantern high over his head, the old man walked cautiously along until he reached the weed strewn beach. He looked into the face of the boy who trudged beside him.

"You are a brave lad, John; a brave, good lad. It is beginning to rain. We must hasten home."

II.

"I DON'T care to pick flowers! I want to stay right where I am. I hate those old yellow flowers; and besides, they're scratchy. Let me stay here and watch for one of those *thingumbobs* in the water. Please, Govie!"

Jessie Carden clung firmly to an iron rod of the old bridge, and spoke with the scorn and defiance of a spoiled child of twelve. The governess smiled sadly down upon the pouting lips and the rebellious eyes. There was tender reprobation in her look.

The clasp of the little hand on the iron rod relaxed, and a smile chased the pout from the pretty lips.

"I'm awful sorry; I didn't mean anything!" she exclaimed as she threw her arms around her companion. "You know I'm sorry, don't you, Govie? But please let me stay here while you pick flowers. I'll be awful careful."

"Certainly, my dear," replied Miss Malden as she smoothed the dark curls, tossed in charming confusion by an ocean breeze which tempered the heat of the August afternoon. "Don't lean out over the bridge, sweetheart, and keep away from the creek. I shall not be gone long, and I'll bring back a nice bouquet of flowers and grasses for the dinner table. You will be very careful, won't you, Jessie?"

"Just awful careful, Govie. There's one of those spidery things now!"

Miss Malden left Jessie in rapt contemplation of a hard shelled crab which had ventured so near the bank of the creek as to render himself visible to the keen eyes of that very young lady. The governess took one anxious look as she entered the wood; saw Jessie toss a pebble in the direction of the crab, and heard her shout for joy as the crustacean moved clumsily sideways into deeper water.

Save for the fitful breeze which nodded the marsh grasses and fluttered the leaves of the chestnut trees, nature seemed asleep in the heat of the long summer afternoon. A few rods away the beach lay like a bar of tarnished brass, lapped by the languid surf of an outgoing tide. The sandy road stretched to the east until lost in a curve around a ridge of shrub crowned rocks. Its ruts were softened in the quivering waves of heat which played above it. The monotonous tinkle of a cow bell, the occasional croak of an invisible frog, the drone of insects, and the murmur of the waves as they caressed the rocks and sands were the only sounds. The deep blue of the ocean faded at the horizon into the turquoise dome of a cloudless sky. It was midsummer in New England.

The dark waters of the creek mirrored a fair face, youthful in its innocent beauty. The dark brown hair, the soft brown eyes, and the parted lips gave promise of coming charms. The delicately molded nose was perfect, and when Jessie Carden smiled there were baby dimples in the sun tanned cheeks. The girlish figure was graceful in the broken curves of spring; the limned outlines of a masterpiece, upon which the artist, Time, had begun his work of love.

Jessie was spending her first summer in the country. For three weeks she had been living in the Bishop farmhouse. So many things had happened that the memory of the Carden mansion in Boston had become a dream. The Bishops were distant relatives of General Marshall Carden, the banker; and to them had been consigned the welfare of his daughter, in special charge of a trusted governess.

Jessie peered over the rail and watched the waters in vain for another of the "*thingumbobs*." She ran back and forth and threw sticks and stones into the creek in a vain attempt to lure its denizens to the surface. Then she spied a hoop pole which had fallen from a passing wagon. This slender rod easily reached the water, and Jessie threshed the surface with all possible vigor. A projecting branch from the pole caught her cap, and it fell into the

creek, where the tide swept it under the bridge.

With a cry of dismay, Jessie turned and dashed across, almost falling beneath the feet of a horse.

"Whoa, Jim!"

Checked in a slow trot by a pair of taut lines, an old farm horse stopped so suddenly as to rattle the contents of the wagon. The driver, a boy of seventeen, dropped the lines and leaped lightly to the bridge.

"Did he hit you, little girl?"

Jessie Carden stumbled and fell just beyond the horse's hoofs. Before the boy could reach her, she was on her feet and peering over the bridge.

"There it is! There it is!" she exclaimed, dancing in excitement and dismay. "Oh, what will Govie say? Boy, get me my cap!"

The boy, startled at the imperious summons, followed her gaze and caught a glimpse of the cap as it was carried along by the tide. Looking up the road, he placed his fingers between his teeth and whistled shrilly. A large Newfoundland dog came towards him, leaping in huge bounds.

"Hey, Prince, get it!" He pointed to the cap, now whirling in an eddy.

The dog braced himself with his front legs, and hesitated for a moment, whining, not in fear but in excitement. Next moment the water splashed in Jessie's face as Prince struck the surface. With lusty strokes he swam in the direction of the cap. His master vaulted the fence and followed along the creek.

Prince soon reached the cap, and, holding it well above the water, turned for the bank. The sides were steep and slippery, but the boy took firm hold of the dog's collar, and after a struggle hauled him to solid ground. Prince dropped the cap, filling the air with spray as he shook himself, wagged his tail, and lolled his tongue in canine self satisfaction. A moment later the arm of a sailor blouse was round the shaggy, wet neck, a tanned hand caressed the heaving sides, and a sweet voice cooed:

"You are the best and dearest and bravest old doggie in the world, and I love you!"

"Here is your cap," said the boy, as he held a much bedraggled piece of millinery gingerly at arm's length.

"Thank you, boy!" said Jessie, smiling through tears which were welling in her eyes. With a little sigh of relief, she noted that the governess was not in sight. Jessie patted the dog on the head, and with a roguish glance addressed her unknown companion.

"It was the dog that did it, not you," she said with a laugh which showed that all her sorrows were chased away. "What's his name?"

"Prince."

"What is your own name?" asked Jessie, with the direct frankness of twelve years.

"My name is Burt—John Burt."

"Bert is a first name," said Jessie, looking the boy in the eyes with an expression half of doubt and half of surprise. "I have a cousin named Bert—Bert Hancock."

"Mine's spelled B-u-r-t."

"My name is Jessie Carden," said the young lady as she crawled through the fence unassisted by her new acquaintance. The courtesy expected by a miss of twelve is the same as that extended by a lad of seventeen, so neither suffered in the other's estimation.

"What were you trying to do with that pole?" asked John as they reached the bridge.

"I was trying to stir up those spidery things down there in the water," replied Jessie, again grasping the pole, which had remained erect, fast in the sticky bottom of the creek.

"Spidery things?" laughed the boy. "Do you mean crabs? Do they go like this?" John placed his hands together and wriggled his fingers in accurate imitation of an active crab.

"Yes, that's it!" declared Jessie. "Oh, I wish I could catch one!"

"That's easy," said John Burt as he climbed in to the wagon. "Wait until I hitch this horse, and I'll show you how. Want some anyhow; you can watch me."

John Burt speedily returned with some scraps of meat and a mysterious implement which consisted of a pole with a stout dip net at the end of it. Jessie Carden regarded the prepara-

tions with keen interest. Prince found a shady place beneath an oak girder, and went sound asleep. The boy took a piece of string from his pocket and securely fastened a piece of tough raw beef to it; then he lowered the meat into the water. In his left hand he held the pole, with the meshes of the dip net but a few inches above the surface. Jessie watched with bated breath and wide opened eyes.

"Can I talk?" she whispered.

"Sure," responded John. "Nothing scares a crab much. I've got a bite! Stand back!"

Jessie had crowded so close to the fisherman that he had no room to manipulate the net. She jumped to one side, but did not take her eyes off the water. Slowly and carefully John raised the string. At last the meat showed red in the murky water of the creek. As it came to the surface John thrust the net below. Out of the swirl of water it emerged, laden with the meat and a struggling, writhing crab.

"Got him!" said John, as he lifted the dripping collection over the side of the bridge.

Jessie screamed with delight. Prince awoke, trotted across the bridge, and surveyed the crab with much dignity; then returned with a look of disgust that so ordinary an event had created so great a furor.

"Isn't he ugly! Look at his legs! One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven—no, ten—I counted one of them twice. Does he bite?" Jessie hovered over the net and stretched her fingers towards the floundering crab. The little beady eyes glittered with rage, and the claws clashed in helpless fury.

"You bet he can bite! You get near enough and he'll nip you good and hard," said John as he unsnarled the crab from the twine and meat. "Run over to the wagon and get the basket. I forgot it."

Delighted to be of assistance in so famous an undertaking, Jessie ran swiftly to the wagon, and returned with a large wicker basket. John had already dropped the bait in the water, and the crab was crawling around the bridge. Reaching down, he deftly

grabbed the crab and dropped him into the basket.

For an instant Jessie was speechless with wonder and admiration at such bravery.

"He didn't bite you?"

"Of course not. I didn't let him. Here, look out! I've got another!"

There was a swish of water and a second crab ended his aqueous career, joining his companion in the basket.

"They're crawling out!" exclaimed Jessie. "One of 'em's on the edge! Stop him, quick!"

John shook the basket and the crab fell to the bottom.

"I'll tell you what to do," directed John. "Go and get a stick, and when they try to crawl up, poke 'em back!"

Jessie found a short stick, and for ten minutes "poked 'em back." The colony steadily increased, and the joy of keeping them in the basket began to pall. Jessie looked wistfully at her companion.

"Boy, let me catch and you poke," she ventured in a plaintive note. "I never caught a crab. Won't you please—John Burt?"

"Why, certainly!" said John. "I'll show you how."

Jessie left the squirming mass of crabs and sprang to John's side. Her face was aglow with the thrill of a new experience. Her hand trembled as she grasped the wet, slippery pole, but determination showed in every feature.

"Reach down as far as you can," John directed. "That's right. Now hold the pole in your other hand like that. You're doing fine. When you feel something pull or jerk, pull up—slowly, though, or you'll scare him. Do you feel anything?"

"The line kind of twitches," whispered Jessie.

"Raise it up slow. Be careful. There's one on, sure! Now jam the net under him!"

Jessie made a swing with the net, but dipped too low. A huge crab dropped from the meat, struck the edge of the net, and floundered back into the water.

"I lost him! What a shame! Wasn't he a big one?"

"Go on; try again," said John good-naturedly.

Jessie lowered the meat and waited patiently for a minute. Then she slowly raised the line. With much care she dropped the net below the meat and raised it from the water.

"I've got one! I've got one! Take it quick, or he'll get away! There's two of 'em—two of 'em!"

Jessie clapped her hands and danced with delight. John grinned in sympathy as he shook two crabs from the net. Prince growled. John looked up the road.

"There's some one coming for you," he said.

Jessie turned and saw Miss Malden approaching. In an instant the many transgressions of which she was guilty passed through her mind. She looked at her muddy feet, her bedraggled hat, and her splattered blouse and skirt.

"I'll get an awful scolding," she said, half to herself and half to the boy. Then for the first time she scrutinized John Burt. She noted that he was well dressed; that he was not barefooted, like most farmer boys; and that he was handsome and self possessed.

"Do you belong to the riffraff?" asked Jessie, lowering her voice so that the approaching governess should not hear her.

"The what?" asked John Burt.

"The riffraff," repeated Jessie.

"Never heard of it," replied John Burt with a puzzled smile. "What is it?"

"I don't know," said Jessie; "but my papa don't allow me to associate with the riffraff, and I forgot until just now to ask you if you are a riffraff."

A look of pain came to the honest face of the boy. Before he could speak Jessie turned to meet Miss Malden.

"Why, Jessie Carden, what have you been doing?" With a cry of dismay the governess dropped an armful of flowers and surveyed the wreck of the sailor suit. "Look at your shoes, Jessie, and your new cap, and your lovely dress! What will your auntie say? Oh, Jessie, how could you do such a thing?"

Jessie looked penitent indeed as she gazed at the muddy shoes and the torn stocking; but contrition is a feeble flame in the heart of a child.

"Never mind the old clothes, Govie."

she said, raising a face radiant in smiles at the thought of the fun she had enjoyed. "Watch me catch a crab! I can do it just splendid!"

"Jessie, lay that pole down and come away with me," said Miss Malden sternly. "How dare you play with a strange boy! What would your father say? Come with me at once!"

"He isn't riffraff, Govie!" said Jessie, with a look at the boy which gladdened his heart and took away the sting of her innocent words. "He is John Burt, and he and Prince saved my cap when it fell into the water. I asked him how to catch crabs and he showed me, and I caught two at once, didn't I, John Burt?"

Thus appealed to, John Burt bowed to Miss Malden and answered in the affirmative. Miss Malden looked at him with all the severity of her gentle nature, though she knew that he was not to blame for the condition of her charge. She gathered up the flowers and took Jessie by the hand.

"Good by, Prince! Good by, John Burt!" Jessie waved her hand gaily at her fishing companion as Miss Malden turned into the path leading through the woods.

"He was real nice, and you're awful good, Govie, not to scold him!" were the words that reached John Burt as he carried his basket of crabs to the wagon.

III.

FOR two hundred years the Burt house had withstood the blasts of winter and the withering heat of summer. Time had worked upon the rough exterior until it seemed like a huge rectangular rock, weather worn and storm beaten. The small plateau on which it stood sloped northward to the sea. Rugged rocks to the west stood as a wall, frowning at the quiet beauties of salt marsh and cedar swamp below. To the south were patches of meadow land wrested from wood and rock by generations of toil. Through this fairer section a brook wandered between banks bordered with watercress. Old settlers knew the locality by the name of Rocky Woods.

The convulsion of nature which

threw up this rugged coast as an eternal challenge to the Atlantic, exhausted its strength in the upheaval of a crag which reached its height a few hundred yards southwest of the old farmhouse. Black at the base with the gloom of fir and pine, its summit was bare in primeval rocks. For generations the dismal crest was called Burt's Hill, and in the time of this narrative, Burt's Pulpit.

At the base of its slope, and bordering the road, a square of perhaps a hundred feet had been hewn from the forest. Within this stone walled area, blackened slabs of slate stood as sentinels above the ashes of eight generations of the house of Burt. Some had fallen, others leaned—wary of their task in the long flight of years. Here and there the white of a marble or the mottled blue of a granite seemed garish in comparison with flaked and crumbled slates, whose crude letters were lost or blurred—pitifully eloquent in their voiceless testimony of the mutability of the works of man. The inclosing woods, anxious to efface the last memento which linked the past to the present, steadily encroached on the sleeping place of these pioneers.

When Hezekiah Burt died, Peter Burt inherited the old homestead in Rocky Woods. He was a young giant, with the shoulders of a Hercules. His feats of strength are legends which yet pass from father to son in this part of New England. At the age of thirty he took to wife the fairest maiden of the surrounding country, and to them a son was born and christened Robert Burns Burt. A year later the mother sickened and died. The grief of Peter Burt was terrible as his strength. For a year he remained a prisoner in his house; then he returned to his work, and for two years labored with the energy of a demon. His second marriage followed. He led to the altar the daughter of a poor farmer, and of this prosaic union seven children were born.

After fifteen years of work and sorrow the patient wife folded her tired hands, closed her weary eyes, and sank into that sleep which awakens not to toil. If Peter Burt loved his second wife, he never told her so. If he loved her children, his expression of affection

took a peculiar form. He made no secret of his favoritism for Robert Burns Burt, the only child of his first wife.

Robert was a boy of whom any father would be proud. At twelve he was sent to school in Hingham. At nineteen he entered Harvard, graduating in four years with honors. After two more years devoted to a law course, he began practice in Boston, and his success was instantaneous.

His visits to Rocky Woods were events not to be forgotten by his half brothers and sisters. When Robert came the father was another being. The harsh note left his voice, his eyes were soft and loving, and he spoke kind words to the children. The table was heaped with all the delicacies that Hingham afforded; work was suspended for the day, and in the evening Peter Burt would climb into the dusty attic and bring back an old violin. With the flickering glare of an open fire lighting up his strong face, he sang the love songs of his youth; and at times a quaver came into his voice, and through the shadows tears glistened on his cheeks.

Then Robert would play and sing—a college song, perhaps, or a fragment from some opera. Those were sweet but rare events in the old farmhouse beneath the shadow of Burt's Hill.

For ten years after the death of his wife, Peter Burt conducted the farm of his forefathers. One after another of his sons and daughters, as they became of age, left the old home, never to return. One night after supper Peter Burt informed the remaining children that he was going to sea. He had bought an interest in a whaling vessel, and would sail from New Bedford in a week. As a boy he had served four years before the mast. To Sarah—the eldest of the children—he gave three hundred dollars, together with instructions concerning the management of the farm. He did not know how long he would be gone—it might be a year or it might be five. With some tenderness he kissed the weeping orphans, and tramped down the road in the direction of Hingham.

Peter Burt was fifty six years old when he sailed from New Bedford harbor as captain of the whaling ship Segre-

gansett. Robert alone, of all his children, stood on the pier when the ship weighed anchor and stood out to sea. With tears coursing down his cheeks, the father bade the young man good by and gave him his blessing.

Five years later the Segregansett dropped anchor at New Bedford. None of the crew that went out with her returned. Peter Burt sold the cargo, paid off his men, disposed of his interest in the ship, and on the following day walked into the Burt farm. He was greeted affectionately by his son Joseph, who for a year had lived alone in the old house. A week later the boy was sent to school in Boston, and Peter Burt began his solitary occupancy of the ancestral home.

Shortly before Peter Burt's return, Robert had married, and the old man was delighted when the young couple made a visit to the old farm. The following year John Burt was born, and Peter Burt journeyed to Boston to witness the christening.

Two years later Robert Burns Burt and his wife were instantly killed in a railroad accident. The train crashed through a bridge. It was winter, and bitterly cold. Of the fifteen passengers in the car occupied by Robert Burt, but one escaped. A child, two years old, was found warmly wrapped in its traveling blanket, uninjured, on a cake of ice, a few minutes after the car plunged beneath the water. It was John Burt—a modern Moses.

In the opinion of his neighbors, Peter Burt was crazy from the hour the news came to him. Strange stories were whispered concerning Captain Burt, as he was then called. Belated travelers along the lonely road saw lights burning at all hours of the night. They heard the old man talking or praying in a loud voice.

On two occasions Dr. Randall, returning from nocturnal calls, drove past the Burt house long after midnight. Once he saw Captain Burt walking slowly up and down in front of his house. The night was intensely cold, but the old man was bareheaded, his hair shining like snow in the moonlight. His hands were raised. He was beseeching pardon for some great sin. Dr. Randall

spoke to him, but in a voice of thunder Captain Burt ordered him to drive on. On the second occasion, the doctor heard the voice of the recluse from the top of the great rock, and through the trees caught a glimpse of his giant figure dim against a starlit sky.

A sailor who came from New Bedford to Hingham told grim stories of Captain Burt. From the tales of this drunken mariner, the impression grew that Captain Burt was the most merciless man that ever trod a deck, and there were some who asserted that under his command the Segregansett had been more of a pirate than a whaler. The stranger insinuated that there was one story of crime which would astound all hearers; but though garrulous when in his cups, he seemed held in a spell of fear, and could not be induced to reveal it.

Upon the death of Robert, Peter Burt went to Boston and buried his dead. With tearless eyes he saw the pride of his old age lowered into the grave. Robert Burns Burt was a careful lawyer, and his will covered every contingency. It appointed his father executor of his small estate, and intrusted him with the care of his son. Peter Burt placed the boy in the keeping of a competent nurse, and returned to his farm.

Save for the occasional smoke from the chimney, there was no sign that Peter Burt existed throughout the three months that followed. His son Joseph called at the house, but was not admitted.

At the end of this period the old man emerged and was seen in Hingham. For the first time in years he spoke to his neighbors, who noticed that his hair was as driven snow, and that his face shone with a strange light. In the calm manner of one controlled by an unalterable conviction, he stated that he had made his peace with God, and was inspired by Him. He had received the gift of prophecy and of understanding.

His language was figurative, and he talked in parables; but his predictions were plainly stated, and, to the wonderment of those who heard them, they were invariably accurate. He foretold

the weather for coming seasons, the condition of the crops, the death of famous characters, the result of elections, and described in advance the successive political moves which were then leading up to the conflict between North and South. Of his insanity there was no popular doubt, unless, perchance, he had made a league with the wicked one.

When John Burt was seven years old, his grandfather brought him to the old farmhouse. With the boy came his nurse and her husband, William Jasper, the latter charged with the duties of hired man. Thus John Burt began his life on the farm.

Those old folks who remembered Peter Burt in his childhood saw in John his living image; the boy's features being softened, though not weakened, by the gentle beauty of his mother and paternal grandmother. The child had no fear of the old man, who for a generation had inspired terror or awe in all about him. Far from feeling aversion, he was fond of the aged recluse and fanatic. It was strange and almost uncanny to witness this ill assorted companionship. The neighbors learned, however, from William Jasper that Peter Burt became perfectly rational in his talk with the child.

He permitted and encouraged John to become acquainted with the few boys of his age in the neighborhood, though he sternly denied them entrance to his house.

With infinite patience Peter Burt explained to the boy such natural phenomena as his young mind was able to comprehend. The sprouting of grain; the slow unfolding of a plant; the growth and bursting of a bud; the creeping of a vine; the flowing of a brook; the falling of the rain; the changing of the seasons—these and hundreds of other things which puzzle a boy were made clear by Peter Burt. John learned the names of grasses, of flowers, shrubs, trees, vines, and weeds; of birds, insects, and the inhabitants of wood and field. On his eighth birthday he began the study of the alphabet. At that time he knew more of the physical world in which he lived than do many professors of learning.

When John had mastered his letters

and primer he was sent to school in Hingham, taking the regular course for five years. Then a private tutor came from Boston. Five days in the week the boy studied under this young man's direction, and made rapid progress. With his stern old face lighted with joy and pride, Peter Burt would listen to the recitations.

IV.

JOHN BURT was fourteen years old when he first met James Blake. The elder Blake had purchased the old Leonard farm, and so had become the nearest neighbor of Peter Burt. There were several children in the Blake family, but this narrative has concern only with James, the eldest, a boy of John Burt's age.

The two farms were separated by a creek, which, at a place called the Willows, widened to a pool, famed as a fishing and swimming place. One June morning John was seated on a log spanning the narrow neck of this reach of water. He had landed a bass, when the cracking of twigs and the swaying of underbrush on the farther side of the creek attracted his attention.

A moment later a boy emerged from the thicket. He surveyed John with an expression more of contempt than of surprise. He was a tall, well formed lad, straight as an arrow, quick and graceful in his movements. He also carried a rod, which he rested against the log; and for a few seconds he calmly gazed at John Burt.

"Hello!"

"Hello!" answered John Burt.

"Fishin'?"

"No; swimming," replied John.

"Think you're smart, don't ye?" responded the strange boy as he baited his hook. "Crazy Burt's boy, ain't ye? No objection to my fishin', have you?"

There was a taunting sarcasm in his voice, and defiance in his air. Without waiting for reply he cast his line into the water.

"You can fish as long as you please on your own side of the creek," said John sullenly. As he spoke a two pound bass struck viciously, and for the next two minutes he was busy.

With perfect skill he wore the fish down and landed him. Jim Blake watched him, but for half an hour no word was spoken. John caught four bass during that time, while Jim hooked only eel grass. Then he cast his line across the pool, dropping it a few feet from John's line.

John Burt's face flushed angrily.

"Keep on your own side!" he commanded.

"I'll fish where I darn please! This isn't your creek!" retorted Jim Blake with a defiant grin. "If it is, what are ye going to do about it?"

As he spoke John brought his hook near the surface, and by a sudden twist "snagged" Jim Blake's line. With a jerk he whipped the rod from his opponent's hand. Young Blake was furious. John calmly towed the rod across the pool, unsnarled the lines, and threw the rod on the bank.

Obeying a boy's first instinct, Jim looked for a stone, but found none. Then he jumped for the log. Dropping his rod, John Burt also sprang forward, and they met in the center of the bridge. Jim aimed a blow at John's head, which was parried. John swung to the chin, and the next instant Jim clinched and both fell eight feet into the water.

The pool was deep, and it seemed to Jim as if they never would come to the surface. When he did, and had gasped for breath, a pair of strong hands gripped his neck and he went down again. The water sang in his ears, the world grew black, and a roar as of a hundred cataracts thundered around him. Then it suddenly became light. The cool and splendid air filled his nostrils, and a voice sounded in his ears.

"Say 'Enough,' or down you go again!"

"E-nough! E-e-e-nough! I'll quit!" spluttered Jim Blake, throwing his arms about wildly.

With one hand firmly gripping Jim Blake's collar, John Burt swam ashore with the other. It was ten minutes before Blake recovered his breath. With it he regained his courage. John had resumed fishing.

"You had the best of me in the water, and I cried quits," he said,

springing to his feet, "but I can lick you on land. Come on; I dare you!"

"No, I won't fight you today," said John Burt calmly. "You're in no shape to fight. Your name's Blake, isn't it? Well, I'll fight you on either side of the creek tomorrow."

"I'll be here at nine tomorrow!"

"All right; we'll have it out;" and John went on fishing.

Jim gathered up his rod, recrossed the log, and disappeared in the brush.

John Burt was not quite so heavy as Jim Blake, and was six months younger. He had been in Hingham school a week when he was the acknowledged commander in chief of the two score or more boys of about his own age. The result was attained by physical force, and by the natural law which decrees that some shall lead and others follow. Peter Burt had no religious scruples against fighting, and quoted the Bible to uphold his views. He taught John many tricks of boxing and wrestling, and was proud of the boy's strength and skill.

The two boys met the following morning, and wasted little time in preliminaries.

"Are you ready?" asked Jim.

"Yes."

And the next moment they went at it.

Jim fought with fury and much skill, but was no match for the clear headed, alert, and wiry lad who confronted him. It was a "stand up" battle, no blows being struck when either was down. Had a referee been present, he would have stopped the fight at the end of the first minute and awarded it to John. As it was, fifteen minutes elapsed before Jim Blake went down and out from a cleanly delivered blow on the point of the chin. One eye was closed, his nose was bleeding, and his breath was completely exhausted.

Together they staggered down the bank to the creek, washed the blood from their faces, and bathed their swelling bruises.

"I thought you was a country Jake, and couldn't fight," half sobbed Jim Blake, pulling at a sprained thumb. "I was never licked before." There was a gleam of pride through the tear in his uninjured eye.

"I was born in Boston, but I guess I am a country Jake," conceded John. "Say, I like you—shake!"

Jim extended a willing arm, and they shook hands with the gravity of trained pugilists.

A week later John met Jim, and was told of a flogging he had received from his father, who was notorious as the village drunkard.

There developed in John Burt and James Blake that strong friendship so frequent between boys of contrasting natures. They seemed to have only two traits in common—both were frank and both were generous. By nature and by reason of his grandfather's training, John was analytical, and arrived at his conclusions logically. Jim Blake jumped at deductions, and was generally wrong. He acted first and thought afterwards. John was methodical; Jim was careless.

James Blake was neither stupid nor dull. He was bright as he was handsome, and a better favored lad never gladdened a mother's heart, but he lacked that indefinable trait which is variously termed judgment, tact, or intuition. John Burt combined all of these gifts, but loved the adventurous spirit of his companion.

When Jim Blake was seventeen years old, he decided to run away from home. The two boys talked it over many times. To the scanty hoard in Jim's possession John Burt added thirty five dollars—all the money he had saved from sums given him at various times by Peter Burt. So, with forty odd dollars in his pocket, and with tears in his handsome eyes, Jim Blake shook hands with John Burt and went out into the world to seek his fortune.

Little did these two boys think, as they parted that October afternoon, that their acts and passions and lives would one day be woven by fate into a woof of marvelous workmanship.

V.

THREE years elapsed before Jessie Carden returned to the Bishop farm. John Burt was now twenty years old, and had successfully passed the examination which admitted him to Harvard.

General Carden came with Jessie, and was delighted with the prospect of a week's rest in the old house. Miss Jessie, no longer a child, but a young lady with the impressive dignity of fifteen summers, was to spend the season with the Bishops.

General Carden was an enthusiastic horseman. Jessie was unpacking her trunks when her father sent word that the carriage was ready, and that she was to drive with him. A few minutes later they were speeding down the old beach road. The spirited bays had not been exercised for several days, and for a time the general found it difficult to control them. They drove for miles along the winding, shaded roads. The breeze came cool and salt from the ocean, and the air was fragrant with the breath of summer.

"Here is where the crazy man lives," said Jessie, as they passed the old graveyard; "and there is the rock from which he prays at night. When it is still we can hear him at our house."

A bit of the harness had become unbuckled. Handing the reins to Jessie, General Carden stepped to the ground to adjust it. The twelve mile drive had "taken the edge" off the horses, as he expressed it, and he had them under perfect control.

His feet had hardly touched the ground when a prowling hunter, a few rods away, discharged a gun. The report was terrific, and the affrighted horses leaped ahead. Jessie was thrown violently backward, the lines slipping from her hands. General Carden sprang for the horses' heads—an instant too late. He caught one glimpse of his daughter's white face as she swept past him. The agony of years was compressed into that awful moment.

The frenzied team dashed down the steep grade at appalling speed. At the base of the hill, and almost in front of the Burt farmhouse, was a sharp curve. Then the road skirted the cliffs for a quarter of a mile. Beyond lay a steep and crooked hill, lined with ragged rocks—the most dangerous slope for miles around.

The carriage swayed as the horses thundered madly forward. Paralyzed by a fear which drove the blood from

his cheeks, the brave old soldier, who had never faltered on a score of battle fields, stood helpless and trembling.

Through the cloud of dust he saw the team as it passed the old house. A few rods beyond, a man lightly vaulted a fence and darted towards the road. General Carden's eyes were blurred, but he saw a flash of blue and white, as if something had been hurled in front of the maddened team. It clung to the head of the off horse; and was tossed back and forth by the frantic animal. For an instant the figure seemed beneath the hammering hoofs. Could any human being hold fast in such a position?

At the turn in the road the general distinctly saw a man clinging to the horses' bits. They swerved sharply at the curve. The off horse stumbled, lurched sideways, and fell. There was a crash; the sickening sound of splintered wood and clanking steel; then a silence, as the dust lifted and revealed the jagged outlines of a mass of wreckage.

General Carden was the picture of helpless agony as he rushed down the hill. Nearing the fateful spot, he saw an old man run from the Burt yard and plunge into the wreck. A moment later he saw something in the rescuer's hands. A crumpled blue hat above dark curls showed plain in contrast to the white hair of the aged giant, who handled the little figure as if it were a feather, laid it gently by the side of the road, and again darted into the twisted mass.

With sickening fear in his heart, General Carden breathed a silent prayer. He was a few rods away when Jessie moved slightly, lifted her head, and sprang to her feet. She stood for a moment, dazed and wavering; then her eyes rested on her father.

"I am not hurt, papa!" she exclaimed bravely. "I am not hurt a bit. Oh, what has happened?"

"Thank God! Thank God!" He caught Jessie in his arms, gazed fondly into her eyes, and tenderly embraced her.

"Come and help me! Is he dead? Oh, is he dead?" The loud, harsh command of the old man ended in a moan, pitiful in its anxious misery.

General Carden turned to the aid of

Peter Burt. Tangled in the harness, a horse was plunging and struggling in an attempt to regain his feet. The other horse was dead, and beneath his shoulder was pinioned the leg of a young man. Blood was trickling down his face, and he lay in the dust of the road, limp and death-like. His right hand still grasped the bit; his head was near the hoofs of the frantic animal.

"Hold that horse's head down!" ordered the old man. General Carden threw his weight on the beast's neck. Jessie was hovering near, wringing her hands in pity and excitement. The old man looked towards the house and shouted Jasper's name, but the hired man was not in sight. Then his eyes fell on Jessie.

"When I lift that horse will you drag my boy's leg from under?"

"Yes, sir; oh, hurry, sir!"

Crouching down, Peter Burt threw the head of the dead animal across his shoulder. He grasped the trace with one hand and the foreleg with the other. In his prime he had raised twelve hundred pounds' dead weight. The muscles of his neck stood out like whipcords. With a heave of his massive shoulders he raised the forward part of the horse clear from the ground, and Jessie quickly released the pinioned limb of the motionless young man.

The old man gathered the body in his arms, and carried it to a grass plot by the side of the road. He rested his gray head for a moment on the young man's chest, and heard the faint flutter of the heart. In accents which thrilled Jessie Carden he exclaimed:

"He lives! He lives! Praise God, my boy is not dead!"

At that moment Jasper appeared and was despatched for Dr. Randall. General Carden cut the traces, and the uninjured horse regained his feet. Mrs. Jasper brought a basin of water, and when General Carden joined the silent group Jessie was washing the dust and blood from the white face and smoothing back the curling locks.

"Why, it's John Burt! It's John Burt, papa!" she exclaimed, tears starting to her beautiful eyes. "Will he die, Mr. Burt? Will he die? Oh, papa, is there nothing we can do?"

"He will not die, my child," said the old man in a clear, calm voice. "It is written that he shall live these many years."

As he spoke John Burt moaned slightly, as one troubled in his sleep, and his eyelids fluttered. He opened his eyes and gazed at Jessie Carden. He passed his hand over his forehead, sighed gently, and closed his eyes as in slumber. They carried him to the old farmhouse.

Just as Dr. Randall arrived, John again regained consciousness and begged a glass of water. Jessie and her father waited anxiously in the sitting room for the physician's verdict. The old man appeared first, and though he spoke not, his radiant face told the story.

"He is badly cut and bruised in several places, but no bones are broken," said Dr. Randall. Jessie clapped her hands for joy. "He was stunned by the fall and shock, but he has youth, health, and a magnificent physique. He will be up and about in a week."

"Where is Mr. Burt?" asked General Carden. A search was made for the strange old man, but he could not be found. Had they gone to the great rock, they would have found the patriarch in thankful communion with his Maker.

They waited an hour or more, and then the general said to Dr. Randall:

"When the young man has sufficiently recovered, please give him the thanks of General Carden and his daughter for his heroic conduct, and say to him that we shall call and express our gratitude at the earliest possible moment."

Jasper was ready with the Burt family carriage; and, leaving a kindly message for the grandsire, they returned to the Bishop house. Jessie found that she had a few bruises, but she laughed at her aches, and talked only of the heroism of brave John Burt. The next day she sent him a beautiful bunch of roses, and another each succeeding day until word came from Dr. Randall that the young man was able to sit up and might receive visitors. They drove to the farmhouse and were ushered into the library—John's study room for seven years.

He was propped up in an easy chair, with the old man beside him. As the general and Jessie entered, John attempted to rise, but Peter Burt restrained him.

"That's right, Mr. Burt," said General Carden, as he advanced and grasped John's hand. "These young men do not like to obey doctors' orders, but they must do so. My boy, God bless you! I do not know how to thank you. Jessie, have you nothing to say to the boy who saved your life?"

"I never thought," said Jessie, placing her hands in his, "that the boy who taught me how to catch crabs would one day save my life. But you know I always told Miss Malden that you weren't a riffraff, and you see I was right!"

John looked handsome as he lay back in the great armchair. The slight pallor served to accentuate those wonderful eyes—calm, reflective, and at times dreamy in mazes of thought and introspection.

"I'm glad I happened to be of service to one I had met before," he said as Jessie took a seat beside him; "though I confess I should not recognize you as the little girl who visited here several years ago. You are a young lady now, and I should hardly dare address you as Jessie, and that's the only name I knew you by in those days."

"I am not yet sixteen, and you can call me Jessie until I tell you not to. Can't he, papa?"

"I suppose so," said General Carden. "She is a spoiled child, Mr. Burt," turning to the old gentleman, "and I have ceased making rules lest she should break them."

"The Book says that children should obey their parents," said Peter Burt, regarding Jessie Carden with a searching glance. "She looks like an obedient daughter. I trust that she may be the joy and support of your declining years, General Carden."

He rose abruptly and left the room, and did not return while the visitors remained. Nor did there seem anything rude in this action. In most men it would have appeared as studied incivility; but Peter Burt was not an ordinary man.

During the hour which followed, Jessie and John talked of a score of topics, John deftly turning the conversation from the runaway accident. When he said that he was about to enter Harvard, General Carden was much interested. He himself was a graduate of the famous class of '51, and recited the glories of the fair old college until Jessie interrupted him and declared there were more important things to discuss.

As John Burt looked into the face of the girl beside him, it seemed impossible to realize that this was the prattling child he first met in charge of her governess.

How dainty, yet how healthy, Jessie looked! The July sun had begun its

(*To be continued.*)

etching of tan. The slender neck, where the brown tresses protected it, was dazzling, shading away to cheek and brow in blendings of cream, pink, and tan which defied touch of brush or skill of words. The arched eyebrows and the dark silken lashes framed eyes which glowed with the smoldering fires of dawning womanhood. The mouth was not too small, and the lips were ruddy as ripe cherries.

And this was the being he had saved from mutilation against the cruel rocks! As he looked at her, heard the rippling music of her voice, and felt the subtle inspiration of her presence, the thought came that there was something selfish in his joy and pride.

What was it? Is love selfish?

WORLD WEARY.

I.

WHEN I come back, back to the only place
 I ever loved so, open your strong arms
 Just wide enough for me. Shut all alarms
 Outside; and do not look on my changed face
 Just then, lest your dear eyes find many a trace
 Remorse and grief and years have brought to charms
 You found there long ago, before the qualms
 Of frenzied loneliness come to efface
 All joy. I shall lie still as sleep or death,
 My poor white face against your tear drenched throat,
 In the old way when just to feel your breath
 And know that you were living made me gloat
 O'er all the riches that I found in you,
 When every hour was love, and skies were blue.

II.

Let me lie so a long time in your breast,
 That never sheltered any head save mine,
 Before you even let me drink the wine
 Of your first kiss. A while so let me rest;
 Then, slowly, let me feel the splendid zest
 Of your glad love, so human, half divine—
 Your love that was my flower of life's sunshine.
 Oh, blessed peace that follows weary quest!
 I shall lie still as death or sleep.
 When one is caught up safe from sinking thrice
 Down in the great sea's depths, he needs must keep
 Close to his rescuer while he pays the price
 Of tears, as life comes rushing back to fill
 His heart. Then kiss me, lying at peace, so still.

Kate Vannah.

A Son of Copper Sin.

HOW BATISTE, THE CREE, HEAPED COALS OF FIRE ON THE HEAD OF BIG LAUGH.

BY HERMAN WHITAKER.

WITHIN his bull's hide tepee, old Izleroy lay and fed his little fire, stick by stick. He was sick, very sick—sick with the sickness which is made up of equal parts of hunger, old age, fever, and despair. Just one week before his tribe had headed up for Winnepegoos, where the whitefish may be had for the taking and the moose winter in their yards. But a sick man may not travel the long trail, so Izleroy had remained at White Man's Lake. And Batiste, his son, stayed also. Not that it was expected of him, for according to forest law the man who cannot hunt had better die; but Batiste had talked with the gentle priest of Ellice, and had chosen to depart from the custom of his fathers.

And things had gone badly, very badly, since the tribe had marched. North, south, east, and west, the round of the plains, and through the leafless woods, the boy had hunted without so much as a jack rabbit falling to his gun. For two days no food had passed their lips, and now he was gone forth to do that which Izleroy had almost sooner die than have him do—ask aid of the settlers.

"Yea, my son," the old warrior had faltered, "these be they that stole the prairies of our fathers. Yet it may be that Big Laugh, best of an evil brood, will give us of his store of flour and bacon."

So, after placing a plentiful stock of wood close to the old man's hand, Batiste had closed the tepee flap and laced it. At the end of an hour's fast walking, during which the northern sky grew dark with the threat of still more cruel weather, he sighted through the drift a spurting column of smoke.

The smoke marked the cabin of John Sterling, and also his present occupation. Within, John sat and fired the stove, while Avis, his daughter, set out

the breakfast dishes, and his wife turned the sizzling bacon in the pan.

"I declare," exclaimed the woman, pausing knife in hand, "if the bread ain't froze solid!"

"Cold last night," commented Sterling. "Put it in the oven, Mary."

As she stooped to obey, the door quietly opened and Batiste slipped in. His moose moccasins made no noise, and he was standing close beside her when she straightened. She jumped and gasped:

"Lor' a' mercy! How you do scare one! Why don't you knock?"

Batiste stared. It was the custom of his tribe thus to enter a house—a custom established before jails were builded or locks invented. His eye therefore roamed questioningly from one to another until Sterling asked:

"What d' you want, young fellow?"

Batiste pointed to the frying pan. "Ba-kin!" he muttered. "The ba-kin of Big Laugh, I want. Izleroy sick, plenty sick. Him want flour, him want ba-kin."

The thought of his father's need flashed into his mind, and, realizing the impossibility of expressing himself in English, he broke into a voluble stream of Cree, punctuating its rolling gutturals with energetic signs. While he was speaking, Avis ceased rattling her dishes.

"He looks awful hungry, dad," she whispered as Batiste finished.

Now, though Sterling was a large souled, generous man, and jovial—as evidenced by his name of Big Laugh—it happened that, during the past summer, a roving band of Sioux had camped hard by and begged him out of patience. That morning, too, the threatening weather had spoiled an intended trip to Russel, and touched his temper—of which he had a good man's share.

"Can't help it, girl!" he snapped.

"If we feed every hungry Injun that comes along, we'll soon be out of house an' home. Can't do anything for you, boy."

"Him want ba-kin," Batiste said.

"Well, you can just want."

"Izleroy sick, him want ba-kin," the boy pleaded.

His persistence irritated Sterling, and, crowding down the better feeling which spoke for the lad, he sprang up, threw wide the door, and shouted:

"Get, you son of copper sin! Get, now! Quick!"

"Father!" pleaded the girl.

But he took no heed, and held wide the door.

Into Batiste's face flashed surprise, anger, and resentment. Surprise, because he had not believed all the things Izleroy had told him of the white men, but had preferred to think them all like Father Francis. But now? His father was right! They were all cold and merciless, their hearts hard as their steel ax heads, their tongues sharp as the cutting edge. With head held high, he marched through the door, away from the hot stove, the steaming coffee, and the delicious smell of frying bacon, out into the cold storm.

"Oh, father!" remonstrated his wife as Sterling closed the door.

"Look here, Mary!" he answered testily. "We fed a whole tribe last summer, didn't we?"

"But this lad didn't belong to them," she pleaded.

"All the worse," he rejoined. "Do an Injun a good turn an' he never forgets. Give him his breakfast, an' he totes his tribe along to dinner."

"Well," sighed the good woman, "I'm real sorry."

For a few moments both were silent. And presently, as the man's kindly nature began to triumph over his irritation, he hitched uneasily in his chair. Already he felt ashamed. Casting a sheepish glance at his wife, he rose, walked to the door, and looked out. But a wall of whirling white blocked his vision—Batiste was gone beyond recall.

"Where's Avis?" he asked, returning to the stove.

"A-vis!" called her mother.

But there came no answer. For a

moment man and wife stared each other in the eye; then, moved by a common impulse, they walked into the kitchen. There, on the table, lay the half of a fresh cut side of bacon; the bread box was open and a crusty loaf missing; the girl's shawl was gone from its peg and her overshoes from their corner.

"Good God!" gasped the settler. "The child's gone after him!"

They knew the risk. All morning the storm had been brewing, and now it thundered by, a veritable blizzard. The blizzard! King of storms! It compels the settler to string a wire from house to stables, it sets men circling in the snow, it catches little children coming home from school and buries them in monstrous drifts.

Without another word, Sterling wound a scarf about his neck, grabbed his badger mits, and rushed outside.

When Avis softly closed the kitchen door, she could just see Batiste rounding a bluff that lay a furlong west of her father's stables. She started after him; but by the time she had covered half the distance a sea of white swept in between and blotted him from view. Then she ought to have turned; but she pushed on, hoping for a break in the scud. She never even made the bluff. The furious wind walled her about with fleecy clouds; unconsciously she bore off to the left, and was soon traveling on the arc of a wide circle.

And when she found that she had missed the bluff, and tried to retrace her steps, the drift had filled her tracks. Somewhere near by, she knew, ran the Russel trail, a hard, well beaten road, packed level with the topmost snow. If she could only strike it! So she turned to the right and turned to the left, but one turn offset the other and the leftward swing kept her ever on the circle. Thus she struggled on, and on, and still on, until, in spite of the seventy degrees of frost, the perspiration burst from every pore and the scud melted on her glowing face. This was well enough—so long as she kept moving; but when the time came that she must stop, she would freeze all the quicker for her present warmth.

This, being born and bred of the

prairie, Avis knew, and the knowledge kept her toiling, toiling on, until her tired legs and leaden feet compelled a pause in the shelter of a bluff. She was hungry, too. All this time she had carried the bread and meat, and now, unconscious of a pair of slant eyes which glared from a willow thicket, she broke the loaf and began to eat. While she ate, the green lights in the eyes flared brighter, a long red tongue licked the drool from grinning jaws, and forth from his covert stole a lank, gray wolf.

Avis uttered a startled cry. This was no coyote, to be chased with a stick, but a wolf of timber stock, a great beast, heavy, prick eared, strong as a mastiff. His nose puckered in a wicked snarl as he slunk in half circles across her front. He was undecided. So, while he circled, trying to make up his mind, drawing a little nearer at every turn, Avis fell back—back towards the bluff, keeping her white face always to the creeping beast.

It was a small bluff, lacking a tree large enough to climb, but sufficient for her purpose. On its edge she paused, threw the bacon to the wolf, and then ran desperately. Once clear of the scrub, she ran on, plunging through drifts, stumbling, falling, to rise again and push her flight. Of direction she took no heed; her only thought was to place distance between herself and the red mouthed brute. But when, weary and breathless, she paused for rest, out of the drab drift stole the lank, gray shadow.

The brute crouched a few yards away, licking his sinful lips, winking his devil eyes. She still had the loaf. As she threw it, the wolf sprang and snapped it in mid air. Then she ran, and ran, and ran, as the tired doe runs from the hounds. For what seemed to her an interminable time, though it was less than five minutes, she held on; then stopped, spent, unable to take another step. Looking back, she saw nothing of the wolf; but just when she began to move slowly forward, thinking he had given up the chase, a gray shape loomed right ahead.

Uttering a bitter cry, she turned once more, tottered a few steps, and fainted.

As, wildly calling his daughter's

name, Sterling rushed by his stables, the wind smote him with tremendous power. Like a living thing it buffeted him about the ears, tore at his breath, poured over him an avalanche of snow. Still he pressed on, and gained the bluff which Avis missed.

As he paused to draw a free breath, his eye picked out a fresh made track. Full of a sudden hope, he shouted. A voice answered, and as he rushed eagerly forward, a dark figure came through the drift to meet him. It was Batiste.

"What you want?" he asked.

Sterling was cruelly disappointed, but he answered quickly: "You see my girl? Yes, my girl," he repeated, noting the lad's look of wonder. "Young white squaw, you see um?"

"*Mooniah papoose?*" queried Batiste.

"Yes, yes! She follow you. Want give you bread, want give you bacon. All gone, all lost!" Sterling finished with a despairing gesture.

"Squaw *marche* to me? Ba-kin for me?" questioned Batiste.

"Yes, yes!" cried Sterling in a flurry of impatience.

Batiste's dark eyes softened, and he gave vent to low cluckings of distress. Then, striding out from the bluff, he motioned Sterling to follow. Straight as the wild duck's flight, the boy led on, while the man followed, wondering. To him all points of the compass were alike; yet the Cree moved confidently through the smother, planting one foot directly before the other, Indian fashion, so that a line drawn along his trail would have cut the center of every track. Once, passing through a slough, he stooped and fingered the long grass which poked through the snow, and then Sterling remembered that the first storm of the season had fixed it north and south. Shortly after, Batiste stopped and sniffed the air.

"What's the matter?" shouted the man.

"Smell um smoke," Batiste answered.

Swinging a little to the right, he bore off northeast and in a few minutes landed the settler at his own door. Avis had not returned, and her mother sat trembling by the stove. On her husband's entrance she jumped up, wailing:

"It's a judgment on us! It's a judg-



BATISTE MARCHED THROUGH THE DOOR, AND OUT INTO THE COLD STORM.

ment on us, John, for turning out that boy! Why, there he is!" she gasped, as Batiste followed in.

"I find um," he said softly.

"Not till you've drunk some coffee," Sterling interposed, for the boy was again making for the door. "Fix him a cup, mother."

While the boy sipped, the man paced uneasily to and fro, and the mother listened, shuddering, to the thunder of the storm. Both sighed with relief when he set down the cup.

"Well?" interrogated Sterling.

Briefly Batiste laid down his plan, eking out his scanty English with vivid signs. In snow, the white man rolls along like a clumsy buffalo, planting his feet far out to the right and left. And because his right leg steps a little longer than the left, he always, when lost, travels in a circle. Wherefore Batiste indicated that they would move along parallel lines, just shouting distance apart, so as to cover the largest possible ground.

"Young squaw *marche* slow. She there!" He pointed north and east with a gesture so sure and certain that the mother uttered a low cry and the father stepped involuntarily towards the door. "Yes, there!"

In front of the cabin Batiste paused until Sterling got his distance; then, keeping the wind slanting to his left cheek, he moved off north and east. Ever and anon he stopped to give forth a piercing yell. If Sterling answered, he moved on; if not—as happened twice—he traveled in his direction until they were once more in touch. And so, shouting and yelling, they bore off north and east for a long half hour.

After that, Batiste began to throw his cries both east and west, for he judged that they must be closing on the girl. And suddenly, from the north, came a weird, tremulous answer. He started, and, throwing up his head, emitted the wolf's long howl. Leaning forward, he waited—his very soul in his ears—until, shrill, yet deep chested and quivering with ferocity, came back the answering howl.

No coyote gave forth that cry, and Batiste knew it.

"Timber wolf!" he muttered.

Turning due north, he gave the settler a warning yell, then sped like a hunted deer in the direction of the cry. He ran with the long, lithe lop which tires down even the swift elk, and in five minutes covered nearly a mile. Once more he gave forth the wolf howl. An answer came from close by, but as he sprang forward it ended with a frightened yelp. Through a break in the drift he spied a moving figure; then a swirl swept in and blotted it from view.

But he had seen the girl. A dozen leaps and he was close upon her. Just as he opened his mouth to speak, she screamed and plunged headlong.

When consciousness returned, Avis was lying in her own bed. Her mother bent over her; Sterling stood near by. All around were the familiar things of life, but her mind still retained a vivid picture of her flight, and she sprang up screaming:

"The wolf! Oh, the wolf!"

"Hush, dearie," her mother soothed. "It wasn't a wolf, but just the Cree boy."

Batiste had told how she screamed at the sight of his gray, snow covered blanket, and the cry had carried even to her father. But when she recovered sufficiently to tell her story, the father shuddered and the mother exclaimed:

"John, we owe that boy more than ever we can pay!"

"We do!" he fervently agreed.

Just then the latch of the outer door clicked, and a cold blast streamed into the bedroom. Jumping up, the mother cried:

"Run, John! He's going!"

"Here, young fellow!" shouted the settler.

Batiste paused in the doorway, his hand on the latch, his slight body silhouetted against the white of the storm.

"Where you going, boy?"

"To Izleroy," he answered. "Him sick. *Bezhou!*"

Sterling strode forward and caught him by the shoulder. "No, you don't," he said—"not that way." Then, turning, he called into the bedroom: "Here, mother! Get out all your wraps while I hitch the ponies. And fix up our best bed for a sick man!"



THE SCOTS HERRING FLEET SETTING OUT FROM ABERDEEN.

The Playground of the World.

BY EUSTACE CLAVERING.

WHILE THE HUB OF THE UNIVERSE HAS MOVED WESTWARD TO THE UNITED STATES, THE OLDER CONTINENT HAS TAKEN UPON ITSELF THE AMUSEMENT AND ENTERTAINMENT OF THE WORLD—FROM THE NORTH CAPE TO CONSTANTINOPLE, TOURISTS FORM A PRINCIPAL FACTOR OF THE POPULATION OF EUROPE.

THE playground of the world occupies a wide field. For the occidental visitor it stretches from the Arctic Ocean on the north to the Mediterranean on the south, and out into Siberia on the east. But there are certain corners of Europe that belong more particularly to the tourist and the pleasure

seeker than do the wide stretches in between.

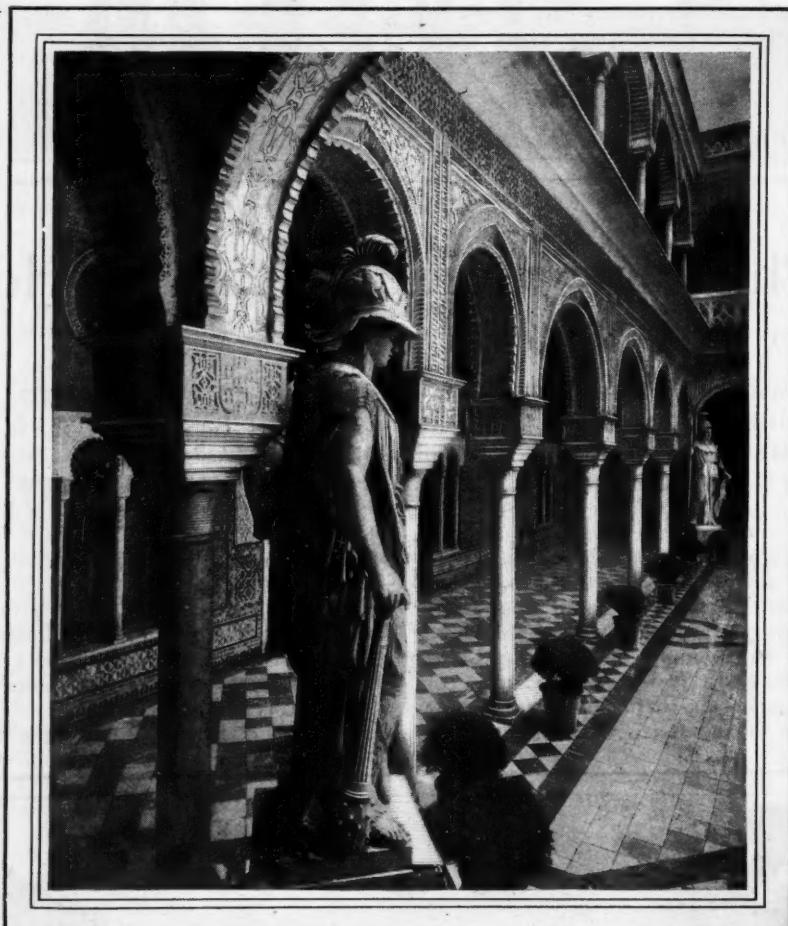
Instinctively, the word Europe calls to American minds two names, London and Paris. To us as a nation, they symbolize all Europe, focus our thoughts upon a busy, somber, commerce ridden Europe and a bright, sunny, laughter



"THE BROODING DESTINY OF MOUNT VESUVIUS."

loving Europe. After these two, we each, after the nationality of our origin, turn to Berlin, Naples, Christiania, or some little village of the Irish bog. For every one of us there is some little corner of that wide playground that

We go there to seek rest and relaxation, entertainment and amusement. For none of these reasons is Europe the superior of our own western continent; but out of its vast literature has grown a knowledge of its beauties, its history,



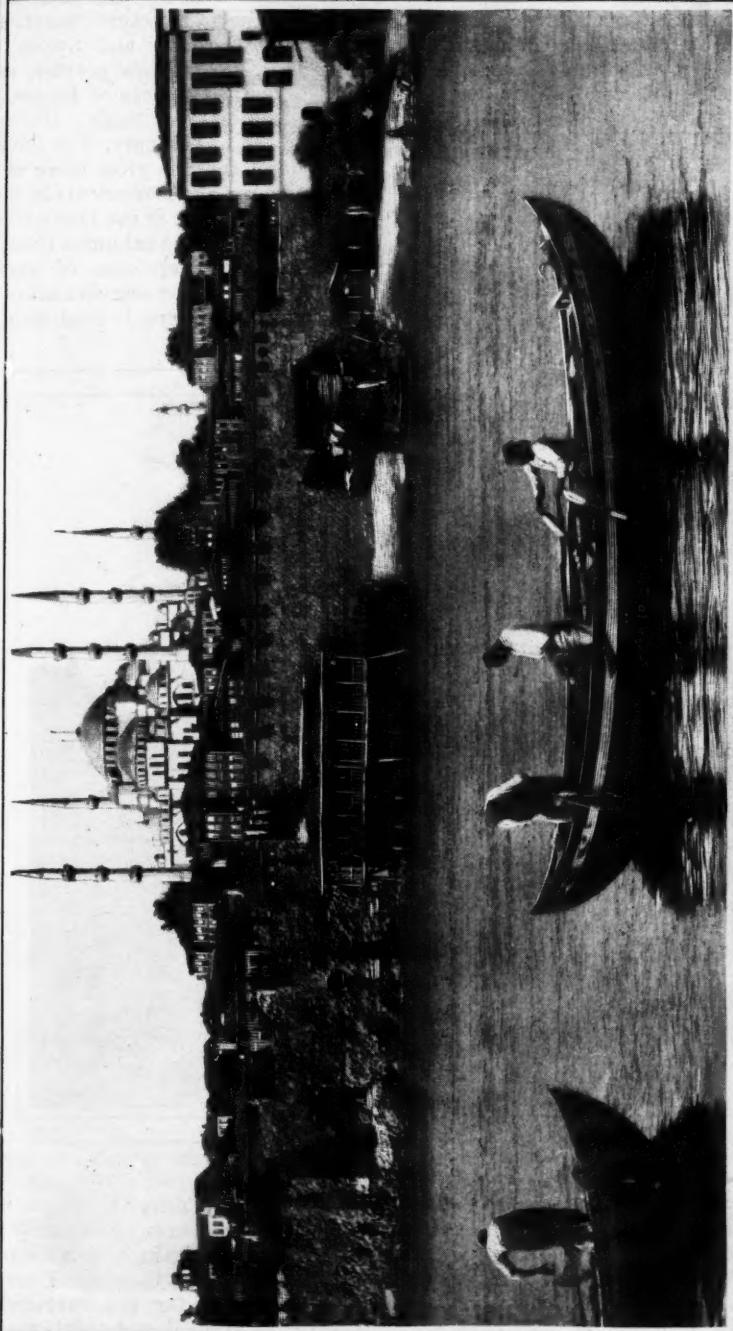
THE CASA DE PILATOS IN SEVILLE, ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE STATELY DIGNITY OF EARLY SPANISH BUILDINGS.

stands to us as the home of our forefathers, the burial place of our ancestors. There is something sacred for every American in this broad, European playground of the world.

Sentimental as must be one's first thought of Europe, it is as a playground, not as a graveyard, that it appeals to the modern generation of Americans.

and its characteristics that compels our touring footsteps eastward.

The seeker after amusement can find it as readily in New York as in Paris; after scenery, as grand in our Rockies as in Switzerland; after the picturesque, as quaint in Mexico and in Quebec as in Seville or the Tyrol; after warm suns and blue waters, as actual in Col-

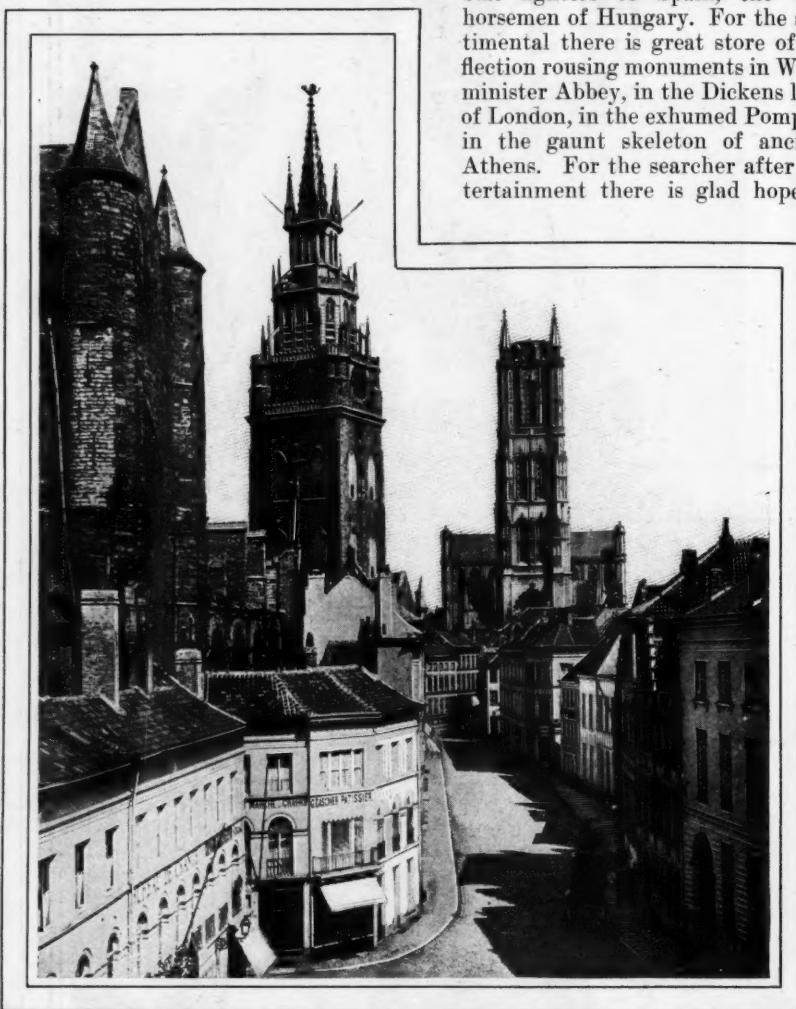


CONSTANTINOPLE, THE STAMBUL, OF THE TURK, IS BEAUTIFUL AND DIRTY, A PLACE TO BE AVOIDED BY THE SANITARY EXPERT, TO BE CULTIVATED BY THE POET AND THE ARTIST.

orado and along the New England coast as in Capri and among the fiords of Norway.

To us, contemplating Europe as a playground, different portions appeal

of the rich treasury of the Paris Louvre, of the architectural beauties of France and Germany and Spain. To the curious, seeking new peoples, come thoughts of the Cossacks of Russia, the bull fighters of Spain, the wild horsemen of Hungary. For the sentimental there is great store of reflection rousing monuments in Westminster Abbey, in the Dickens land of London, in the exhumed Pompeii, in the gaunt skeleton of ancient Athens. For the searcher after entertainment there is glad hope in

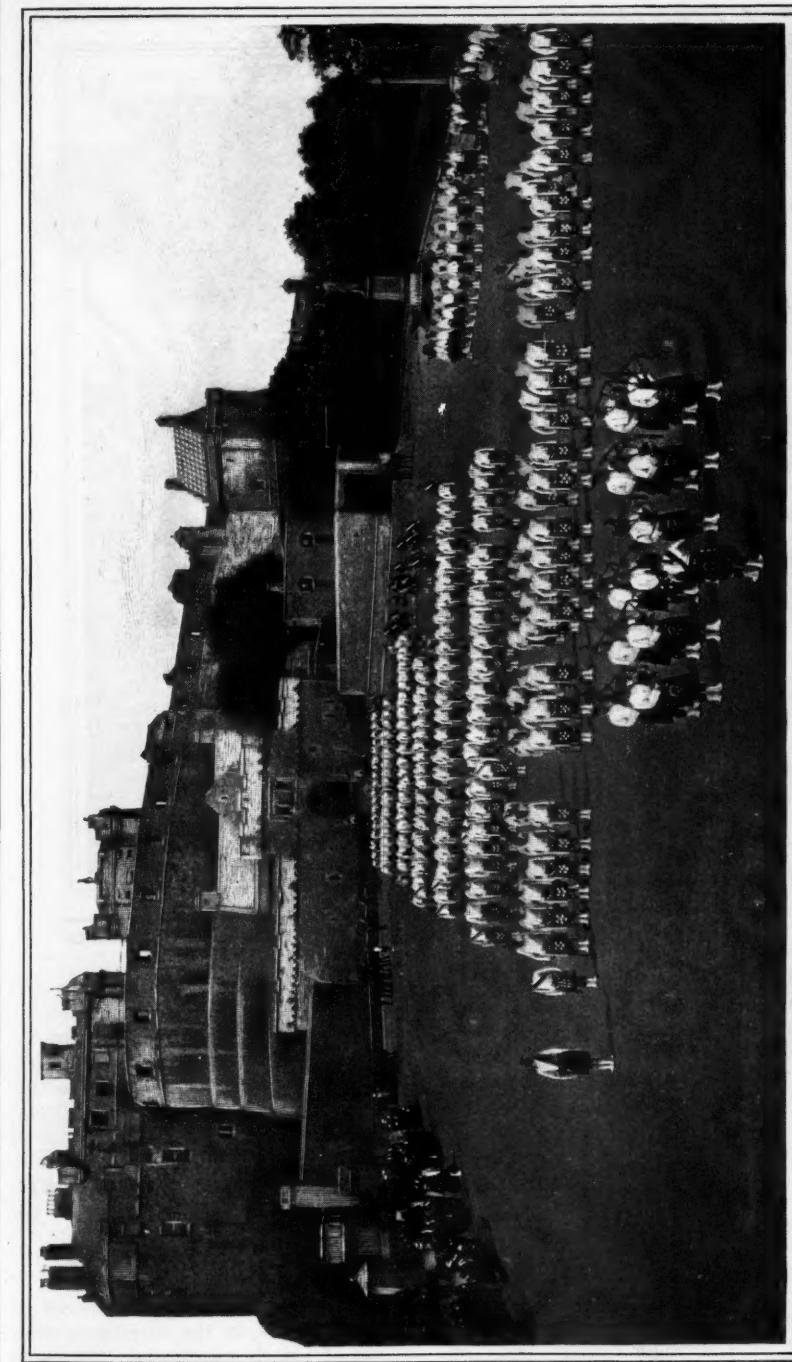


GHENT, ONE OF THE CLEAN, SLEEPY CITIES OF BELGIUM, IN THE PROVINCE OF EAST FLANDERS.

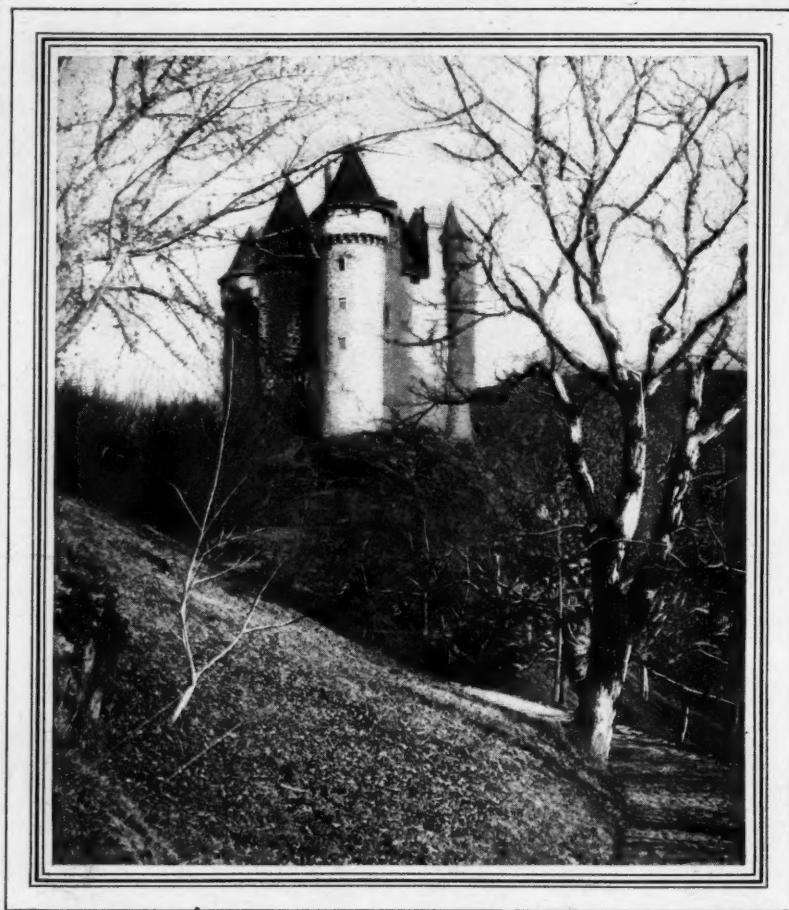
according to our desires and our necessities. To the busy man hungering after rest comes the thought of the placid stateliness of Scandinavia, the gentle homeliness of Brittany, and the sweet healthfulness of the hills and forests of Germany. To the art lover comes thought of the galleries of Italy,

the theaters of Paris, the music halls of London, the operas of Germany and Italy. Everywhere in this wild playground of Europe is there relief for the blasé, relaxation for the overworked, food for the student and thinker.

The choice of entertainment is wide as the continent that provides it. One



THE "BLACK WATCH" PARADED ON THE GLACIS BEFORE EDINBURGH CASTLE.



"THE MAN OF SIMPLE PLEASURES FINDS HIS JOY IN THE DIGNIFIED CHÂTEAUX OF FRANCE."

may shoot grouse in Scotland, stalk deer in Austro-Hungary, fish for trout and salmon in the swift rushing streams of Norway and Sweden, dance to the music of an orchestra in Vienna or to the clacking of castanets in Madrid, or lie lulled to happy languor by the guitars of Venice and the mandolins of Naples.

The student of reform will find in the modern city of Berlin a capital that alone bears comparison with his own of Washington. The municipal reformer will find in the people's palaces of St. Petersburg food for reflection, as he will in the regenerated slums of London and in the broad, clean avenues of Paris. The thoughtful man

will study poverty, picturesque but miserable, in southern Italian cities, in the hills above Madrid, in the famine stricken villages of Russia. Pauperism of a different kind, no longer picturesque, he will find in the squalid rookeries of London, in the hidden parts of Paris, and in the awful depths of Constantinople. The whole continent is one vast object lesson, a study in development and in decay.

The man of simple pleasures will find his joy in the dignified châteaux of France, in the mysterious silences of Venetian canals, in the slumbrous restfulness of Dutch waterways. The man of sterner purpose will find his blood tingle to the lashing of droshkies in



THE RED SQUARE OF MOSCOW, WITH THE HOLY GATE ON THE RIGHT OF THE PICTURE AND THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. BASIL ON THE LEFT.



VERONA ON THE ADIGE, ONE OF THE MOST PICTURESQUE CITIES OF ITALY.

Moscow, to the oriental babble of Turkey, to the fierce glitter of Spain. The more morbidly sentimental will react to the grave grandeur of Scottish moors and mountains, to the cold inevitability of Alpine glaciers, to the

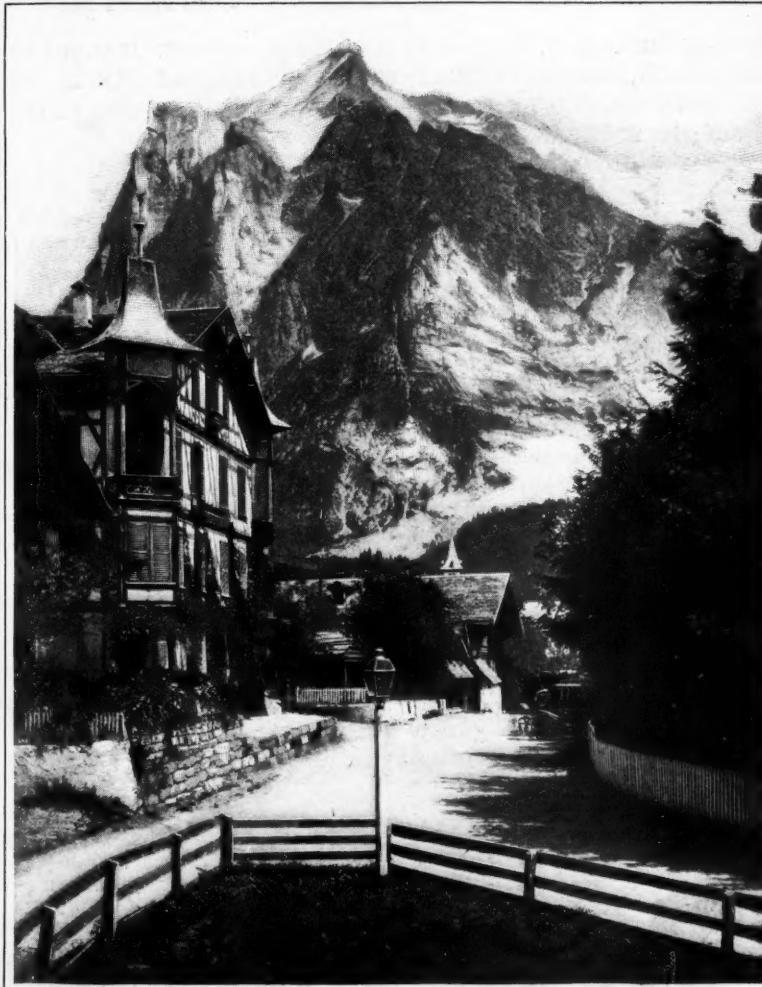


THE NORTHERNMOST CORNER OF EUROPE, WHERE THE REINDEER OF LAPLAND ARE BOTH CATTLE AND DRAFT HORSES.

emptiness of Russian steppes, to the brooding destiny of Mount Vesuvius and Etna.

For the poetical there are the happy

with monuments to past greatnesses, to dead ambitions tinted with contrasting civilizations, with pathetic modern degenerations. It is a strange Europe,



GRINDELWALD, AT THE BASE OF THE WETTERHORN, ONE OF THE GIANTS OF THE BERNSE ALPS.

gamins of Naples and Rome and Palermo, the stately peasants of Andalusia, the ballad singing brigands of the Transylvanian Alps, and the glorious women of Budapest.

For the student of history, Europe is checkered with battle fields, sprinkled

built on the skeletons of dead peoples, drenched with the blood of departed nations, yet happy in its living today, many colored, many faced—the unforgettable and unforgettable birthplace of the western people who have made of it their playground.

The Story of the Drift Casks.

BY REAR ADMIRAL GEORGE W. MELVILLE,

CHIEF OF THE BUREAU OF STEAM ENGINEERING, UNITED STATES NAVY.

ADMIRAL MELVILLE, WHO WAS A MEMBER OF THE JEANNETTE EXPEDITION, SUGGESTS THAT THE MOST FEASIBLE ROUTE TO THE POLE SHOULD BE DETERMINED BY CHARTING THE ARCTIC CURRENTS BY MEANS OF DRIFT CASKS.



IN 1897 Dr. Fridtjof Nansen visited America, and modestly received the honors that were deservedly accorded to the intrepid explorer who had reached the "farthest north" in the arctic. In telling of the scientific results of the voyage of the Fram, he showed that it had done much to make pos-

sible the accurate charting of the region around the pole, by proving the existence of definite ocean currents there.

Having been requested at that time to discuss the substantial value of the Nansen expedition, I wrote a carefully prepared paper on the drift of the Jeannette, wherein was pointed out the correlation of the drift of De Long's and Nansen's vessels. The Fram commenced to drift from a point comparatively near where the Jeannette was crushed, so that the continuity of the current which nipped both ships was conclusively established.

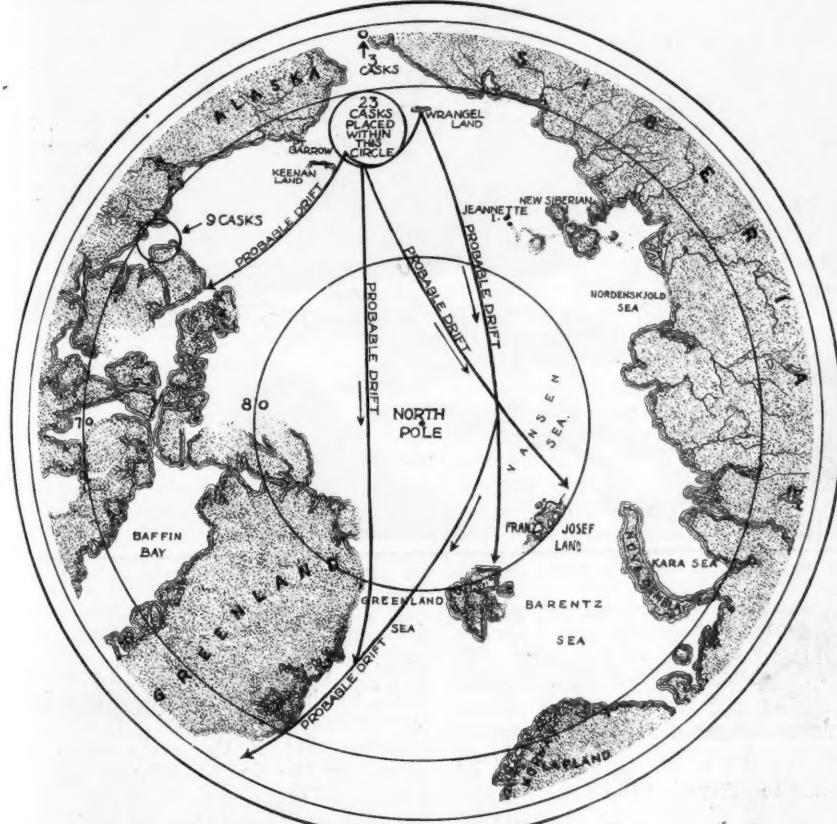


MEN FROM THE UNITED STATES REVENUE CUTTER BEAR DEPOSITING DRIFT CASKS ON THE ARCTIC ICE, IN AUGUST, 1901.

Drawn by L. A. Shafer from a photograph by R. N. Handley, Revenue Cutter Service.

As the cartographer of the Jeannette expedition, I had been directed to make a circumpolar chart showing every known current that had been laid down by arctic explorers from the days of Barents and Willoughby to the time

able how plainly these arrows pointed to the fact that, if our ship should hold together and our provisions last, we should drift in the course that was taken by the Jeannette and afterwards by the Fram. The actual drift of the

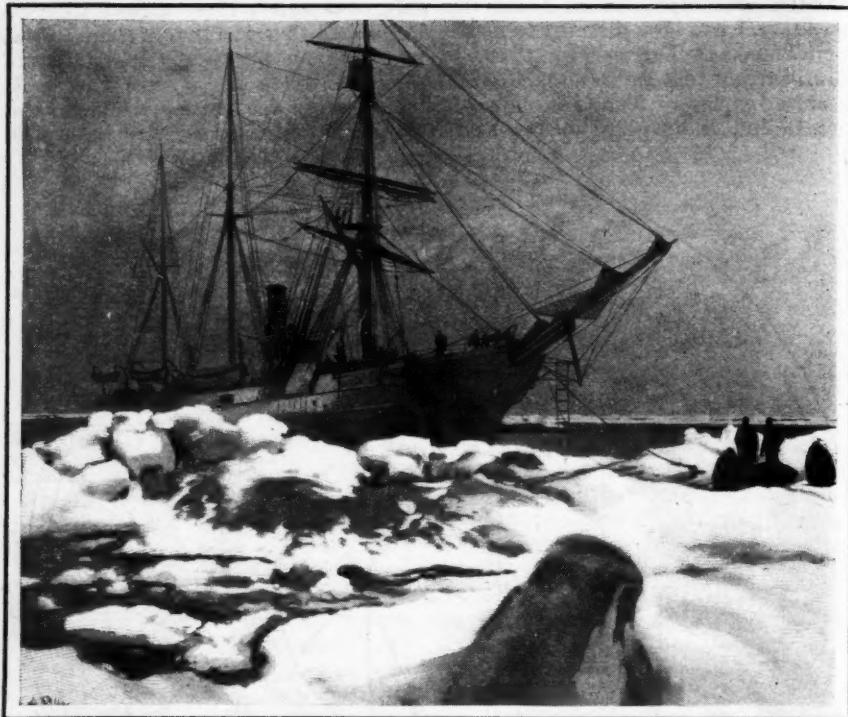


SKETCH MAP OF THE ARCTIC REGIONS, SHOWING THE PROBABLE DRIFT OF THE CASKS LAUNCHED IN 1899, 1900, AND 1901.

we left San Francisco. We were fortunate enough in having on board the Jeannette a very extensive arctic library; and as the discussion of arctic literature and the formulation of theories and conjectures were among our pleasantest ways of passing time, it can be well imagined that with eight intelligent readers in the cabin mess, it was not long before we had a chart with hundreds of arrows denoting currents as laid down by voyagers for more than three hundred years. It was remark-

Fram simply confirmed the result of the observations made on the Jeannette fifteen years earlier.

It appears, therefore, that a short and feasible way to reach the higher latitudes is to enter the arctic by way of Bering Sea, then to push towards the northwest, and to drift with the ice pack to some point where a dash could be made for the Pole. But before undertaking more of these costly and perilous expeditions, may it not be that valuable preliminary work could be done



THE UNITED STATES REVENUE CUTTER BEAR IN THE ARCTIC ICE NORTH OF WRANGEL LAND, IN AUGUST, 1901.

Drawn by L. A. Shafer from a photograph.

at comparatively insignificant expense and risk?

RECONNOITERING A POLAR ROUTE.

It occurred to me that it would be possible to determine the direction and the rapidity of the polar currents by placing specially prepared drift casks upon the ice floe. The existence of certain currents being definitely known, it might be confidently expected that if the casks were placed upon the pack, they would, in due time, put in an appearance on the other side of the unexplored area. There is every reason to believe that some of them would eventually be found in waters frequented by daring whalers.

The project did not propose to discourage, but rather to encourage, arctic research. Its practical purpose was to determine the drift and direction of polar currents, thus making it possible to chart a path to the Pole through

which a careful but intrepid explorer could reach higher latitudes than had ever before been traversed. It was also believed that if the casks could be placed on the floe at different points, and at different periods of the year, the most propitious time for pushing a vessel into the arctic pack could be ascertained.

It was not maintained that the casks would drift across the Pole itself. It seemed more probable that if placed in the ice pack to the northwest of Bering Sea they would come out by way of Spitzbergen; but there was reason to believe that during some open seasons there is a strong trend towards the north, and that it is not at all improbable that a ship placed in the pack might even drift as far north as latitude eighty five degrees, or even higher.

If numerous and capable men were available, and if ample funds for the purchase of ships were procurable, it

would not be long before the Pole would be reached; for it is tolerably certain that if several vessels were placed in the ice pack, some one of them would get so near the Pole that its commander would not experience any insuperable difficulty in accomplishing his purpose. But comparatively little money and few volunteers are available for arctic research, and a sufficient number of vessels could never be secured for determining the nature of the polar current drift.

It is exceedingly probable that the danger attendant to placing a ship in the pack may, to a certain extent, depend upon the point at which the vessel has been secured to the floe. The movement of the ice may be much more dangerous to the safety of the vessel in some places than in others. The use of drift casks might settle this important question. If it should be found that all casks had been lost that had been placed upon the floe in special latitudes, it would afford good evidence that an exploring ship should not be pushed into the pack near that point.

The theory of the drift casks had only to be stated to induce many of those interested in oceanography to give consideration to the subject. Scientists readily saw that if there was any merit in the proposition, then the reaching of the Pole might be done by many parties instead of by a single one. The explorer's incentive in the race for the "farthest north" may be glory and renown, but this has not been the motive which has actuated public spirited men in equipping expeditions. These men believe that if we can determine the drift, direction, and character of the arctic currents, and the direction and force of the arctic winds, we shall possess information which will be of incalculable advantage in solving the meteorological problems of the temperate latitudes.

The proposition particularly commended itself to Mr. Henry G. Bryant, president of the Geographical Society of Philadelphia, and through the personal efforts of this distinguished oceanologist the society was led to give its official approval to the suggestion. Mr. Bryant made the question a particular

study, and guaranteed the funds for carrying out the scheme if they could not be secured from a geographical society. His personal inclinations prompted him to authorize the construction of the casks without delay, but his judgment convinced him that if the idea was taken up by a society, rather than by an individual, then government officials and managers of whaling companies might be more readily inclined to give the assistance that was necessary to the successful conduct of the experiment.

The Geographical Society of Philadelphia having guaranteed the necessary fund, President Bryant set about enlisting others in the undertaking. The owners and commanders of the whaling fleet had the plan explained to them, and this splendid body of arctic cruisers volunteered to render all possible assistance. The next step was to interest the Secretary of the Treasury, and induce him to order the ships of the revenue cutter service, whose duties carry them to arctic waters, to coöperate in the work of landing the casks on the ice floes.

To the honor and credit of the revenue cutter service, the suggestion was promptly and cheerfully responded to. The efficient head of the revenue marine, Captain C. S. Shoemaker, issued special instructions to the vessels patrolling Bering Sea to land the casks at the first opportunity. The commanders of the several ships who received such orders were more than pleased to undertake this scientific work, even though there was danger in landing the casks on solid ice.

HOW THE CASKS ARE MADE.

The casks were designed in the Bureau of Steam Engineering, Navy Department, and made in San Francisco. In view of the exigencies of a long voyage on the ice floe, special attention was given to their shape and strength of material. The form finally settled upon was that of a parabolic spindle. They were made of heavy oak staves one and a quarter inches thick, encompassed by iron hoops three sixteenths of an inch thick and two inches wide. A coating of black "half

stuff"—pitch and resin mixed—was then applied. In addition to the preservative qualities of this coating, the thickness of the wood and metal is believed to be sufficient to resist the attrition of the ice and the effects of corrosion during the long drift. The staves, tapered to form the spindle, were covered on the ends by light galvanized cast iron caps, held in place by an iron rod, five eighths of an inch in diameter, extending the length of the cask, and secured by conical nuts at each end.

The black color of the casks will make them more easily seen, and will also help to make them sink, under the action of the summer sun, into the body of the ice, where they will be preserved from destruction by crushing. The number of each cask was etched into the wood, as well as painted on the outside.

A reinforced bung hole with bung was provided, and through this the message bottle was inserted, a quantity of shavings having first been placed inside to prevent the jostling about of the bottle. This latter consisted of a narrow cylindrical tube made of flint glass, and technically known as an ignition tube, accompanying which were suitable corks and sealing wax. As an additional precaution, the tubes were inclosed in cases made of maple wood and provided with screw tops.

The message paper was printed on linoleum paper, by a permanent blue print process which renders it practically impervious to salt water. The message was printed in English, Norwegian, German, and French, and embodied simple directions, telling the finder what to do. He was instructed to record his name, the date, and the precise point at which the cask was found, and to forward the paper to the nearest United States consul or to the Geographical Society of Philadelphia.

In the important work of distributing the casks, special injunctions were given that they should be placed on solid ice, as far as possible from the edge of the pack. It would, of course, be much easier for a vessel to run up to the edge of the pack and throw the casks overboard; but it is certain that

if launched in this way very few of them would have escaped being crushed by the drifting masses of ice.

THE LAUNCHING OF THE CASKS.

In 1898, fifty of the casks, having been thoroughly tested, were placed on board of whalers and revenue cutter boats bound for the arctic. Two San Francisco firms—Liebes & Company and the Pacific Steam Whaling Company—gave special instructions to the commanders of their vessels that the casks should be landed on the ice at the earliest opportune time in the following spring or summer. The whaler Alexander, commanded by Captain B. T. Tilton, landed three in June, three in August, and four in September of 1899. Fortunately for the success of the experiment, the casks were started upon their voyage at different points. The whaler Thrasher also landed one in August and another in September of the same year, at a place some distance apart from the others. One of the Thrasher's casks was put upon the floe about forty miles north of any of the Alexander's.

These casks have now been drifting for nearly three years, and some of them may already be in the possession of one of the Arctic exploring parties that are in the polar regions. I am of the opinion, however, that most of them will drift for four or five years before we shall hear of them, although it is quite probable that one or two may be reported early next year.

For three successive years the revenue cutter Bear made an attempt to land some of the drift casks on solid ice. In many respects the Bear is the strongest and best constructed vessel that enters the Arctic Ocean, and the fact that she did not dare to butt into the loose ice and land her cargo shows that the undertaking involves difficulty and danger. For fifteen successive summers the Bear has been visiting arctic waters, and her crew are undoubtedly as well acquainted with the ice conditions as any of the men who go north.

The fact that she twice brought her casks home again—in 1899 and 1900—shows the spirit of honor pervading the

revenue cutter service; for it would have been an easy matter to land them somewhere on the edge of the pack. Her officers fully understood the wishes of the Philadelphia Geographical Society, and were willing to endure bitter and unjust criticism rather than launch the casks in other than the intended places.

In 1901, commanded by Captain Tuttle, the Bear started northward with the determination that she would either land her casks on the floe or leave her own timbers to mark the drift of the polar ice. Nearing the pack, she encountered the fogs and snow storms that make the region one of peril to the sailor. For hours she was in a blind lead, but Captain Tuttle persisted in working amidst the loose ice until he reached the main floe. About forty five miles to the northward of the point where the Jeannette was caught in the ice pack, six casks were landed; and nine others were placed upon other portions of the floe.

The steam whaler Narwhal succeeded in launching three casks in three different locations well north and west of Herald Island, and to this vessel fell the honor of placing the drift casks farthest north on the floe.

With a view of testing the probable existence of a northeastern or North American drift through the Perry Archipelago, and along the route followed by McClure fifty years ago in accomplishing the Northwest Passage, the whaling captains were requested to distribute some casks in the region of Banks Land, near the western approach to the Northwest Passage route. In accordance with this policy, nine other casks were set adrift off Banks Land in 1899 and 1900 by the whalers Alexander, Thrasher, Narwhal, and Beluga.

In the accomplishment of this successful work, both by the whalers and by the revenue cutters, not only was courage required, but skill, endurance, and sound judgment. Between the solid floe and deep water there are seas of loose ice, and the men carrying the heavy casks had to be extremely careful in crossing to the pack. The picture of these determined sailors transporting the drift casks amidst the fog and sleet

is worthy of portrayal by a great artist. In some respects their task was more of a forlorn hope than many a deed by which soldiers have won medals of honor. It was done without hope or thought of reward; its only inspiration—apart from the instinct that makes brave men ready to challenge danger—was the consciousness of duty well done.

WHERE THE CASKS MAY BE FOUND.

It is to be hoped that more casks will be placed on the arctic ice this year. The whalers who have already landed some are determined to try to land more, and their success has inspired other whalers to take an interest in the work. It is certain that the boats of the revenue marine service will boldly steam towards the pack, and again defy danger. The owners of the whaling fleet have also urged their captains to make further attempts, although they lose valuable time and incur serious risk by doing so.

Siberian driftwood has been found on the northeastern shores of Bennett Island, on the northeast point of Nova Zembla, on the eastern coast of Franz Josef Land, on the eastern shores of Spitzbergen, and possibly in the drift on the eastern side of Greenland. A strong current is known to exist, at certain seasons of the year, to the southward and westward between Nova Zembla and Franz Josef Land. It is also certain that there is a current between the southern side of Spitzbergen and Bear Island. We may look for the casks on any of these shores. It is quite possible that new drifts will be proved to exist, and that one or two of the casks may be found around Baffin Bay and Smith Sound.

The story of the casks will not be complete until we hear where, when, how, and by whom the inanimate arctic messengers were found. Information as to their launching has already been sent to various points in arctic latitudes, and both ashore and afloat there are observers on the watch for their coming. May it not be hoped that they will do the work that they were designed to perform, and will indicate the best, surest, and safest path to the Pole?

Man and His Clothes.

BY JOHN H. GIRDNER, M.D.

MAN, OUT OF VANITY, BETOOK HIMSELF TO CLOTHING—HIS BODY, RESENTING THE CONFINEMENT OF CLOTHES, DISCARDED ITS HAIRY COVERING—HIS HEAD, IMPRISONED IN A HAT, BECAME BALD; HIS FEET, COMPRESSED IN THIN BOOTS, LOST THEIR SPRING AND DEVELOPED BUNIONS AND HAMMER TOES.

THOMAS CARLYLE says in "Sartor Resartus":

Miserable indeed was the condition of the aboriginal savage, glaring fiercely from under his fleece of hair, which with the beard reached down to his loins, and hung round him like a matted cloak; the rest of his body sheeted in its thick natural fell. He loitered in the sunny glades of the forest, living on wild fruits; or, as the ancient Caledonians, squatted himself in morasses, looking for his bestial or human prey.

Nevertheless, the pains of hunger and revenge once satisfied, his next care was not comfort, but decoration. Warmth he found in the toils of the chase; or amid dry leaves in his hollow tree, in his bark shed or natural grotto: but for decoration he must have clothes. Nay, among wild people we find tattooing and painting prior to clothes. The first spiritual want of a barbarous man is decoration, as indeed we still see among the barbarous classes in civilization.

The whole complicated system of clothes used by mankind today had its beginning not in necessity or in comfort, but in the savage man's pride and love of decoration. Before man began to wear clothes there was hair all over the body, hair enough to keep him comfortable and protected against cold and wet. He first began to put things on his body as ornaments and marks of personal distinction. These ornaments and decorations became in time necessities. The body soon became accustomed to the additional warmth and to demand it for comfort.

Just as our savage ancestors began using clothes merely for decorative effect, so among people of the highest civilization more thought is given to the decorative and individualizing effect of clothes than to their protective qualities. The mother of our western civilization puts a corset round her daughter's waist so soon as she enters her

teens, and its pressure not only disarranges her anatomy, but interferes with the functions of some of the most vital organs in the body. Some idea of the extent of this pressure is seen when a necropsy is made on a tight lacer.

The feet, more than any other part of the body, require protection against cold and dampness. How many colds and pneumonias date from wet feet? It would be difficult to put more sound and wholesome advice into a sentence than is contained in the old saw: "Keep your head cool and your feet warm." It is a familiar sight to see people—women especially—walking icy streets with shoe soles scarcely thicker than blotting paper, the while their bodies are wrapped in sealskins and chest protectors. It would be well did they wear their chest protectors on their feet.

THE CRIME OF HIGH HEELS.

High heels are an abomination. These were first put on slippers to rest the feet, but were not designed for out of door work. When sitting down, the high heeled slipper raised the heel, relaxed the muscles of the leg, and placed the foot in the best possible position to rest. High heels for that purpose were scientifically correct. Walking or standing in high heeled boots places the feet on an inclined plane. The result is a constant tendency of the feet to slide forwards and downwards till the toes are driven like a wedge into the front part of the shoe. From this follows a long train of evils—ingrowing toe nails, bunions, overlapping and hammer toes, hard and soft corns. The spring is

taken out of the feet by high heels. The heel and latter half of the foot should spring up at each stride. It is one of the most important movements in walking. But the heel cannot spring up from the horizontal position when it is prevented by a high heel from getting down to the horizontal position. A person walking in high heels goes stubbing along as if on peg legs or stilts. Low, flat heels are a compromise. No heels at all would be better.

The splendid pose and stately walk of the red Indian are due in great part to the fact that there are no heels on his moccasins. High heels were taken from the drawingroom to the street by the women of Paris, and the rest of the female world foolishly and innocently followed their fashion. Fashion is a tyrant who acknowledges no allegiance to any power on earth or in heaven, and it obeys neither the laws of God nor those of nature.

THE TYRANNY OF TROUSERS.

Nine men out of ten who have enjoyed the freedom of action and the general sense of comfort of bicycle and golf clothes will agree that the regulation trousers are an abomination. Yet men so far have been unable to break away from the decrees of fashion and to return to the small clothes and stockings which added so much of comfort, elegance, grace, and dignity to our forefathers. Men have allowed themselves to be deprived of these comforts merely for the sake of a few spindle shanked gentlemen who were too lazy or too ignorant or too degenerate to develop presentable calves, and who were backed by tailors who wanted long trousers to make and press. No man can be found willing to take the initiative and to lead the rest of the trouser slaves to freedom. Some years ago the Prince of Wales (now King Edward VII) sought to revive the fashion of wearing knee breeches as a part of evening dress. The announcement was hailed with joy by a large number of American young men, and old ones, too. The prince changed his mind, and nothing came of it. It never seemed to occur to any one of these American citizens

that if he wanted to wear knee breeches with evening dress, all he had to do was to wear knee breeches, and not wait for the Prince of Wales or anybody else.

The amount of clothing necessary is determined largely by the habits of the individual. The face and hands need no covering because they are not accustomed to covering. Parts of the body which have been habitually covered cannot be exposed without danger. The substitution of low cut, thin shoes for high, thick boots in cold, damp weather is a fruitful source of ailments of one kind or another. Wearing low neck and short sleeves after being accustomed to high neck and long sleeves is always attended with great danger. Furs should never be worn in this climate except when riding in a sleigh or carriage. Furs are not suitable garments when one is walking, riding, or on the bicycle. There is a man who goes barefooted the year round in a northern climate, and who enjoys excellent health. That man can go barefooted any day in the year because he goes barefooted every day.

THE ORIGIN OF BALDNESS.

Clothes are largely a matter of habit, but it may be stated as a general proposition that all persons living north of the fortieth parallel of latitude should wear wool next the skin at all times. The weight and thickness of the under-clothing should vary with the season, but it should always be made of wool. A cold or tepid bath on rising in the morning, followed by fifteen minutes of intelligent exercise with dumb bells, is a better protection against colds and other diseases of the lungs than all the furs in the Arctic regions.

The clothes which encircle the ribs should be so loose at all times that the whole chest may expand to the full capacity of the lungs. Long continued pressure from clothes has reversed the order of nature in most women of civilized nations, and has given to the waist the unnatural and significant shape of an hour glass.

Yet woman displays more sense in clothing her head than man does. Man wears a badly ventilated hat with a stiff band. This tight, stiff band com-

presses the temporal and the other arteries carrying blood to the hair roots on the top of the head. This pressure interferes with the circulation of the blood and the nutrition of the scalp, the hair bulbs are starved, and the hair falls out. Man becomes bald. This bad dressing of the head by the men of civilized nations for generations has resulted in baldness becoming hereditary—a mark of civilization. The women of civilized nations do not become bald, because they do not wear hats that obstruct the circulation of the scalp, and for the same reason savages do not suffer from baldness.

The brain receives more blood in pro-

portion to its size than most other organs in the body. Hence it follows that tight collars, tight cravats, and tight shirt bands by compressing the external jugular veins interfere with the return flow of the blood, thus causing congestion of the brain, vertigo, and a tendency to apoplexy. Special care should be taken to see that the collars of night shirts and pyjamas are so large that there will be no possibility of the veins of the neck being constricted when turning about in sleep. This care is especially called for in the case of children, for they sleep so soundly that much harm may be done in their dream hours.

“That Person!”

AND THE CROWNING INDIGNITY SHE INFILCTED UPON A GRANDE DAME OF NEW YORK.

BY DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS.

I.

AS there is only a screen between the reception room and the fitting room at Rangot's, Mrs. Blackwell could not avoid hearing all that was said by the two women waiting their turn. So long as they talked of persons whom she did not know and did not care to know about, she heard without listening. But when her name was spoken she became an eavesdropper.

“Do you know Mrs. Blackwell?”

“Only by sight. Do you?”

“No, but hasn't she a disagreeable, stuck up expression? And they made their money selling groceries, too. But my son says that her son—Gerald, you know—is such a nice fellow; not very clever—in fact, the reverse—but good natured and natural. And he's so gay in his tastes—actresses and that. My son says he's stark mad about Margaret Atherton—have you seen her?”

“When she was in ‘The Gifts of the Gods.’”

“Wasn't she lovely in that? So lady-like! I don't blame a man for falling in love with her; but marrying—of

course, that's different. And Gerald Blackwell is going to marry her.”

“And what does his mother think?”

“They say she don't know yet. My, but she'll be just wild, won't she?”

Mrs. Blackwell had no excuse for a longer stay behind the screen. She put on the cold, haughty expression which was her pose before the public. She swept through the reception room in a manner that said most offensively: “I am in an empty room.”

As she drove away she gave herself the satisfaction of a stealthy glance at Rangot's window, where were two women's faces whose humiliation and envy fully met her expectations.

Then she put her mind upon Gerald. The longer she thought, the greater became her alarm about him. To marry Margaret Atherton! It was frightful. And so like him to be taken in by the tricks of a clever, unscrupulous woman! She the mother in law of an actress—how her friends would jeer at her! Ellen the sister in law of a notorious stage person—why, it might fatally injure her prospects of marriage.

Something must be done; but it must be something diplomatic, adroit. It would never do flatly to oppose Gerald; her experience of men had taught her that the high handed course was unwise except with husbands and some fathers. Gerald must not suspect her. An infatuation can be killed only by assassination. She must be sly, and she must be swift.

II.

It chanced that at dinner she was alone with her two children. Naturally, the talk drifted to the stage and there hovered. Gerald being slow witted and ingenuous, his mother was soon reading his secret more clearly than if it had been before her in writing—for the proofs in his face and voice could not be disputed. He and Ellen were wrangling over social toleration, Ellen advocating the ideas her mother preached and practised. She presently appealed to her for support, and was surprised that she failed to get it.

"You go too far, I think, my dear," said Mrs. Blackwell. Knowing that her son's interest in working women was personal, she feared that Ellen would goad him into a mood of unreasoning resentment. "Misfortune may overtake any one. It doesn't respect our class. I have no doubt—in fact, I know—that there are many ladies who have been compelled to earn a living."

"Yes, mother, but how long did they remain ladies, how long did they keep their refinement, that subtle—"

"Subtle nothing!" exclaimed Gerald. "You are too silly for any use, Ellen. I'm ashamed to hear you talk the nonsense I hear other girls talking nowadays—the little idiots! But let's change the subject. If I keep on I'll lose my temper and—"

"When one loses one's temper it's a sure sign that one has the right end of the argument!" taunted Ellen.

"There you scored!" replied Gerald, good natured again. "But in this case there's another reason. I've seen a good deal lately of some very nice women who earn their living on the stage, and it made me angry to hear you speak in that way. It seemed as though you

were insulting them. And I know that if you knew them you'd agree with me."

"Oh, a man!" Ellen's tone was disgusting itself. "If a woman's good looking, that's all a man sees. But you're deceived by the surroundings. Put one of these charming friends of yours in our atmosphere, surround her with ladies, and you'd see—why, you'd be horrified at the idea of your mother or your sister associating with such a person."

Blackwell laughed. "Oh, no, I wouldn't."

"I think that's an interesting idea—very amusing," said Mrs. Blackwell. "I'd like to see it carried out."

Gerald jumped at the bait, as she had hoped. "Would you? Nothing easier—nothing that I'd like better. Now"—his tone became ludicrously indifferent—"let's see; there's Miss Atherton—Margaret Atherton—the girl I wished to introduce to you several months ago. Do you remember, mother?"

"Well, Miss Atherton, then," said Mrs. Blackwell. "By the way, is that her real name? Those people so often take names that look well and sound well—it gave me a shock to learn that Irving's real name is Brodribb." Mrs. Blackwell had been roused to this retort by the tone in which her son pronounced Margaret Atherton. He had tried hard to say it as if it were an ordinary name of an ordinary human being, instead of a magic phrase that conjured an angel of light.

Mrs. Blackwell's thrust reached. Gerald flushed and winced. "N-n-o," he stammered. "I believe her real name is Mary Cassidy."

He looked appealingly at Ellen, but she was merciless. She laughed. "Margaret Atherton, alias Mary Cassidy—how could she give up such a name?"

"Don't, Ellen! You are rude," said Mrs. Blackwell sharply. "I was going on to say that when we go to the country next week we could invite her. You are sure she is a perfectly respectable person, Gerald?"

"Didn't I suggest introducing her to you, mother? Didn't I call her a friend of mine?"

"I'm sorry to say you young men sometimes have some queer friends."

"But we don't—" Gerald hesitated—"we don't introduce them to our mothers."

Mrs. Blackwell was relieved that he had not followed his impulse to confess, but had changed the end of his sentence. She began to talk of something else.

The next morning he told her there was to be a reception at the Actresses' Club the following afternoon, and suggested that she should go with him—"look in just for a minute"—and so give him a chance to present Margaret to her.

Mrs. Blackwell consented. She felt that she must meet "the creature" if she was to combat her. "And if I see that the experiment is likely to succeed," she thought, "I can invite her."

III.

GERALD'S face became scarlet the instant they reached the entrance to the Actresses' Club. In the doorway, entering with them, were three chorus girls of the type that gives the name its least dignified meaning. He did not dare look at his mother; indeed, he did not need to look at her to know what she was thinking of their too large hats and too small waists and too high heels and too many jewels, of their tinted faces and hair.

Within, he looked round in dismay, and muttered curses upon his lack of imagination. He might have known what would predominate, what would fill the eyes of a woman who prided herself upon her quiet tastes. And the most repellent feature of all was the vulgar counterfeiting of the free and easy manners of good society.

He made way for his mother through the throng of overdressed women—why did so many of them slap the men on the back? Why did they permit the men to address them by their last names without any prefix? His face lighted up—he caught a glimpse of Margaret. "She'll shine the brighter by contrast," he thought. But just then she came into full view, and his face fell, and the sweat burst out upon his forehead.

Why had she elected to wear, on this of all days, those enormous plumes, and that gown, which looked as if it had been drawn on with the aid of a shoe horn? And she was talking with exaggerated gestures and with much lifting of the eyebrows. He had never before noted her stage mannerisms in private life.

She saw them and advanced. "How d'y'e do, Gerald?" she said. Her tone and manner would have carried well across footlights, but were certainly not of the world in which his mother moved. "And this is your mother?" she went on. "I'm very glad to meet you, Mrs. Blackwell." She put out her hand graciously, much as a stage queen does to a stage subject.

There was high color in Mrs. Blackwell's cheeks, and she had to keep her motive firmly in mind to restrain her temper. The impudence of this vulgar person! To speak to her—to Mrs. Blackwell—as if she were the one who must be put at ease, the one who was receiving an honor. The cordiality of her tone as she responded made her blush for herself.

The conversation was carried on by Margaret and Gerald. Mrs. Blackwell could not take part in it. When she tried to speak her throat contracted. The most she could do was to contribute an occasional strained smile. Gerald was ill at ease and was magnifying Margaret's shortcomings. He hardly knew what he was saying.

"You are extremely frank," was his not very pertinent comment on one of her sallies.

"Why not?" she replied. "Frankness saves so much time, and I can afford it, as I'm free and don't have to conciliate a lot of people. Now, with you"—she looked at Mrs. Blackwell—"it's different, of course. As you are playing the social side of the game, you can't afford the luxury."

"Social side of the game"! She, Mrs. Blackwell, and this creature on the same level—and that level a gambling house; the only difference between them the accident of their happening to sit at different tables!

"For Gerald's sake," she said to herself, and kept her anger from her face;

but she felt that she could not endure much longer. She must get away from this awful person, this awful place. The clamor was deafening, the odor of heavy, sweet perfumes stifling. Her eyes were offended at every turn. And it seemed to her that Margaret contained in herself some part of each objectionable element in the scene.

As a matter of fact, Margaret and scores of other women there would have been indistinguishable from the women of Mrs. Blackwell's own set, except for the exaggerations of speech, manner, and dress which their profession made inevitable. But Gerald's mother, used to judging people solely by superficial trifles, involved all in a sweeping condemnation—"insufferably vulgar."

She started when she heard Gerald say: "Mother is anxious to have you come down to the country with us next week."

She saw that she had been overestimating the revulsion she had seen in him. Still, she was able to put a proper amount of friendliness into her tone as she said: "Do come to us next week for a few days—Monday till Friday. We are very quiet, but you may like the change, and the country is beautiful."

Margaret seemed about to refuse, but Gerald burst in: "Do come, Margaret—I want you to."

"Thank you," she said to Mrs. Blackwell. "I'll be glad to come—if you're sure I shan't bore you."

"How do you like her, mother?" was Gerald's eager question as the carriage got under way for home. And before she could answer he went on: "You mustn't judge her by this afternoon. She's a tremendously fine girl, and a lady through and through. She wasn't herself in that place."

"I hope not," said Mrs. Blackwell drily. Not herself in that place! "Why," she thought, "she is as much at home there as the bottle of patchouli on her dressing table!"

IV.

MRS. BLACKWELL chose her house party with care. Except Gerald, all the men were elderly and staid, and

their wives were with them. The girls were two of Ellen's friends—lively, pretty, clever at the wit of more or less malicious personality, with much well bred self confidence—in Mrs. Blackwell's opinion, excellent examples of New York's young women of what she and they called the "upper class."

When Margaret Atherton came down to dinner on Monday night, she knew at once that she was only in, not of, the company. And she also knew the principal reason for this feeling that she was out of place and at a disadvantage. She had tried to tone down her dress from the exaggerated standard necessary on the stage, but she had not gone far enough.

She could not at first conceal the fact that she was ill at ease among these strangers and under these critical eyes. Mrs. Blackwell and the other women, in their vanity of "superior class," wholly mistook the cause. But stronger than her nervousness was her anger against herself as the dinner wore dully on.

"Why am I here?" she asked herself again and again. "I don't belong among these pretenders and posers. Those cats are getting ready to claw me. And the men don't dare to be natural and interesting. I shall be bored—five days right out of the best part of my life!"

She sat glum, planning to get away the next afternoon. She happened to catch a glance not intended for her—a glance from one of the two girls between whom Gerald's mother had seated him, a smile of supercilious, amused contempt. She at once put the idea of leaving out of her head, and set about conquering the respect of the women and the admiration of the men.

As she was easily the best looking woman there, and as she had the personal magnetism which invariably goes with success on the stage, she had the power to shine like a star among those pale lights. She had knowledge, first hand knowledge, of the world, not merely of one little unimportant corner of it; she had been a shrewd observer, and she had the beauty and liveliness to make even commonplaces pass for wit and wisdom.

And she was adroit with the women. They did not like her, but they let themselves be amused, and soon found themselves treating her as one of themselves. American like, she adapted herself to her company, remaining always herself, not an imitation of the people about her.

Before long, Mrs. Blackwell was internally in a turmoil. She conceded no real merit to Margaret; it was impossible that a person who had not had the training and associations which she approved could be a lady. Miss Atherton, or Cassidy, might be well enough in her own order; but what was she doing, housed with Gerald for four days more, and posing plausibly as a "lady"?

V.

To her great relief, Margaret announced late the next afternoon that she must return to New York on the half past nine train in the morning. Mrs. Blackwell did not venture to express even guarded regret until she had made sure that Margaret's mind was fixed. Gerald spent the evening in gloom, and his mother saw ominous resolution in his face.

She felt that the time had come for her last card—open opposition. When he was passing her door on his way to bed she called him into her room. He at once offered her an opening.

"I'm going up to town with Miss Atherton," he began sullenly.

"Gerald, you mustn't, you oughtn't. It would be most discourteous to—"

"I don't care a hang, mother!" He threw himself into a chair. "I might as well out with it. I love her, and I intend to ask her to marry me."

His defiance, her sense of helplessness, infuriated her. "Gerald!" she exclaimed, losing control of herself. "What are you saying? Impossible! My son marry an actress, a woman who roams about unchaperoned and under an assumed name, who belongs nowhere, has no position—"

"Stop, mother!" he cried, starting up. "What do I care for all that? I want her. I'm going to marry her. I'm sorry you don't approve; but you'll get over your prejudices."

Mrs. Blackwell turned her attack upon his vanity. "I'm surprised at your innocence, your blindness. This creature sets her trap for you, and you, with every one laughing at you, go blundering in. Do you suppose she'd marry you if it wasn't for your wealth and position?"

"And I don't care if she does," he stormed. "I don't care a rap why she marries me, so long as she does it."

He flung out of the room, leaving her to a sleepless night. She writhed with anguish at her own fate, at his fate, at the fate of all her plans for more wealth and more position. She writhed with rage at the thought of that creature brazenly stealing her boy from under her very nose. In those hours she suffered as she had never suffered before; for she was stabbed in her one vulnerable spot—her vanity.

VI.

SHE went to Gerald's room in the early morning, and, kneeling down by his bed, wept and implored. He was touched by his mother's haggard appearance, by the impress of suffering, by her tears. He believed that his good was her only thought; but he also believed that she was in the wrong.

"I'd give her up without a murmur," he said, "if you'd show me one single reason that isn't sheer snobbishness and society tomfoolery."

When she persisted, he worked himself into a rage, leaped from his bed, and locked himself in his dressing room.

Mrs. Blackwell sent her good by by a servant, and from her bedroom window watched them drive away. Tears of impotent rage rolled slowly down her cheeks.

They had not gone the first of the three miles to the station when Margaret, tired of his gloomy silence, said: "Cheer up, Gerald! It can't be so bad as all that."

"I love you," he said abruptly. "Will you marry me?"

Margaret looked at him with a gentle smile in which there was a little fun.

"Why have you waited till now?" she asked.

"Because I wanted my mother to

consent. I wanted her to see that you are a lady just like her and Ellen and the rest of 'em."

"And has she seen it, and consented?"

He was silent.

She went on: "I don't wish to hurt your feelings, but I must be frank—I was going to say that I'm not that kind of a lady, and that I don't think much of that kind. It doesn't seem to me to be an honest, self respecting kind. The kind I like, and want to be, isn't really a lady at all; I think she's just plain woman."

"Will you marry me, Margaret?"

"No. I confess that I've had some idea of marrying you. I don't love you, but I do like you. And you have money, and that would mean a good deal to me, for I'm fond of luxury. Perhaps I'm lazy, too; though I don't think I ever thought seriously of giving up my work—it's life to me."

"I don't care why you are marrying me. Will you marry me?"

"Now, do let me have my say. Well, the day I met your mother, I began to have my doubts. And down here—that settled it. Gerald, I couldn't stand it. I couldn't stand the life; I couldn't stand the point of view. I'd be bored to death. I'd drive you dis-

tracted. I realized yesterday that I was mistaken in thinking I ever could have married you. It was only because I liked you, and because of what you could give me, that I ever even pretended to think of it. Gerald, we're going to be friends; but you mustn't ask me to marry you."

"But, I won't take no for an answer, Margaret."

"Oh, yes, you will—if you care for my friendship."

She sent him back home. When his mother, still in her room, saw him jump from the carriage, her hopes revived. "He's a good boy," she thought. "He felt that he couldn't break his mother's heart."

He went direct to his rooms, and she sought him there, eager to know the event. He was in his "den," looking out into the rain.

"Gerald," she said softly.

He whirled round. "Well, I suppose you're satisfied," he snapped. "She refused me—wouldn't look at me."

His mother stared, incredulous.

"She wouldn't have me, I tell you. She turned me down flat."

In Mrs. Blackwell, almost as strong as relief and delight, surged anger at this crowning indignity from "that person."

A PRAYER.

TEACH us the meaning of familiar words
Blunted by thoughtless use from year to year—

Faith, courage, loyalty, unselfishness,

Patience, and purity ; for they appear

To float, thin, radiant bubbles, from our lips,

Shiver, collapse, and vanish, each by each ;

And we blow other bubbles till we tire,

Perverting action into idle speech.

Grant us to hear and see,
To feel and do and be !

Teach us the prayer that God made men should pray—

A supplication blossoming to deeds ;

No supine clinging, but a pledge to use

All we receive to meet life's varied needs—

Muscle and sinew, nerve and heart and brain,

Each fiber braced to its proportionate power,

Each faculty alive and glad and free

To fight and grow and conquer hour by hour.

Grant that to trust and dare
And love shall be our prayer !

Grace H. Boutelle.

The Looting of the Yanquis.

BY JAMES S. METCALFE.

THE TALE OF A BUNCO GAME THAT HAS CAUGHT MANY AMERICANS, THAT HAS FLOURISHED VIGOROUSLY IN SPAIN, AND THAT GAINED MUCH FROM THE SPANISH AMERICAN WAR.

DR. ALFRED PATERSON is a studious young man who has lately opened an office on the upper east side in New York City. He knows more of his books than he does of the world, and his circle of acquaintances is a limited one. He has never been in Europe, so when he found in his mail an envelope addressed in a foreign handwriting, bearing the Madrid postmark, he was puzzled. Its contents puzzled him still further. The letter was written in not the best of French, and, translated, read as follows:

MADRID, Jan. 8, 1899.

MONSIEUR :

I am a man of honor who finds himself in prison without the power of proving his innocence and, from having been born on the Island of Cuba, regarded here as an enemy.

The victim of an infamous conspiracy, the profit from which was to go to its head while the consequences were to be visited on me, I perceived it in time to prevent their reaping the benefits, but without being able to save my honor.

Prudence counsels me not to write more until I am sure you have received this communication. I beg you then, in case you are willing to aid me, to send me a telegram conceived in the following terms:

SPAIN. MR. ROLANDO MINGUEZ,
Télégraphe restant, MADRID.

Await news.

Sign with a woman's Christian name. As soon as I receive your cable I will let you know the service I ask of you and my motive for writing to you, swearing to you that you will never repent having telegraphed me.

Accept, monsieur, my sincere salutations.

R. C.

Dr. Paterson, being a man of Christian training and sympathetic heart, became at once interested in this fellow creature in distress. Besides, there was an element of mystery and romance about the letter. How had the writer learned his address? Why was R. C. in prison? What was the "infamous conspiracy" to which the letter referred?

A more world experienced man than the good doctor would have let his waste paper basket answer all these questions, but the doctor went to a telegraph office and inquired concerning the cable rates to Spain.

He found that it would cost two dollars to send the message R. C. so earnestly desired. Two dollars was not a large sum where interest and curiosity were so strongly blended, so the doctor concluded to send the cable. A fortnight passed, and the doctor began to think he was the victim of a mistake which had cost him two dollars.

One morning, when he was not expecting it, he found another foreign letter in his mail. The address was in a different handwriting, but the stationery and postmark were the same as in the first. The envelope contained a long letter in the same handwriting as the other, and three inclosures. Of these latter, one was a clipping, ostensibly from a Spanish newspaper, one an imposing legal document, partly printed, partly written, and made solemn with official seals. With these was a manuscript translation into bad French of the other two.

Here is the letter done int̄o English:

MADRID, January 29, 1899.

MY DEAR MONSIEUR :

First of all, permit me to thank you for the cable I have just received.

Now I will explain to you what my situation is and how you can save me.

For ten years I have been employed in the Bank of Santiago de Cuba. For some time I have been its secretary. When the city found itself besieged by sea and land by the Yanquis (Yankees) and insurgents, the manager of the bank told me of the imperious need on the part of our government to pay for purchases of coal at London and Lisbon. This was to be done with four millions of francs in bank notes deposited in our bank at the time of the arrival of Admiral Cervera. He thought it

prudent, having been ordered to transfer the money, and considering the vastness of the amount, to honor me with the carriage of two million francs and its custody until we could meet in London, where I was to learn his whereabouts through the general delivery of the post office.

Being a native of Cuba, my mission was not a very dangerous one. Through the aid of a friend I was able to secure from the insurgent general, Mr. Calixto Garcia, a safe conduct which enabled me to embark for Mexico. From there I went to New York, and thence directly to London, where I arrived in October. Although I remained in London through November and December, and went to the post office twice a day, I received no word from the manager. Scarcely knowing what to do, and thinking there must have been some mistake in arranging our meeting, I finally resolved to go to Lisbon, where I ought to find some news of the manager, unless he had been taken prisoner by the insurgents.

Believing it wise to leave in a safe place the valuables I carried, I hired a box in London in the vaults of the National Safe Deposit Co., Limited. Here I put the two million francs, keeping out six notes of a thousand francs each for my expenses.

I left for Lisbon, and immediately on my arrival was arrested and brought here. During the transfer from Lisbon I learned the cause of my arrest and that I was a victim of the manager. I have been able to find no other way to prove my innocence than to follow out exactly the plan I shall describe to you later on. Fortunately, I have been able to keep the key of the safe deposit box and the receipt given me by the company.

I am charged with being an accomplice of the manager, but I have told the whole truth, adding to it, however, that in London I had turned the valuables over to the manager, who ordered me to go to Lisbon and await his arrival there. Every one here believing in my innocence, I assure you my trial will not be a serious matter, if I can secure my liberty for a short time. The court will grant this under bail of 20,000 pesetas in gold, which is equivalent to about 20,000 francs.

Being in prison, I find it impossible to give any one authority to open the safe deposit box. To do it I should have to execute a paper before the notary at your consulate, which I could not do without losing everything. For this powerful reason I am compelled to ask your aid to the point that you will be good enough to advance the 20,000 francs necessary for my bail, so that I may go to London and remove the valuables.

Inclosed you will find the decree of the court granting me the privilege of bail, and a clipping from a local paper concerning my case. I also inclose a translation of the same into French, so that you may understand more easily.

Since the first day of my imprisonment I have been honored by the visits of a missionary from my own country. It is he who procured your address for me, getting it from another missionary who has just departed for Africa.

Mr. Manuel Nogueira is the only relative I have in Spain. He is a lieutenant in the garrison at Malaga, and I have induced him to come here under a sixty days' leave of absence to act as our means of communication.

My relative not being permitted to go beyond the Spanish frontier, it is necessary you should bring the 20,000 francs here. It is important you should

follow exactly the following instructions for your journey.

1st. The day you leave home you should send me a cable conceived in these terms:

SPAIN. MANUEL NOGUEIRA,

Télégraphe restant, MADRID.

I leave by such-and-such a steamer.

2nd. On your arrival in London you will send me a despatch to the same address, saying: "I have arrived. Will leave on such a day."

3rd. Your journey will end at Burgos, where my relative will go to meet you.

4th. In order that my relative may recognize you on your arrival at the station, you will wear blue eye glasses.

5th. In case my relative should miss you at the station, you will go to the Hôtel de Paris, take a room, and await his arrival there.

Now I am going to describe to you the means I shall employ to give you a guarantee:

1st. As soon as you receive this, you will start for London, and there you will rent a safe deposit box from the company I have mentioned. Before leaving for Burgos you will do as I have told you. When you have found my relative he will show you the receipt given to me by the Safe Deposit Company. By comparing it with your own, you will see that they are the same.

2nd. Before leaving for Burgos you will have selected some one to represent you in London, who will follow the instructions you will send him by telegraph. My relative will show you on my receipt the number of the safe deposit box and the Christian and surname I gave the company. You will then send to your representative in London a despatch, answer prepaid, giving these particulars, and asking him to confirm them at the office of the Safe Deposit Company and notify you. You will remain with my relative until this confirmation arrives. Then you will give him the 20,000 francs and he will turn over to you the key to the safe deposit box, the secret for opening it, the receipt, and a draft for 400,000 francs on stamped paper and signed with the name I gave to the company.

At the same time I will give you a statement showing the right you have to open the box, and that I have no right to open it, without your permission, until I have paid you in full. This you can use with the company in case it should become necessary. The draft I will give you is your compensation for the services you will have rendered me.

Without losing a moment my relative will come here and deposit the 20,000 francs for bail. I will be set free at once, and will hasten to meet you at Bayonne, where you will wait for me. Thence we will continue our journey to London and there settle our account.

You will pardon me if I do not give you more complete details now, but I cannot do otherwise until I am sure that I can count on you.

Awaiting a prompt reply, accept, my dear monsieur, my sincere thanks, and my best wishes for the happiness of yourself and your family.

R. C.

The doctor had sent the cable without any idea of going into a money making enterprise, but this communication put an entirely different face on the matter. Four hundred thousand francs is almost

eighty thousand dollars, a sum not to be despised by a young practitioner to whom bills come more frequently and more regularly than fees. He had no suspicion of the good faith of the poor prisoner, and if he had how could it stand before such an imposing official document as the decree of the court? This is the prisoner's translation of the same:

THIS CERTIFIES, That in the case of Mr. Raphael Carrero Gomez, arrested at Lisbon on the 30th of December and transferred to this prison, the charge being complicity in the theft of the sum of four million francs from the Bank of Santiago de Cuba, the court orders that the prisoner be given his temporary liberty upon depositing 20,000 pesetas in gold with the secretary of this court, according to the requirements of the military code now in force. Registered at page 175. MADRID, January 5, 1899.

The Secretary : J. FERNANDEZ.

To add further confirmation, there was the newspaper clipping, unquestionably cut from a real newspaper because it was printed on both sides. Of this the prisoner had also taken the trouble to send a translation, which only went to show that he was really a prisoner, with time hanging heavy on his hands. Here it is:

IMPORTANT DEFALCATION.

We are able to make public today the details of the flight of the manager and secretary of the Bank of Santiago de Cuba and their theft of 4,000,000 francs. This sum was deposited there by Admiral Cervera under orders from the government.

Our authorities learned that these base employees had arranged to meet at London, Brussels, Paris, and later on at Lisbon. Our consuls at these places were notified, with the result that the secretary, Rafael Gomez Carrero, was arrested in Lisbon. He has just arrived here and the military authorities are making preparations for his trial.

According to the statement of the accused, he is the victim of his own good faith. He believed that the captain general had ordered the manager of the bank to transport the 4,000,000 francs to London and Lisbon to pay for purchases of coal, and that for greater safety the manager had directed him to carry half of the money. He was to await the arrival of the manager at London and turn over the two millions to him on his arrival. This he did, and he was then ordered to proceed to Lisbon and Madrid, turn over his receipts and receive his pay.

The secretary also tells of his difficulty in getting through the lines of the enemy and the story of how he reached Europe with his trust in safety. Several members of the court believe it is true, especially as Carrero has been an employee of the bank for ten years and during that time has been a model of industry and integrity. When he was arrested there was found on his person only the comparatively insignificant sum of five thousand francs. These he stated had been given to him by the manager for his traveling expenses.

Notwithstanding this, the court, in order to establish the truth, has remanded the accused to prison, having ordered, however, that he may be admitted to bail.

The doctor was not eager to go to the assistance of Raphael Carrero Gomez, or Rafael Gomez Carrero; but he was willing to share the four hundred thousand francs, and submitted the matter to one or two trusted friends.

The initiated reader has doubtless discovered in this moving and ingenuous tale of misfortune the preliminary steps in the often described swindle known all over America as "bunco." In its earlier and simpler forms the "con" game is still extensively practised in this country, although it has been exposed in the newspapers time after time. The principal reason for its continued existence is that the large and well organized band of swindlers who live on it are seldom caught and never punished.

The victim of a successful "bunco game" rarely makes a complaint. To do so would be to admit that he is at once grasping, credulous, and, to a greater or less extent, dishonest, for the bait in all these frauds is money to which the intended victim has no just right. If in his first wrath at being swindled and made a fool of he makes an outcry, a few hours' reflection on the inconveniences of a legal prosecution and the consequent newspaper notoriety brings him back to a saner frame of mind. A complete or partial restitution suggested by the legal representative of the "bunco" organization invariably makes the prosecuting witness disappear from view, and enables them to get off scathless to fresh fields.

This international "bunco" game is a comparatively new development, and its existence is due to the fact that the old process has become so well known that, although still lucrative, it yields a smaller percentage of victims than of yore. Using the war with Spain for the foundation of the story—as Mr. Raphael Carrero Gomez does—is an improvement invented a little more than three years ago. Dr. Paterson was probably one of the first of its intended victims, but it is still in use with slight modifications.

There is apparently a very adroit

crowd of bunco men located in Spain, and the cleverness of their schemes to entrap Americans leads to the belief that an American, probably an outlawed criminal, must be at their head. Before the war, their favorite baits were two plausible stories which doubtless gained many victims, because in each case a far smaller sum of money than in the case of Dr. Paterson was asked for, and the dupe was not compelled to go to Spain to realize his reward.

The first of these also purported to emanate from a prisoner in Madrid. He had been one of the participants in a successful robbery, but had been caught before he had been able to enjoy its proceeds. These were in the form of money concealed in the secret compartment of a trunk in a certain Spanish lodging house, where it was being held for an unpaid board bill. He besought the kind, generous, and, of course, honest American to send to the lodging house keeper the amount of the bill, together

with express charges on the trunk to America.

On receipt of the trunk the kind American was to open the secret compartment, to retain his share of the money, and to send the rest to an address in Spain given by the prisoner. As the amount sought was only a few hundred dollars and the trunk was guaranteed to contain several hundred thousand francs, the bait was alluring even to the honest man who was willing to rest satisfied with his stipulated share of the stolen money.

The worthy but unsophisticated Dr. Paterson fortunately laid the proposition submitted to him before some experienced friends who had heard of the merry game of bunco and showed him the earmarks of it in the communications he had received from the ingenuous Mr. R. C. Gomez. In consequence, he escaped a trying journey, a weary wait in Bayonne, and the loss of twenty thousand valuable francs.

THE GIRLS OF LONG AGO.

IN memory still they meet my view—

The girls of long ago,
With cheeks so fair and eyes so blue,
And hearts so merry, warm, and true,
That if you searched the whole world through,
You'd nothing find so sweet, I know,
As were the girls of long ago.

They held a charm that words defy—

The girls of long ago ;
Twas not alone the glancing eye,
The rippling laugh, the tender sigh,
The loving look that painters try
To lend their dreams, yet never show
As did the girls of long ago.

I see them in my visions yet—

The girls of long ago ;
Their sun of youth has long since set,
Yet nevermore shall I forget
Their beauty, bringing fond regret
That time should deal so shrewd a blow,
Nor spare the girls of long ago.

William Wallace Whitelock.

Our Schoolboy Soldiers.

BY DAY ALLEN WILLEY.

THE REMARKABLE DEVELOPMENT OF MILITARY TRAINING AS A FEATURE OF AMERICAN SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES—THE VALUE OF DISCIPLINE TO THE BOYS, AND THE VALUE TO THE NATION OF YOUNG MEN WHO ARE TRAINED FOR SERVICE.

THE American boy may or may not be a born soldier; but it is certainly true that he is being made into one on a large scale. Most of our private and endowed schools for boys include more or less of military life and discipline in their daily routine; and the system is spreading steadily.

Look at the advertising pages of the magazines—there are few more significant reflectors of the ideas of the day—and you will find that a majority of the institutions inviting male pupils make a special feature of military instruction. The familiar trademark of the student with his book and reading lamp has been succeeded by a picture that shows a rank of bright faced cadets parading in their trim uniforms.

The names of leading clergymen and other "men of peace" appear as patrons or principals of academies where boys are taught to handle saber and gun. Some of them may regret the modern tendency, but their pupils hail it with joy. The average boy begins by making soldiers out of sticks and cannon out of spools, unless the beneficent Santa Claus brings him the "real" toys; and one of his earliest red letter days is that on which his father whittles him out a sword or buys him a tin one. Who ever saw a parade without a fringe of boys tagging after it, stepping in time to the music, heads high, chests out, almost as proud and happy as if they too were clad in blue and gold lace? They may be garbed in the street urchin's rags, or they may be ruining the natty gaiters and big white collar which some careful mother or nurse put on for them that morning. The martial instinct is innate in high

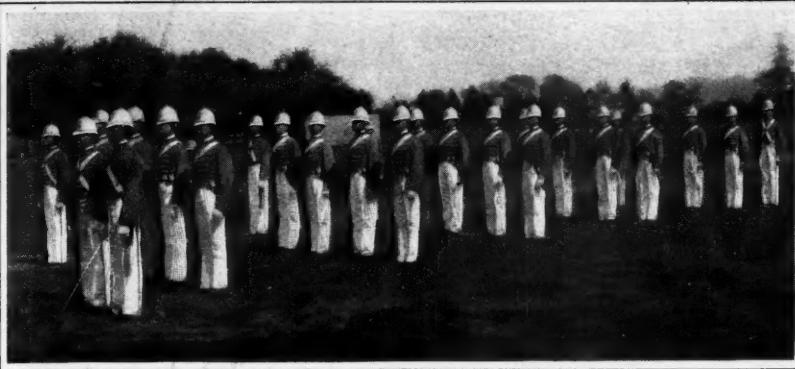
and low. If his father consults the youth's preferences, he will choose the school that gives a military course, no matter how exacting its scholastic standard may be.

This is the reason why every year some ten or fifteen thousand young Americans enter business and the professions who are qualified to handle rifle or carbine, and in many cases to sight a field piece or to lead a company.

THE INCREASE OF MILITARY SCHOOLS.

It is probable that the number of our cadets—applying the term to pupils of military schools in general—has doubled in the last ten years; but the idea is by no means a new one. West Point celebrates its centenary this year, and owes its first inception to a resolution adopted by the Continental Congress in October, 1776. Norwich University, at Northfield, Vermont—the school at which Admiral Dewey learned the alphabet of warfare—was teaching its pupils tactics and shooting along with their Cæsar and algebra as far back as 1820. Its principal, Captain Alden Partridge, an officer of the regular army, was a pioneer in military training. His ideas were about a century ahead of his time. He suggested a chain of military schools stretching across the country—a plan which General Sherman recommended to Congress a few years before his death. Failing to enlist official support, Captain Partridge attempted to carry out his idea unaided, and succeeded in establishing academies at Portsmouth, Virginia, at Brandywine Springs, Delaware, and at Bristol, Pennsylvania.

There are now about sixty public



DRESS PARADE AT A MILITARY ACADEMY—"THE AMBITION OF THE BOY SOLDIER IS TO MARCH, TO STAND, TO DRESS, LIKE A WEST POINTER."

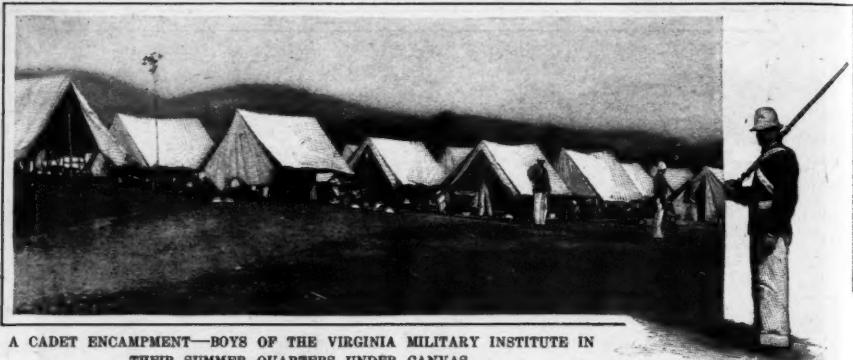
and chartered military schools in the United States, and more than a hundred private institutions. Most of the older ones are in the South, the best known being the Citadel, at Charleston; the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington; the Louisiana Institute, and the Frankfort Military Academy. During the Civil War, the Northern soldiers had good reason to remember these schools. Secretary Stanton once declared that they "kept the war going." A great many of the Southern officers were graduates of Charleston or Lexington, the latter alone contributing to the Confederate armies three major generals, thirty brigadiers, sixty colo-

nels, fifty lieutenant colonels, thirty majors, and one hundred and twenty five captains. Boys not yet twenty received commissions as captains and majors, and showed that they were fit to command. Once, when Lexington was threatened by a Union force, the cadets, who were too young to join the army turned out to a roll call for real battle, and marched, with their instructors as officers, to join in the defense of the town; and it is recorded that they fought bravely and well.

On the Northern side, the few military schools then in existence furnished scores of officers to the volunteer regiments, but the demand far exceeded the



THE BLACK HORSE TROOP OF THE CULVER MILITARY ACADEMY, IN INDIANA—IN SKIRMISHING, THESE SCHOOLBOY TROOPERS ARE TRAINED TO THROW THEIR HORSES AND USE THEM AS BREASTWORKS.



A CADET ENCAMPMENT—BOYS OF THE VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE IN THEIR SUMMER QUARTERS UNDER CANVAS.

supply—a condition which recurred at the time of the war with Spain.

It was after our triumph in the conflict with Mexico that General Scott was asked the secret of the victories which the American soldiers had won against heavy numerical odds. "But for our graduated cadets," the veteran commander replied, "the war between the United States and Mexico would have lasted four or five years, and in the first half of it more defeats than victories would have fallen to our share; whereas in less than two campaigns we conquered a great country, and secured a peace without the loss of a single battle."

From Maine to the Pacific, West Point is the standard that American military cadets keep in view. The ambition of the boy soldier is to march, to stand, to dress like a West Pointer; of the cadet commander, to equal West Point in drills and parades. No better standard could possibly be set, for West Point is unexcelled among the army schools of the world.

Any regular officer will admit that plenty of good material for making soldiers is to be found outside of the Point. Ask him if his alma mater could be equaled by any State or private institution, and he will promptly and vigorously dissent. It would be disloyalty, almost treason, to think of such a thing as a possibility. And yet, if none of the other schools is on a level with Uncle Sam's gray battalion, some of them are not far behind it.

In recent years the spirit of rivalry between the leading schools has become

keen. No work is too difficult, no practice too long, if it will enable a corps to excel. Until comparatively lately, boy soldiers were content to drill with wooden guns and to execute such simple movements as marching in single file or forming fours. Now such elementary performances are practically obsolete. Owing to the aid extended to the movement by the government, any institution which can muster a hundred and fifty cadets can secure artillery, ammunition, rifles, and signal apparatus. About a hundred officers of the regular army have been detailed as military instructors at schools all over the country. Some have organized a troop of cavalry or a division of engineers, and have drilled their pupils in making pontoon and timber bridges, in building roads, and in planning earthworks and fortifications.

LIFE AT A MILITARY SCHOOL.

Some of the school corps have actually become miniature armies, carrying out the tactics of every branch of the service. Their headquarters are military posts, where the Stars and Stripes is raised at the boom of the sunrise gun. As the hours pass by, the various details for duty are made up, the sentries patrol their beats, the officers of the day receive reports, and the routine of army life is carried out, with the addition of study and recitation periods. As sunset approaches, the band plays the national anthem, and the flag is hauled down, while the battalion salutes it and the sunset gun is fired.

Some of the corps have taken part in

parades, appearing in line with a band, a company of cavalry, and a battery of field guns, besides the infantry section and commanding officer's staff, mustering in all, perhaps, three hundred cadets. As to marching and general military bearing, not a few of the cadet battalions are superior to the average commands of militia, and even of regular troops. At the Chicago World's Fair, the corps of the Michigan Military

Academy was encamped near the quarters of the West Pointers. Such was the standard of the Westerners' drill that to most visitors they were quite indistinguishable—the two uniforms being the same—from the army cadets.

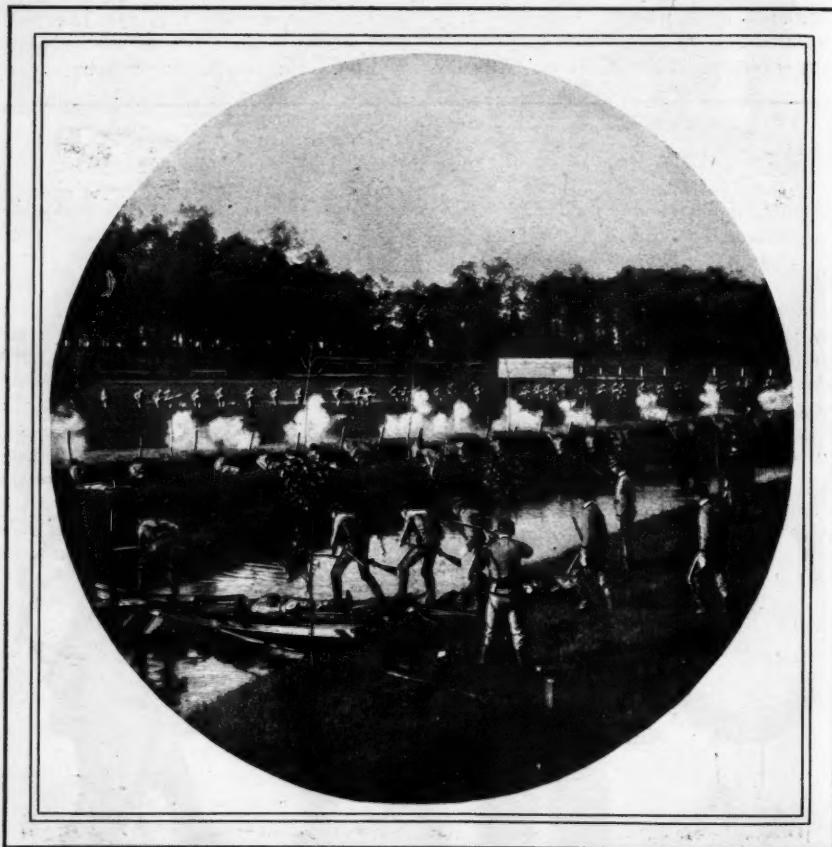
From the day when he dons his uniform until the final inspection at graduation time, the boy who goes to a military school leads a life of soldierly discipline. He learns the vocabulary of



A CADET BICYCLE CORPS—THESE UP TO DATE SOLDIERS MAKE FORCED MARCHES ACROSS COUNTRY,
SLINGING THEIR MACHINES ON THEIR SHOULDERS WHERE THEY CANNOT RIDE.

the army. He has his quarters in a "barracks"; he eats in a "mess hall." The drum beat displaces the morning bell, and "reveille" is the rising signal. "Tattoo" warns him to prepare to retire for the night, and at "taps" the day's routine is officially closed.

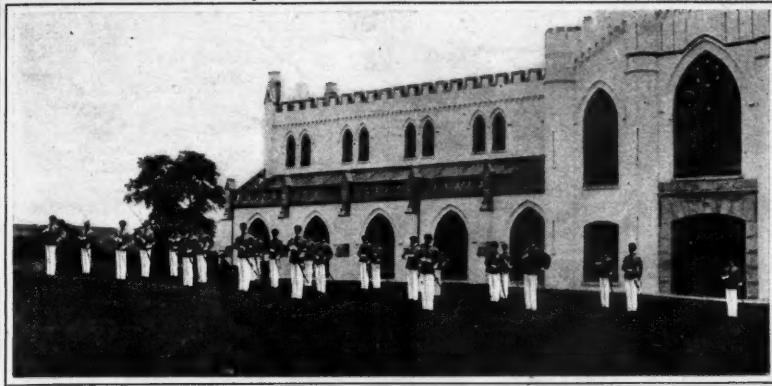
Taught how to stand, how to walk, and how to wear his clothing, he goes into another awkward squad to acquire the manual of arms, to learn to keep step and to execute simple movements such as marching by fours, guiding, and wheeling. Then he is enrolled in the



A SHAM BATTLE—CADETS OF THE STATE INSTITUTE, AT RICHMOND, INDIANA, DEFENDING A BRIDGE WHICH THEY HAVE THROWN ACROSS A STREAM.

The first lesson the cadet receives is how to carry himself, and he spends many hours in the "awkward squad" before he stands "toes out," "chest out," "head up," and "eyes front," to the satisfaction of the drill corporal. His fatigue and dress suits are made to fit without a wrinkle, and he must wear them so. His cap must be cocked at the right angle. His room is regularly inspected, and any lack of tidiness means a demerit in his report.

company, gets his number, and is ready for real work. And real work it is. Drilling includes marching by fours, platoons, and company front for one or two hours daily, with perhaps ten minutes' rest. The last formation means that every cadet in a company which may number fifty or thereabouts must stand in a line so even that the drill master can run the flat of his sword across each chest without sticking it into a man. And the same even-



CADETS OF THE VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE DRILLING IN FRONT OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MEMORIAL HALL.

ness must be preserved in platoon and company wheels.

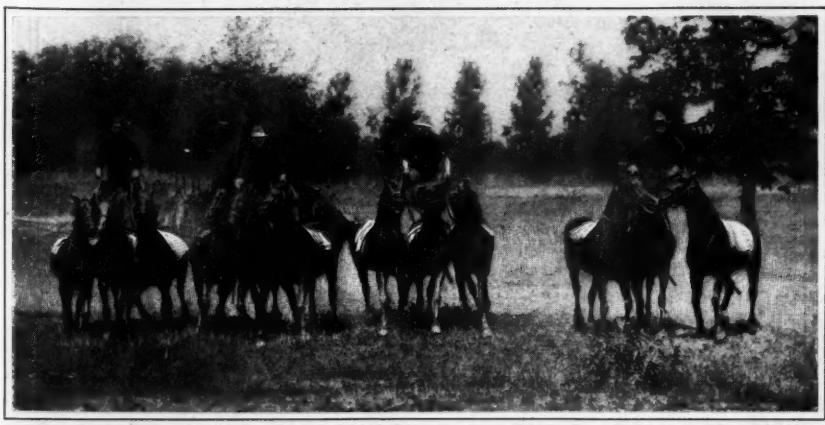
At "parade rest," the cadet must instantly turn into a living statue, with his gun a certain distance from his feet, and his hands in the exact position on the barrel. He must learn to measure his stride to the fraction of an inch, to calculate the alignment of his file to an inch—to become a piece of a great animated machine so nicely adjusted that the mistake of one man will clog its movement.

With the order "Parade dismissed!" the cadet becomes an individual again, and as each squad rushes to the gun

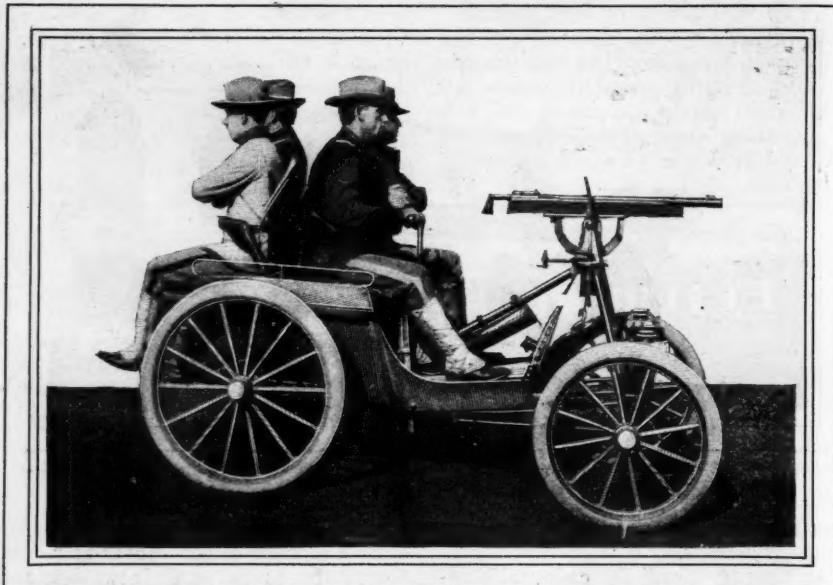
rack to put away its pieces, one is reminded of a lot of schoolboys at recess. Some hurry to put on their sweaters and start for the tennis court; some don their baseball "togs," while others take possession of the gymnasium. Every military school in the country allows plenty of time for athletics, and many of the interscholastic records are held by cadets.

CADETS IN MIMIC WARFARE.

The artillery drills and sham infantry fights have a savor of real war that makes them of special interest to the young soldiers. The smell of gun-



THE CULVER BLACK HORSE TROOP—"SOME OF THESE BOY EQUESTRIANS BECOME REGULAR ACROBATS."



ONE OF THE LATEST IMPLEMENTS OF WARFARE—AN AUTOMOBILE MACHINE GUN MANNED BY PUPILS OF THE NORTHWESTERN MILITARY ACADEMY, CHICAGO.

powder, the haze of smoke, the crackling of the rifles, punctuated with the louder reports of the cannon, make the nerves tingle and the eye glisten. As in infantry tactics, the artillery maneuvers are conducted strictly according to regular army practice at schools

where an officer is stationed. Some have horses to draw the gun carriages; at others, details of cadets run the pieces into position, while the regular squad unlimbers and handles the gun.

In drilling with the battery, an open field is selected with a rough and un-



A CHARACTERISTIC FEATURE OF DAILY LIFE AT A MILITARY SCHOOL—"FALLING IN" TO MARCH TO THE MESS HALL FOR DINNER.

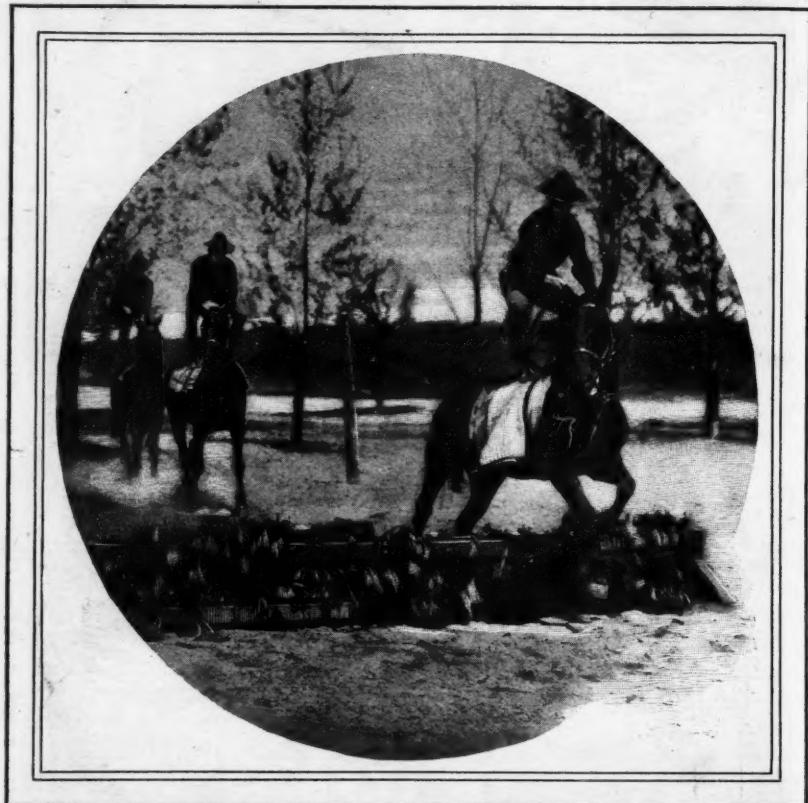


CADETS IN BATTLE.—THE CAPTURE OF A FEDERAL BATTERY BY THE BOYS OF THE VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE AT THE BATTLE OF NEWMARKET, MAY 15, 1864.

MURKIN

even surface, to accustom the cadets to the difficulties of stationing guns in actual warfare. The captain determines the strategic positions where the pieces will have most effective range, and at the command they are hurried into

For a few seconds the smoke hides the little group. When it passes away, every man is standing rigidly in position, while the captain is studying the damaged target, perhaps a mile away. There is not much gold lace or full dress



THE CULVER BLACK HORSE TROOP—A "ROUGH RIDING" EXHIBITION.

place as rapidly as possible. Before the wheels have stopped moving, down spring the artillerists from their seats as the sergeant commands: "Unlimber!" In a few seconds the gun is pulled away from the caisson. "Load!" comes the order, and one man slips the cartridge into the muzzle, while another shoves it home with a single push of the ramrod. The battery commander raises his field glasses, while the sergeant sights the weapon. "Fire!" and the cadet who has been holding the lanyard, with his eye on the officer, pulls it before the word is fairly spoken.

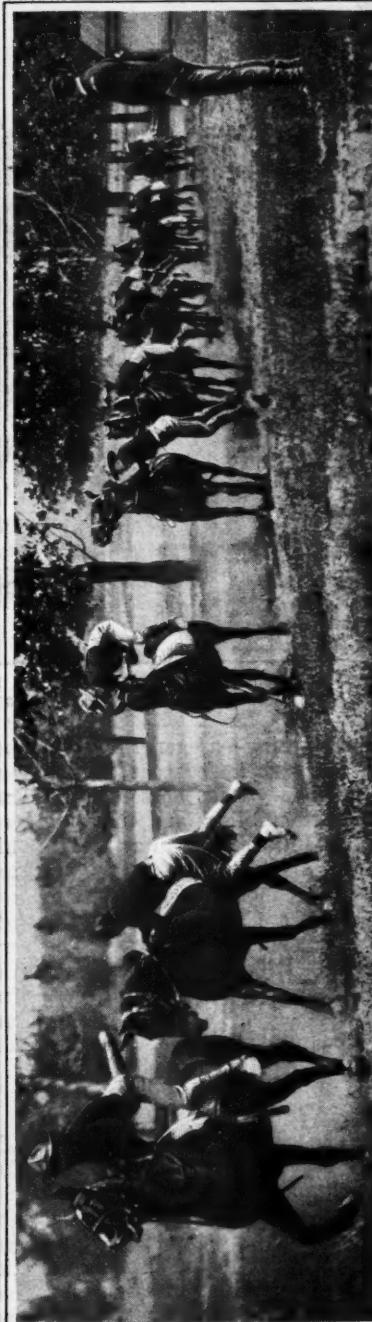
about the drill. With their fatigue caps, with blue army shirts pulled open at the throat, with arms bared and faces blackened by grime and smoke, there is a business look about the gun squad that may lead you to wonder how a mob would like to face the weapon they are handling so energetically—although it is but a muzzle loading six pounder.

With the cavalry and artillery in action, the war picture is complete. Cavalry tactics at some of the larger academies include not only the movements prescribed at the government riding schools, but some truly remarkable feats

of horsemanship. Under the supervision of veteran troopers, the cadets first learn the care of the horse, then the proper mount and seat. They begin with merely a blanket and a bridle, without any stirrups or saddle to assist in "holding on." The rider first acquires the military seat; then he is allowed to use saddle and stirrups.

Drilling in various formations, at a walk, trot, and gallop, the cadet cavalrymen become thoroughly at home in the saddle. It is but a step to "rough riding," as they term it. This means such feats as standing on the backs of their mounts while walking and trotting singly, or in squads and platoons; mounting at a trot; driving two, three, and four horses standing on the back of one; jumping hurdles in the saddle, and standing bareback. The horses are not circus animals, trained to maintain an even gait, but have enough mettle about them to make the evolutions highly exciting. In mounting, the cadets dispense with the stirrup. It is a case of catch as catch can, and of vaulting to the steed's back with no sanded floor or flexible soled shoes to help in getting a foothold. Some of these boy equestrians have become regular acrobats. For instance, two of them will guide three horses over a field, standing on the animals' backs, while a third cadet poses on the riders' shoulders. Turning a somersault and landing with legs astride the horse is a trick which requires considerable nerve, though it is not as dangerous as another cadet feat—that of mounting from the ground while the animal is jumping a hurdle.

Probably the most skilful cadet rough riders are the members of the Black Horse Troop, the cavalry squad of the Culver Military Academy, in Indiana. They are thoroughly drilled, not only in the regulation cavalry tactics, but



THE CULVER BLACK HORSE TROOP—"IN MOUNTING, THE CADETS DISPENSE WITH THE STIRRUP. IT IS A CASE OF CATCH AS CATCH CAN."



CADET ARTILLERY DRILL—"AT THE COMMAND, THE PIECES ARE HURRIED INTO PLACE AS RAPIDLY AS POSSIBLE."

in Indian fighting—a generic term which includes such feats as aiming and firing under their horses' necks while going at a gallop, and throwing their mounts and using them as breast-works in skirmishing.

Some of the schools, in their desire to be up to date, are making use of the bicycle and the motor carriage. The Northwestern Military Academy, of Chicago, has organized a corps of bicycle infantry, which makes forced marches across country, the men slinging the wheels on their backs where they cannot be ridden. The members of this corps can scale a ten foot wall and take their bicycles with them. The automobile has been introduced in artillery evolutions at this same institution. A six horse power gasoline motor is used, on which is mounted a Colt rapid fire gun. The motor also carries the gun squad, consisting of a sergeant and three privates, the sergeant directing the motor.

When the stripes and epaulets have

been doffed for the last time, and the cadet leaves the drill ground and barracks to become a part of the workaday world, he is pretty sure to take with him plenty of good brawn and blood and a strong constitution. He has a clear head and firm nerves. The period of discipline has taught him self control and respect for authority—qualities that are not too common among Americans—while the life of the soldier has imbued him with a sense of his own ability. In short, it has made a man of him, if he has the average intelligence of an American boy.

He has also drawn into his life a love of his country and a reverence for its flag that he could scarcely get anywhere else outside of the service. He has acquired a true and stalwart Americanism. In such organizations as the National Guard this educated patriotism has been a most important factor, for many of our best militia regiments are officered by graduates of the military schools.

Docking a Battleship.

BY BABINGTON REID.

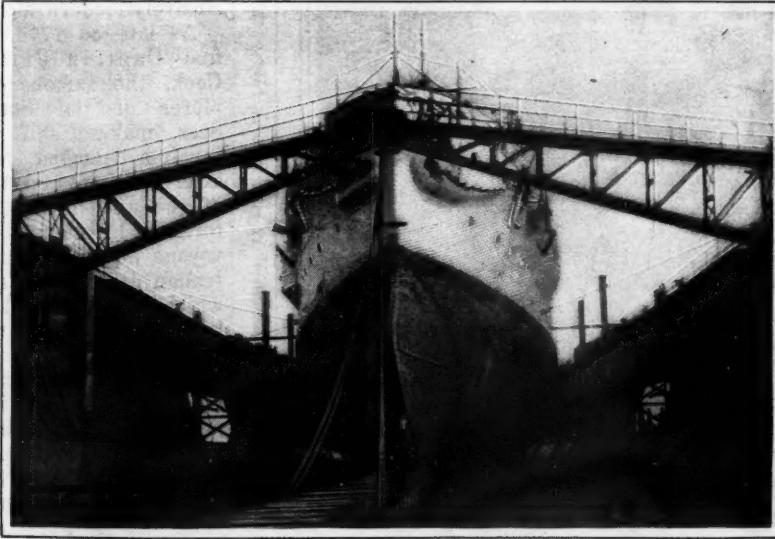
HOW THE TWELVE THOUSAND TON ILLINOIS WAS LIFTED OUT OF THE WATER IN LESS THAN TWO HOURS BY THE GREAT FLOATING DOCK AT NEW ORLEANS.

WHEN the mariners of ancient Greece or of Phenicia reached the end of a voyage, they ran their galleys—which were not much heavier than a modern whaleboat—on some convenient beach and hauled them out of the water. If the seams needed tinkering, as they continually did, the vessels were simply tipped over on one side in the sand. On long voyages, to keep the flimsy craft seaworthy, it was customary to make periodical stops for repairs.

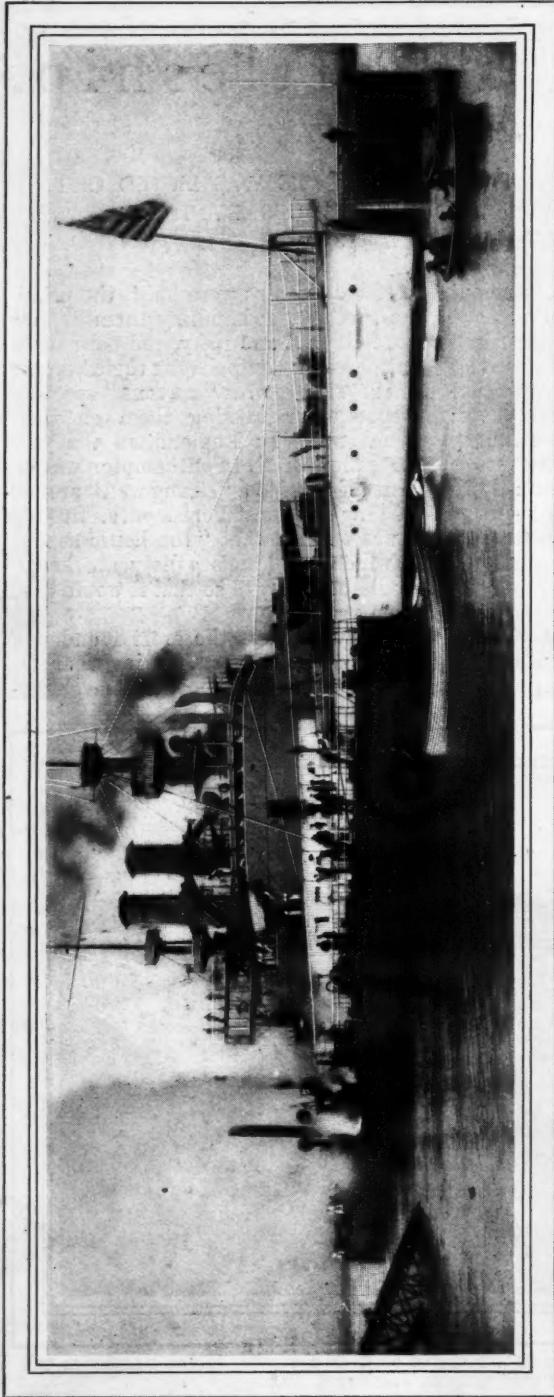
Naval architecture and maritime science in general made remarkably little advance in the twenty centuries that followed Agamemnon's expedition against Troy; but gradually, as heavier and

more costly ships were built, the primitive methods of handling them became more difficult and risky, and permanent stations were equipped for their keeping and repairing, with "careens" specially prepared for turning them on their beam ends. In England, in the year 1212, the sheriff of Southampton was instructed to build a "strong wall" around the king's docks at Portsmouth. In 1243 it was ordered that "the house at Rye in which the king's galleys are kept" should be enlarged so that it would hold seven vessels.

Henry VII was the great founder of British dockyards, establishing what afterwards became important naval sta-



A TWELVE THOUSAND TON BATTLESHIP IN A FLOATING DOCK—A BOW VIEW OF THE ILLINOIS IN THE DOCK AT NEW ORLEANS, JANUARY 6, 1902.



DOCKING A BATTLESHIP—"AT FIVE MINUTES PAST TWELVE THE WORK OF PUMPING OUT THE WATERTIGHT COMPARTMENTS BEGAN."

tions at Woolwich, Deptford, and other ports; but up to the end of the seventeenth century England had nothing to equal the famous Arsenal at Venice. James Howell, who sojourned at the Italian city in 1621, wrote to Sir Robert Mansel, vice admiral of James I's fleet, that he saw "as many gallies and gal leasses of all sorts, either in course, at anchor, in dock, or upon the careen, as there be days in the year;" and the Venetian shipwrights were so expert that they could build a galley in half a day. To display their skill before Henri III of France, when he visited Venice, they put one together in three hours—a feat which shows that record breaking is not an exclusively modern idea.

As late as 1770 we find Captain James Cook, the famous explorer of the South Seas, making shift to repair a damaged craft after the simple method of the ancient navigators. In his memorable voyage along the Australian coast—a voyage which resulted in coloring the map of the island continent with British red—his little vessel, the Enterprise, of three hundred and seventy tons, ran upon a reef in the uncharted waters of Cape Tribulation. Cook put into the nearest creek, beached her, and patched her timbers for the long return journey.

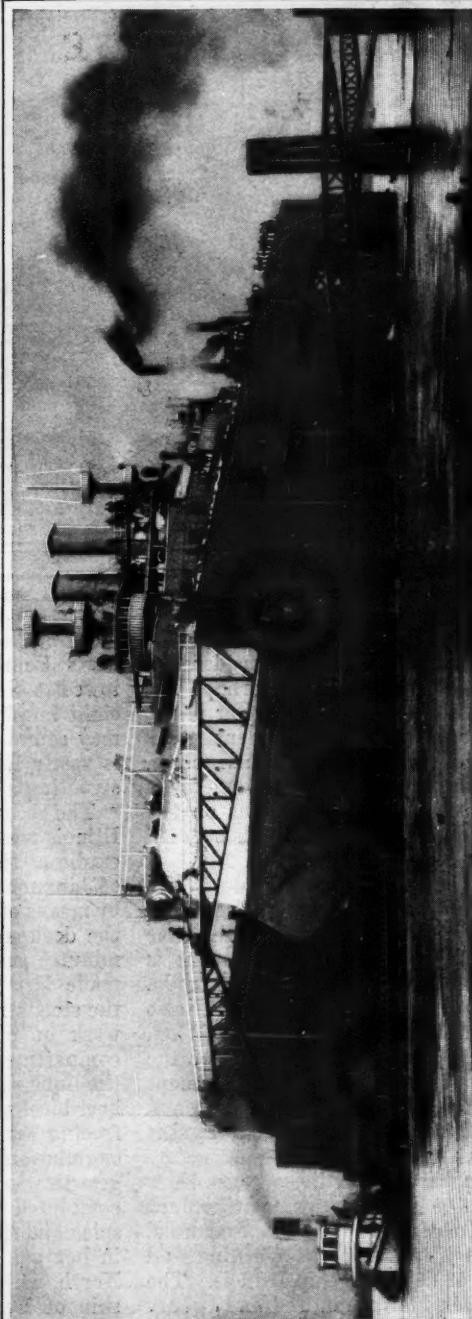
The inventions that make the modern dock-yard so wonderful a place are all new. They have come with the building of the huge iron and steel ships which have revolutionized so many departments of industry.

Nowadays a vessel may be taken out of the water in any one of several ways. There is the dry dock—an inclosed basin, which the ship enters through a gate; the opening closes behind her, the water is pumped out, and she stands high and dry, supported on keel blocks below and shores along her sides.

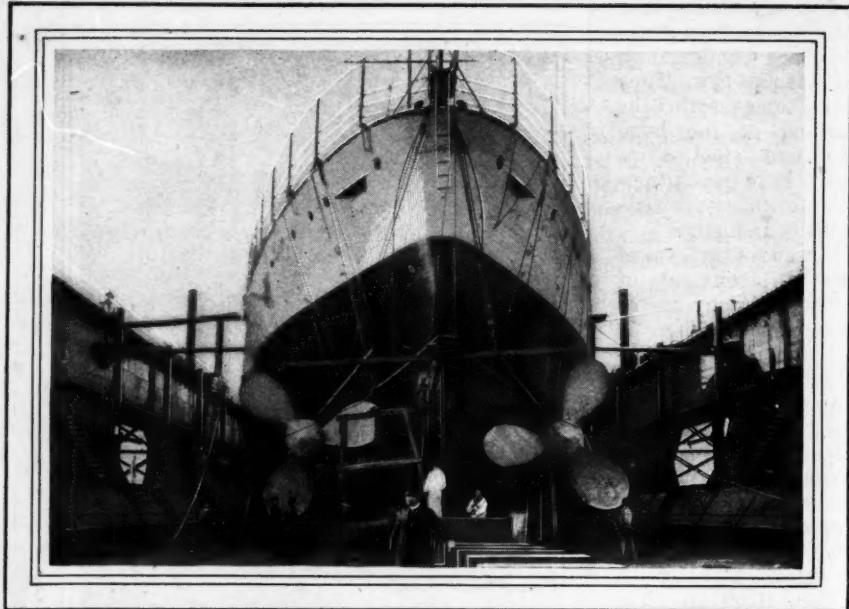
Then there are slips—inclined railways on which a carriage runs down into the water, catches the vessel, and runs back, lifting her bodily. Another device is a hydraulic lift. Here the ship is floated over a sunken frame, which, forced upward by hydraulic pumps, rises on fixed iron columns.

Most interesting of all, perhaps, is the floating dock. This is a great float, or cradle, built in a series of watertight compartments, which can be filled in order to sink it under a vessel's hull, and then pumped out to raise it to the surface. Its invention is ascribed to the late George Rennie, who died in 1866, and who was a member of a well known family of British engineers.

The advantages of a floating dock, as com-



DOCKING A BATTLESHIP—"AT TWO O'CLOCK THE HUGE SHIP STOOD HIGH AND DRY ON THE KEEL BLOCKS."



A TWELVE THOUSAND TON BATTLESHIP IN A FLOATING DOCK—A STERN VIEW OF THE ILLINOIS, SHOWING HER TWIN SCREW PROPELLERS.

pared with a dry basin, are considerable. Though less durable and perhaps not quite so safe—though the writer is not aware of any record of accident in its use—it is much cheaper of construction. It is quicker and more convenient in operation; it is less dependent on the tide; it gives the men at work beneath a vessel a better light.

It may be called a movable dockyard. It can be constructed at one port and towed to another for use. At the time of writing, the British government is sending a floating dock out to Bermuda. The Spaniards had one—which also came from England—at Havana. When the ending of Spanish rule left it on the bargain counter, our Navy Department bought it for a fraction of its cost, and is understood to be intending to send it all the way to the Philippines.

The engravings on these pages show the testing of the fine new floating dock at New Orleans, when it was first used, in January last, for the cleaning and painting of the battleship Illinois. The dock, which is five hundred and twenty five feet long and one hundred and twenty five feet wide, was built at Spar-

row's Point near Baltimore, and was towed to New Orleans last year. It cost eight hundred thousand dollars—which may sound like a large sum, but which is vastly less than the expense of constructing a dry dock of similar size.

The record of the test shows that the Illinois was floated over the submerged cradle at eleven o'clock in the morning of January 6. She was exactly centered by means of small buoys stretched across the dock, forward and aft; and at five minutes past twelve, when all had been made fast with cables secured both to the steel structure and to the shore, the work of pumping out the watertight compartments began. At two o'clock the huge ship stood high and dry on the keel blocks, and before dark the task of freeing her hull from the inevitable accumulation of barnacles and marine growth was well under way. Three days completed the work, and the Illinois, spick and span to the eye, and quickened in her gait, started on her way to the North, where she was to act as the flagship of Rear Admiral Evans when he welcomed Prince Henry of Prussia to our shores.

The Cached Buffalo Calf.

HOW THE HALF-BREED HUNTER OBSERVED THE TRADITIONS OF THE PLAINS.

BY AGNES C. LAUT.

DAKKA, the halfbreed boy, had been hunting many days; but the moose tracks ran across a moss covered bog and disappeared in a swamp beyond. Dakka ate his last morsel of dried meat and waded on across the swamp, now floundering to his waist, now jumping from trunk to trunk of fallen trees.

When he reached the mountain on the other side of the swamp, he was without food, weak from hunger, and many miles from his father's tepee on the plains.

Hoping to shoot some wild bird for his supper, Dakka peered up among the branches of the trees and discovered, hanging from the end of one high bough, what made his heart glad. It was a sack of provisions, cached there out of reach of animals, by some hunter who intended to return that way.

Dakka clambered up the spruce tree, crawled deftly along the branch, caught the endmost tip, and, by bringing his weight to bear on it, succeeded in bending the bough down to the ground. After the custom of Indian hunters, he opened the sack and took what food he needed; then he tied up the bag, put it on the end of the spruce limb, and releasing the branch, let it bound high in mid air. There the food was safe. Nothing could reach it from below; the weight of an animal, crawling out along the branch would bend the bough down so that the beast would be thrown to the ground, and the branch would fly up with the sack at the end. Dakka carved an arrow on the trunk of the tree, with its head pointing in the direction he intended to go; so that the owner of the cached provisions would know that whoever had been there had left a sign promise to return.

The next day, Dakka found game. Taking the skins and all the meat he could carry, he set out for his home by way of the unknown hunter's cache. At the spruce tree he opened the sack and put back more meat than he had taken. Then he carved an arrow on the tree trunk, with its head pointing opposite the first arrow; by which the hunter would know that he who had taken the food going north had returned it going south.

Crossing the swamp and the quaking, moss covered bog, Dakka came out among the foot hills. Here the grass was a leathery, brownish gray, with occasional island clumps of shrub growth. Dakka noticed a narrow trail over the grasses. It was the roundish cleft of a foot larger than the mountain goat, smaller than the moose, and cleaner cut at the edges than the elk. The trail ran straight ahead, as if the animal had been marching to some definite destination, not turning aside to graze; but at places Dakka could see that it had halted as if to rest.

Why should a strong animal need rest? This Dakka discovered a few paces farther on, where the ground was slightly damp. There was another footprint, a little, light one, running parallel with the other track. It was the trail of a buffalo cow going to the watering place with her calf. Dakka knew that if he followed this trail it would bring him to water, where he could cook his evening meal.

The trail ran on and on. "The calf cannot be young," thought Dakka.

Somewhere on the side of a ravine bank studded with shrub clumps he missed the calf trail.

"What has become of the calf?" asked Dakka; and he turned back to try and regain the trail of the young buffalo.

Half way up the bank he found both trails again; but not a step farther did the calf go. What had become of it?

"The way proved too long," said Dakka, examining the streaky, draggled marks of the calf's wobbling feet, "and the mother hath cached her young, even as the elk."

He looked everywhere. There was not a sign of the calf. The grass was not long enough to hide it, and there were no holes in the side of the cliff. Where had the buffalo mother concealed her young, that neither the skulking coyote nor the sharp eyed hunter could see it?

Dakka was angry with himself because he could not find it.

"What a hunter am I," he thought, "when an old buffalo cow hath more wit than a man!"

Then a pair of soft, ox eyed lights glittered below a grayish shrub. The next instant they were gone. Dakka gave a cry of delight.

"Thou foolish little calf, if thou hadst

straight behind. Its forefeet were stretched out straight before. Its little body was pressed as flat to the earth as it could press it. Its nose was prone between its front legs and its eyes were tight shut



THE CALF FLOUNDERED STUPIDLY TO ITS FEET, AND WOULD HAVE FOLLOWED DAKKA.

kept thine eyes shut, as thy mother told thee, I could not have seen thee below the brush." And he ran to one of the nearest shrubs.

Flat on the ground, below a withered, grayish brown shrub exactly the color of its hide, lay the little buffalo calf. Its long, clumsy legs were stretched out

as its mother had told it. At the noise of Dakka's steps, it had blinked, and he had seen it; otherwise the little creature could not have been distinguished from the shrub above or the earth below.

Dakka went over to it. It kept its eyes shut. He touched it. The calf did not move. He poked it gently with his

foot. The little animal made not the slightest response.

"Thou art obedient enough now," said the Indian, "but why didst thou disobey at all?"

He put his arms about it, pulled it up on its wobbly legs, and stood it on its feet; but when Dakka let go, down it fell to earth again, feet out, nose prone, body flat, as dead a clod as ever lay on the hills.

Then Dakka fondled it, and petted it, and crooned gently in its ears. It opened its eyes. This strange animal walking on two legs was evidently not an enemy after all, as the buffalo cow had said.

The little calf floundered stupidly to its feet, and would have followed Dakka as readily as it would its mother; but knowing that it would only die on the long

dry trail, the boy gave it two rough cuffs. These freshened the little calf's memory of the mother's injunctions, and it fell to the earth again as she had left it.

"Not now, little buffalo," said Dakka. "Wait till thou art full grown, and I a man! Then we shall fight it out, thou and I! But I would not rob the cache of a hunter without putting something in its place; and what could I put in thy place for the buffalo cow, thy mother, when she comes back?"

So Dakka went on his way; but he left the buffalo trail where it crossed the ravine, for he had no mind to meet that great black form which came hulking through the grass with her big eyes red and angry and her nose high in air. The cow was returning from the watering place to her calf.

WHERE ECHO DWELLS.

I

SOME summer morn immersed in calm,
When every wafture breathes of balm,
Take you the pathway under hill,
Night haunted by the whippoorwill,
Until, where beech and birch confer,
And hemlocks make their harp-like stir,
A sweeping amphitheater
Opps, golden green, upon the view ;
There Echo dwells, and waits for you.

II

The elderberry every hour
Adds to the purple of its dower ;
With every dusk, with every dawn,
The mandrake fruit takes amber on ;
A gossip brook gives happy hint
Of spruce and sassafras and mint ;
While overhead, a luring tint,
The vast vault arches, virgin blue ;
There Echo dwells, and waits for you.

III

If you bespeak her loud or low,
At night heart, or at morning glow,
Trump clear, or subtle sweet and shy,
Swiftly her voice will make reply.
Never beheld, or near or far,
Elusive as blown perfumes are,
Evasive as a falling star,
With all her ariel retinue,
Fair Echo dwells, and waits for you !

Clinton Scollard.

THE CIRCLET OF FLAME.*

BY FRANCIS W. VAN PRAAG.

XIX (*Continued*).

MY luggage was already in the room. I was much too excited, however, at the prospect of departure, to think of unpacking. I returned to the deck almost on Johnson's heels, and found Mr. Bird at the head of the gangplank talking to Captain Morrell. He called to me, more through kindness than from a desire to speak, and after the salutation I had the grace to remain quiet while he talked of charter parties and freight rates.

The conversation, even while it was mostly Greek to me, helped while the last half hour. It seemed, in fact, as if I had but just acknowledged Mr. Bird's "Good day" when I was saying, "Good by, sir," and watching the owner's portly form glide gingerly along the bending plank to the wharf. He turned on the stringpiece to shout a last farewell to me, and a direction to Captain Morrell—something about the price of cornseed, I remember; then our hawser splashed, the jib and topsails went up, and we swung our nose towards midstream.

There is something exhilarating in the starting of a journey, and especially in the case of a sea journey. Add to this fact the absolute freedom of home ties, the leaving of deadly enemies, and a brisk, late summer air freshening your lungs, and you have a condition the beat of which is hard to find. My heart rose as we drew clear of the shipping and dropped down the river, the blue water rippling from our bow, the yellow sun gilding the land and dancing on the waves before us. Past the fort at the Battery, where the red coats of the sentries and the flash of their muskets were plainly visible; past the gentle slope of what is now the Bay Ridge; close in beneath the wooded crests of the Staten Island hills; and so through the Narrows and into the grand embrace of the Lower Bay. Well I recalled a similar trip which I had taken not eight weeks before; and in a fever of thankfulness I compared my present condition with my then sad plight. The first thought begetting a second, I remembered mother, and how I had not even dared seek out her grave.

"Why so glum, Mr. Gilbert?" Morrell joined me at the taffrail of the poop, where I stood gazing at the slowly vanishing land. "May I be keelhauled if there'd be a line between *my* eyes were I fifteen and on as stanch a craft as ever sailed the seas!"

And so do we judge by appearance. Here was I, a lad of scarce fifteen, an exile and, what was worse, marked for destruction by the most unscrupulous scoundrel unhanged—I being envied by a man whose only care was the wind's direction and the register of his log! What a point for a moralization!

I replied by some commonplace, stood a moment longer with the captain beside me, and then went below to unpack and, incidentally, to relieve my surcharged feelings.

By dinner I had recovered my spirits sufficiently to relish the meal. Morrell and I ate together; when we were finished, we gave place to the mate, a black, surly fellow, by name McQueen. I had noticed him swearing about the deck during our drop down the bay, and had been most unfavorably impressed. My feelings were in no way modified when he began his meal by cursing the cook, and then, quite gratuitously, observing that passengers were fit only to be bundled overboard. I did not deign a reply to so outrageous a statement, and left him grumbling and went on deck.

Morrell was pacing the poop. He called me to join him and asked me kindly, without a trace of impudent curiosity, how it was I came to be traveling alone. When I had satisfied him, the conversation became more general. I found myself betraying a familiarity with the various spars and ropes and deck furniture, and to account for the knowledge explained that I had done the trip from Boston to New York on a coaster. At the time I wondered what my companion would have thought had he known the character of my "coaster." I doubt I would have enjoyed much of his company, for he was a man set in his views, as is general to his calling, and would scarcely have distinguished between a pirate by coercion and one by profession.

* This story began in the January number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

Thus we passed the afternoon. By four bells of the evening watch we were off Montauk and bowling along in a spanking breeze. When I went on deck after tea, lo, there was not even a cloud bank to mark the distant land, at which excellent prospect I indulged in a mental hurrah and a deep breath of relief.

XX.

BEFORE noon of the following day I had rid my jewels of their covers and fitted them again in oiled cloth and tarpaulin, fastening the packet around my neck for safer keeping. This task accomplished, I went on deck for a breath of fresh air before dinner.

In crossing the poop I casually noticed a man polishing the binnacle. The man's back was turned to me, however, and I took my favorite position at the rail without giving him a thought—indeed, without having actually seen him. I was watching the water slide bubbling past the side, and was at peace with the world and in a humor of beatific serenity, when a continuous coughing, so continuous as to mean nothing but a desire to attract my attention, roused me. My sailor had straightened from the binnacle, and was looking at me. I rubbed my eyes and, I give you my word, would have tumbled but for the rail. Ship and sky and water all blurred into a black mass. The man was Jeffrys, whom I had last seen on the South Road of Long Island in company with Uncle Chris.

I made no motion—indeed, I was physically incapable of movement—and the man came forward a step, cringing and glancing right and left from the tail of his eyes.

"Mornin', Bert," said he, and pulled his forelock. "You ain't goin' for to blow on a poor seaman, are ye, Bert?—a poor seaman as has reformed an' bent a new set o' canvas."

"How—how did you get here?" was all I could say. My voice—what there was of it—sounded unreal to me.

"I just signed, Bert, thank 'ee for askin'. Them swabs o' mates o' mine give me the slip 'cos—well, just give me the slip, that's all, like the lubbers they be. An' I was a strollin' along o' the wharfs one day, quiet like an' easy, when I sees a sign as how hands was wanted. So in I goes to a cabin as big as a cracker box, an' sees a little craft wi' a stomach like the bow o' a Dutch canal boat, an' he gives me a job, w'ich was—werry nice o' him, you'll allow, an' werry nice for me,

seein' as how I've shook out that there new set o' canvas."

If I had been older, or had had the experience I now have, the very aptness of the answer would have been suspicious. It fitted so nicely with the situation, and covered every point so completely, that its rehearsal was evident—or should have been. But, being flustered and young, I accepted the explanation in part, much to Jeffrys' relief.

"Cos if it blew about as how I'd sailed under the Jolly Roger—zip, over I'd go! You knows Capt'n Morrell."

"And serve you right!" I said.

"Correct," replied he. "I was a bad un an' no mistake! But Lord love 'ee, when you talk o' bad uns, Culliford an' Cant an' Winter was a heap badder 'n me. Howsomever, Cant 'n' Winter 's where the daisies grow, an' Culliford—why, when a man deserts a shipmate I ain't no use for him whatsomever!"

The fellow disgusted me. I turned on my heel and walked away, whereat the former pirate took the hint and went off forward.

I was in a quandary. To tell Morrell of Jeffrys' character was to doom him; not to tell was perhaps to harbor a viper. Yet, I argued, what could one man do among a ship's company—nineteen all told? Besides, if he designed violence, I was warned. So I thrashed it over, pro and con, and foolishly allowed my judgment to be smothered by sentiment. I resolved, however, to keep my eyes open.

It was several days after my disquieting discovery that a chapter of accidents fell upon us. The first occurred with the noonday change of watch. The port watch, to which Jeffrys belonged, was going below when one of the men stumbled on the companion ladder and was picked up with his neck broken, stone dead. We gave him a burial, and a solemn function it was, too; the schooner hove to, and the bell tolling, and the corpse lying near the open gangway covered by the ship's ensign. The crew stood bareheaded while Morrell read the burial service. At the "Amen" the plank upon which the body rested was tilted; there was a splash, a leaping of foam, a train of bubbles, and the fellow was at rest.

The next accident was the falling of a block, and the instant death of another hand. This happened in my sight, while Jeffrys was below, and was so clearly an accident that I could not but apply Morrell's theory of ill luck to it.

After this trouble came thick and fast. First the mate became insubordinate and

had to be threatened with arrest before he realized his place. Then the crew went agog with the rumor that a bogy was aboard. We in the cabin naturally took no notice of this foolishness. The hands, however, became so wrought up about it that Morrell finally piped them aft and questioned every one as to the foundation of the rumor. The gist of the inquiry was that one Thomas Maloney had imagined a face peering out the forehold at seven bells the previous night. As the moon was in its prime, Morrell was disposed to treat the matter as the result of superstition and a distorted shadow.

Not so I. I got Maloney aside and made him describe the face he had seen. When he said, "Pasty cheeks, sir, an' eyes as were the devil's own, an'-an'-an' that's all I remember," I confess I faltered. Perhaps it was only the resemblance my uncle bore his satanic majesty that made the fellow's shuddering description fit so exactly; but I had the forehold searched before I closed my eyes that night. As, however, nothing rewarded my efforts, I was obliged to stand any amount of chaff from the captain for my belief in Maloney's ghost.

One evening, a day or two later, Morrell joined me on the poop. The mate was at supper, so we had the deck to ourselves. The captain's bluff face was troubled; and without preliminaries he said:

"Gilbert, I want to know if you've noticed any change in the hands this last few days—since the ghost racket, for instance?"

I confessed that, barring McQueen's jinks, all had seemed to me as usual.

"It's the new hands," said Morrell. "It seemed to me they were demoralizing the old ones. I've caught them hobnobbing in corners, and sitting with the watch when it was their trick below. It isn't sailor nature to waste the watch below, and I couldn't help wondering if trouble was brewing."

Thus far I let him go, though I can safely say that not one word he uttered after the first sentence made the least impression on my brain.

"The new men!" I whispered. "What new men?"

"The six hands who shipped the day before we sailed," replied Morrell, mystified, no doubt, at my agitation. When I cried savagely, "Why didn't you tell me of this before?" he drew himself up.

"I'm not in the habit, sir, of discussing my crew with my passengers. It could be of no importance to the cabin, I take it,

that six of the hands deserted the morning before we sailed, and had to be replaced by six picked off the wharf."

By this I had my nerve. "Isn't it?" I said grimly. Here McQueen came up from below. I switched from what I was about to say, and asked the captain if he could step below. I saw he thought me gone crazy, but he acquiesced in my request, and we were presently seated at the table in the cabin, I telling him as much of Jeffrys' past as I knew, he sitting silent, a blue and mahogany image beneath the light of the swinging lamp.

"So!" he said, when I was finished. He sat a while longer, tapping his nails gently on the table. "And the five we picked up along with him," he continued, "are of his profession, I'll swear—they're too smart for merchantmen. Six vipers aboard, eh, and Lord knows how many converts!" He was again silent. Then, "What's the reason they're here?" he asked, and looked keenly at me.

"Yes," I said, answering the unspoken question; "they want me."

Morrell manifested no surprise.

"What for?"

"Diamonds."

That I had never told the truth to Lemp, and should now blurt it out to Morrell, may seem strange, but so it happened. It was unlikely, under the circumstances, that Morrell would have an opportunity to misuse his knowledge—if he had the thought for it, which I did not believe. We were both too like to need each other to waste time on diamonds. For, after all, if a man is fish food, what use has he for jewels? So I repeated, "Diamonds!" and added, "And they chased me the length of Long Island to get them," with a rather forlorn attempt at jocularity.

"The devil they did!" said the captain. "Then they're organized, and if we move to arrest the five we know, the dozen we don't will be on us like a shot—which would mean good by to Morrell and Gilbert—or Culliford, since that's your name."

"There may be some loyal ones in the crew," I suggested.

"Aye, there may be; I'll sound for 'em tomorrow. Johnson, and Chips the carpenter, are two I'm sure of. So was Ball, him that was killed in the fo'castle, and Tom Douglas, the one that got the smashed crown. Sink me!" The captain slapped his thigh suddenly. "It's as clear as snuff! The devils are gitting rid of the men they can't foul. They're doing that, or sink me for a landsman!"

I nodded, my heart thumping so loudly I felt certain my companion must hear it.

"That's what they seem to be doing," I assented. "Is the magazine handy, in case we need it?"

"Handy? Heaven be praised, it's right here." The captain tapped the floor beneath the table. "Yonder ring pulls up the trap. A dozen muskets and five hundred rounds there are, packed by myself."

I pulled myself together. "Those 'll help, too," said I, and nodded at the stand of cutlasses between the windows, just as if the quelling of mutiny were my chief joy in life. "If the worst comes, we can hold the cabin."

"And let them sail us where they please—to Tortugas, for all we could stop 'em? That's not John Morrell's style. Sail right in, say I, and lay the lubbers aboard before they have a chance to wear to wind'ard of us. I'll find out just who sails with us forward, and give 'em the tip to stand by when I set signals. Though I don't mind acknowledging," he went on slowly, "but that it's best to be prepared for squalls. I'll knock off the head of the extra brandy keg in my cabin, and suppose you fill it with water on the quiet. We've provisions enough for a dozen mouths for all of two months; if we get water enough we'll be able to scud under bare poles. That's all a man can look to, isn't it?"

"It's much more than I deserve of you," said I huskily.

"Tut, tut! Duty to owner, boy. We've pirates and mutineers aboard, and thanks to you we've been able to recognize them."

The tears came to my eyes, nevertheless. Whatever were my faults—and they were many and heavy—I had the good fortune to make fast friends. There was no disguising the bluff cordiality in Morrell's countenance; and I was almost light hearted as I watched him tramp up the companion to set his plan in motion.

This relief was only temporary, however—a sort of rift in the storm clouds; and when I turned in that night, what with my terror and excitement, I could no more sleep than remain quiet.

I was sitting on the edge of my bunk, after a protracted spell of restlessness, when a strange sound, unlike the legitimate noises of a ship, startled me. I listened, and with a thrill heard the brushing of a body against the bulkhead that separated me from the cabin. By the sound, some intruder was feeling his way along the brass rail that girded the room.

The mere fact of the rail being used

made clear the fact that the lamp had gone out, and that the man in the cabin must have no business there, else why should he not relight it? For some unaccountable reason, the thought of Maloney's ghost came to me and started the sweat.

It so happened that the moon was streaming through the port directly upon the door, the light as solid and round as the eye of a lantern. As I sat, unable to move or cry for horror, I saw the door knob turn stealthily; I heard the bolt strain once, twice, thrice as a steady force was put upon it; and then the brushing sound which had roused me started and grew faint in the distance of the cabin.

I was still motionless when a door opened violently, and there came a cry from Morrell, followed by the deafening report of a pistol.

The instant of silence that ensued was nerve racking. I was petrified anew; and even life on deck seemed to have been suspended. Then the reaction came, and a rush of feet sounded on the deck just as I tore open my door and jumped into the cabin.

As I had surmised, the lamp was out, the only light being a faint glow which came through the skylight and stern windows. On the companion were the dim forms of the watch, tumbling down the steep steps, headed by McQueen. Across from me was Morrell, a ghostly figure in his night clothes, a pistol in either hand, peering into the darkness.

"Wot's the row?" was McQueen's question, when he had made out the captain.

Morrell pulled himself together. "Nightmare," said he, and laughed. "McQueen, give Cook a bit of rope's end; his duff's deadly. Hullo, Gilbert! You're in the party, too?"

"Thought the world had ended," I replied, taking my cue from him, though Lord knows it was an effort. I was thankful there was no light to show the pallor of my cheeks.

"So did I," grumbled the mate. Then to the crew: "What are you swabs doin' here? Get back where you belong!" and the whole party tramped up to the deck.

"Well?" I whispered, when the last had gone.

"As near the rocks as I want to get," replied Morrell. I saw he was deathly pale and shaking as with an ague. "I gave up for good when I heard the men piling down."

"What did you shoot at?"

"Maloney's ghost—and he opened my door and looked in at me, or I'm a lands-

man! Pale face, dark hair, smallish frame, and quick as a cat."

Twice I opened my lips, and twice the words would not come. Finally I managed to gasp, "Had he a hump on his back?"

"Aye, confound him—or some deformity in his gait."

Then Uncle Chris was actually aboard the Wave! How and when he had come aboard without detection, and where he had hidden, were points I could not pretend to know. But aboard he was; and the certainty made me sick and cold. I told my thoughts to Morrell, and saw him shift his pistols so that the loaded one was in his right hand. The involuntary action did not improve the state of my mind.

"He's waiting until the last man is won!" I cried, as plainly as chattering teeth and unruly nerves would permit. "He'll come out then and cut our throats!"

"Then we'll nip his little plan. We'll rout the fellow out! He's in the hold somewhere, for he skipped up the companion when I fired. You'd better sleep with me, lad, or take a pistol to bed with you."

"I—I'll go with you," I said, and passed the remainder of the night on the captain's lounge, getting precious little sleep, I can assure you.

XXI.

With Uncle Chris' presence assured, the outbreak was merely a matter of hours. I had no time, however, to dwell on our peril; at every opportunity I was at the water butt, filling the bucket and carting it surreptitiously aft to the brandy keg in Morrell's cabin. The operation was heartbreakingly slow, I being able to work only when the hands were engaged forward, and then in the greatest difficulty from the motion of the schooner and the necessity of avoiding notice.

Fortunately, this latter condition was eased by the very circumstance which was our greatest peril—namely, the disaffection of the crew. When not attending to their duties, the men were congregated in the forecastle, whispering among themselves. And though these confabs were good cause for disquietude, they were the means of my half filling the keg.

During this time Morrell was far from idle. On the pretext of checking some marks on his manifest, he made as thorough an examination of the holds as was

possible without undoing the stevedore's work. Chips and Johnson "assisted" in this work; and as all three had pistols beneath their jackets, I knew the two men had been tested and found loyal, and that Morrell had a proper appreciation of Uncle Chris' powers of evil.

The inspection, however, brought absolutely no results, save an increase of black looks from the hands and a sneering, "Got the marks right, capt'n?" from McQueen.

Morrell and I met at dinner, with little appetite for the meal and much to discuss. We knew that four of the hands would stick to us, and would come aft at our signal.

"Chips, Johnson, the cook, and Winslow," said Morrell. "They're the four. With you and me—six against fifteen and this uncle of yours. Not such great odds when you look at it."

"It might be worse," I agreed, but with no great confidence in my heart.

"They've been at the men since the second day out. What Winslow tells me of Culliford's arguments and methods of persuasion would fill a politician's heart with envy."

"What are they waiting for?" I asked forlornly.

"For me to navigate to the Azores—your uncle not being great shakes on the deep sea."

"And we're only three days from Teneriffe!" I groaned. Then presently, as my companion volunteered no further comment, "What are we to do?"

At that the English in Morrell awoke.

"Do!" he cried so loudly that I feared the sounds would go through the skylight. "Do! Strike first, my lad! I'll have Johnson and Chips ready for the forecastle hatch, and Winslow and the cook to help us on deck."

We were in a tight place and needed a desperate remedy, God knows. But in spite of this I could not help asking how five men and boy (supposing they overpowered fifteen mutineers) could handle the schooner, especially in a wind. Morrell tartly suggested that we should leave the future to care for itself, adding, however, that, as we were in the path of colonial bound ships and only three days from the Azores, we might better devote ourselves to the task in hand than borrow trouble. All of which was sound sense.

The entrance of the mate put an end to the captain's lecture. McQueen had come below for his supper, and Morrell accordingly went up to take charge of the deck. I, for want of a better employment, and

from a distaste for the mate's company, following.

It was a hot, hazy afternoon, with the sea sparkling and the schooner a mass of shining canvas. I descended from the poop and strolled idly forward, stopping to lean, for no special reason, over the combing of the forehold hatch.

It was customary, on clear days, for Morrell to have the hatch covers removed that our tobacco might be aired, a shaft for this purpose having been left between the hogsheads in the stowing of the cargo. In my new position, therefore, I had but to turn my eyes downward to gaze into the bowels of the hold. With the rise and fall of the schooner a hundred sunbeams chased a hundred shadows in the depth below. Near the top the lights and shadows were sharply defined. As the depth increased they became proportionately smaller and dimmer, being finally lost in a faint twilight.

On the edge of this latter, as my eyes grew accustomed to the trying light, I perceived a luminous white spot, small and wavering, without form or substance. I watched the thing idly until, as suddenly and truly as if a hand had directed it, a shaft of sunlight penetrated the cleft, struck the spot—and I was gazing upon my uncle's face.

The sight, even though I was fully prepared for it, took the strength from my knees. Had I been chained to the deck I could not have stood more quietly. I saw the pale lips that I hated widen, and the cold eyes that I feared contract in the old tigerish smile; and then the misshapen body shook and disappeared, and I was staring blindly at lights and shadows playing at cross purposes.

Knowing the watch to be eying me, I forced myself to whistle as I sauntered aft. How I crossed the length of deck and ascended the steep steps to the poop is a matter beyond me. All I know is that, once on the quarter deck, I sank limply on the cabin skylight and faced Morrell and Johnson—whose trick it happened to be at the wheel—with a heart devoid of hope.

"For the Lord's sake," asked Morrell, "what's happened?"

"I"—I choked and had to swallow hard before I could continue—"I've seen him! He's in the forehold!"

Morrell knew whom I meant.

"And he saw you?"

"Yes."

"Then we'll want our fort stocked soon. Johnson, you've your pistols—knock on the skylight if you need us. Bert, I'm

going below; come after me in five minutes."

He strolled away. When I joined him he pulled up the trap that hid the muskets, and we set about oiling triggers and cleaning flints, literally for our lives.

The ammunition—there were two kegs of shot and one of powder—we rolled into my room. The center table we unscrewed, ready to shove against the door. The provisions totaled a supply sufficient to keep us six a month with due care. They were not of the most substantial sort, truly, being principally pickles and preserves and olives, but three hams and several boxes of dried beef and pork helped the count and promised our stomachs at least a change of diet. Our only weak point was the lack of water; and that deficiency I forthwith set about to repair, resuming my journeys to the water butt where I had left them before dinner.

Twice I carried the bucket safely to the cabin. The third time a seaman named Andrews accosted me at the foot of the poop companion.

"Wot's this here water?" said he.

"For the captain," I replied.

"The captain, eh?" he growled. "Let's see the color of it;" and before I knew what he was about, he had kicked the bucket and sent the contents over the deck and my legs.

"That for the captin's water!" he snarled. "An' don't you go for to try that game again, sonny. D'y'e hear?"

"We'll lay them aboard tonight," said Morrell, when I related the occurrence. "Minutes'll mean something soon, or I'm a landsman!"

XXII.

THE captain and I were finishing a poor enough supper, and speculating, with no great enthusiasm, on the success of our prospective attack, when a scream rang out harshly, quavered, and died away. Morrell was on his feet in a twinkling. As for me, I confess to an utter helplessness. The scream of a woman is bad enough; but for a downright unnerving sound, give me a man's cry of fear and agony.

Before the captain could take two steps across the cabin, on the heels of the first sound, as it were, came a clatter of cutlasses, a stamping of feet, and Chips, Winslow, and the cook tumbled down among us. Winslow was bleeding from a slash in his cheek.

"They're arter us, capt'n!" he gasped,

and tossed his cutlass on the floor to help shove the table against the door. "Come on us while we was eatin' of our grub. They done for Johnson."

While the man talked, he and his mates were busy erecting a barricade, Morrell overseeing the work, and I making a general nuisance of myself. Upon the table were piled all the chairs and loose furniture of the cabin, the mass being plastered, as it were, with cushions and bedding. The whole was then lashed together in the wonderful way that sailors have; and, though a military engineer doubtless would have held up his hands, we felt more comfortable when the last knot had been tied and the barricade pronounced finished.

We had worked feverishly, desperately, not knowing when the attack would begin. Now we halted and had time to look the situation over.

The sun was setting, and the lurid shafts of light entering the stern windows reddened our faces to the color of blood. The sea was also crimson—such an uncomfortably ominous hue that Chips remarked on it.

"Seems as how we won't even color the water," he said gloomily.

"Here, none of that!" Morrell flashed. "You, Chips, luff on that gabble or I'll —what are the dogs up to?"

The scuffle of feet over our heads was the cause of the words. On the heels of the sound came the crash of smashed glass and a volcano of flame and choking smoke. The pirates had broken the skylight and were firing down at us—fortunately, we being hidden from their sight, at random. The hiss of the bullets and the splintering of wood, with the hoarse hurrahing of the scoundrels, made a most disquieting turmoil.

We answered the attack with a volley as wild as that which was sent to us. Before it could be repeated, however, Morrell had recovered his head, and, skipping to the shelter of the cutlass stack, had sent a couple of well directed shots into the rim of heads peering down at us. His fire cleared the skylight. At double quick I was set to rigging a counterpane across the stern windows, that we might not be silhouetted against the light. The men, in the mean time, were assigned each to a corner, with a pile of muskets and a sharp order to fire only at a fair target.

For a long time we kept our positions, the captain on the stern lockers, where I joined him, and the men in the corners. Steps pattered to and fro above, and voices raised in altercation were audible.

And once I heard Uncle Chris roundly berating some one for not leaving the rum keg alone; and later on I heard Jeffrys bawl for the pannikin. But there was no return of the attack, and gradually we drew together at the port side of the cabin.

"Burn all sharks an' pirates!" said Winslow fervently, and was supported by a "Me, too!" from Chips, which, though carrying a double meaning, was earnest enough.

And that was the only reference made to our positions. Morrell washed and dressed Winslow's cut; then we inspected the barricade, reloaded the muskets, and were ready for all comers.

"The skylight's the weak spot," Morrell said to me confidentially. "They'll probably try the windows, too, which means no falling asleep for sentries. Winslow, you can't do much with a split crown, and, Bert, you're pretty well upset. Tut, don't contradict; you're not a passenger now, you're under my orders. Chips, you and I'll take the first trick; the rest of you turn in."

The cook—whose name, by the way, was Lawson—and I protested that we ought to take the first watch; but Morrell cut us short by exercising his authority. So, perforce, we did as directed, and stretched out on the floor; and, strange as it may sound, I was almost instantly asleep.

Two patches of moonlight were oscillating gently across the barricade when I awoke. Morrell was shaking my shoulder. Behind him were the sailors, all listening and fingering their weapons like men in expectancy.

"What is it?" I muttered, wide awake in an instant.

"We don't know," whispered Morrell. "They've been tiptoeing about for an hour. Some deviltry, you can lay to it."

A thundering crash put a period on the captain's words. The barricade commenced to rock ominously. At the same moment a sputter of shots came from the skylight, our weakest point of defense. I let fly at a red head peering over the combing of this latter place, and Chips banged at a figure silhouetted further back in the darkness. I doubt if either of us hit, but the head and figure vanished, and we ran across and joined the others in poking our muskets through the crevasses of the barricade. The battering was furious, and the door began to shiver beneath the blows.

"Once more, lads!" I heard uncle cry. "Again, and we'll finish the job!"

But that was easier said than done.

With this second command and thump there appeared a long rent in the door. Simultaneously, Morrell and I fired; and it was with a grim satisfaction that we heard a scream echo the explosion of our pieces.

"One, anyhow," muttered Morrell, and nodded to me. "We'll let the swabs taste a bit of our—what's that?"

In our determination to repel the attack upon the barricade, we had utterly neglected the skylight. In the calmness of reading, this oversight may seem preposterous; but when one is keyed to the breaking point, and deafened by roaring voices and firearms and smashing wood, coherent thought is apt to become impossible. This is a lame excuse, I'll allow, but it seems the only true one, and I give it for what it is worth.

At the captain's question I whirled around. Two men were in the act of sliding down ropes fastened to the skylight frame. A dozen more on deck were crowding forward for their turn to invade us in the same way. The sight of my uncle astride the skylight, with his cutlass in his teeth, did not lessen the danger.

But Morrell was not the sort to give up. Crying, "At 'em, lads!" he dashed across the cabin, dragging us at his heels, as it were, by his dauntless manhood. The two descending pirates dropped to the floor in a hurry. One was McQueen and the other the man Andrews. Chips was thrown—literally thrown, such was our pace and the cramped space—at the mate; and by the same turbulent process I was pitted against Andrews. It seemed pitifully like suicide for me, a stripling, to attack this grown man; but there was no help for it, and to save myself from being cut down like so much pork I put up my cutlass and went to guard.

I can scarcely dignify the encounter by calling it a duel, nor can I claim the least credit for my share of it. Andrews gave a bull shout, and sent his blade whizzing at me in a down cut which, had it hit, would have cloven me to the chin. But the stroke missed, and the force of it threw Andrews off his balance; and before he could recover I had lunged and—he fell.

It was horrible, but in my excitement I scarcely knew what I was doing. The cabin seemed packed with dark forms struggling, striking, and swearing; and more men were dropping through the skylight. Morrell was crossing with the boatswain; Winter was in the act of cutting down another of the crew; and Chips

was pressing yet another with a fury that promised victory. Uncle Chris, however, was not in the mêlée, and I was wondering dully where he had slipped to when he seemed to rise from the floor—and was beside me. I tried to dodge, but the press of men held me, penned me before him; and before I had done more than weakly raise my cutlass he had struck.

A roar louder than the roar of the fiercest hurricane split my ears. A thousand darts of light more blinding than the most vivid lightning rent my eyeballs; and then I stumbled and went down.

The dawn was whitening the cabin when I opened my eyes. Morrell and Chips were bending over me, the former with a rag of linen in his hand, the latter with a bowl of our precious water. My head was aching unconsciously, and my mouth tasted as if the glue pot had been spilled therein. In my nostrils was the scent of blood and of powder.

"So you're coming up to the wind," the captain said. "A narrow squeak, lad!"

"Did we win?" I whispered feebly.

"That we did."

"An' they left three behind as was too tired to navigate," supplemented the carpenter as I took a long draft of the water he offered me.

"Any of us hurt?" was my next question, and Morrell nodded and pointed to the starboard locker, where a figure covered with a sheet lay starkly.

"Winslow," he said. "We've paid a heavy price for our lives."

To describe that day would be to describe the tortures of a lost soul. I had been struck with the flat of the cutlass, and though only bruised, was incapable of motion. So I was a cipher while the others labored; and when you remember that but for me there would have been no necessity for the others laboring, you many appreciate a portion of my disquietude.

The first duty of the day was the clearing away of the bodies. Chips and cook were for bundling the pirates out of the window; but Morrell, brave and true, would not hear of carrying animosity to that extent, and said the lines for them as well as for Winslow. When he came to the last "amen," Chips and cook balanced the bodies on the sill and shot them, one by one, into the water.

Then the men set to work to complete the repairs of the barricade. The arms all had to be cleaned, and the room set in something like order—altogether a very respectable amount of work for four men.

Though it was high noon before the men rested from their labors, not a sign did we have of the pirates' presence other than the roar of their "Ho, ho, for a crew and a captain bold!" and the occasional variation of maudlin shouts and laughter. Once, it is true, the rush of feet along the poop made the ceiling crack and sent us all to arms; but nothing came of the demonstration, which was probably some skylarking of the hands, and when it had sunk we settled back to our weary waiting.

As the afternoon wore on, the sounds of revelry increased. We were in the midst of a council of war a'ntent this fact when an unsteady step sounded. A moment later Jeffrys' head appeared at the skylight.

"Ahoy, below!" he called thickly. "Flag o' truce! Capt'n Culliford wants to speak wi' Capt'n Morrell."

We were all out of range and had our muskets ready, so Morrell said that if no one but Culliford appeared he would speak, though at the first sign of treachery he would consider the truce broken and would fire.

"Right ye are; no tackin' an' reachin' on this here craft," assented Jeffrys. Then, turning, he called:

"Capt'n Culliford, clap on!" and after a moment's delay my uncle appeared.

XXIII.

THE change from the brilliant sunlight of the deck to the dimness of the cabin caused Uncle Chris to stand for a moment peering and blinking down at us. There was a smile on his thin lips that boded small profit to the interview. When he spoke, however, his voice was as smooth and his manner as suave as those of a courtier addressing his sovereign.

"Your pardon, sirs," he says blandly, "but my eyes are not quite accustomed to your light. Ah, now I can see. There's Mr. Chips, and cook, and Johnson—Chips and cook and Johnson, who wouldn't be gentlemen of fortune on any account; and there's Bert, too. Good day, Bert! It's quite a time since I had the pleasure."

"Quit that fooling!" growled Morrell. "Say what you want, my man, and be off. My musket has a way of popping without asking permission."

"A badly trained musket, I'm sure," returned uncle. "But since you so specifically wish it, I'll deny myself the pleasure of my nephew's salutation and come to business. I haven't any quarrel with you, Captain Morrell, or with Chips

and cook and Johnson. You've cut us up quite a bit, but I bear no grudges. Nay, I'll go further and call quits if you say the word. Let Bert there give up a certain packet he has, and you five shall have the jolly boat with a compass and provisions to bring you into Fayal. No man could offer anything fairer. And I don't mind saying I'll be glad to see the last of you."

"Which sentiment, I may say, is not unnatural," retorted Morrell. "You've had your say, now listen to mine. You're in a bad way—you can't sail the schooner, for I have every chart right here in my locker, and you can't get in here because we're going to keep you out. You're in the track of the Mediterranean trade; you're all pirates and mutineers, every mother's son of you; you're living with a rope around your neck; and we have enough ammunition and food to keep us for a month. So when you come to talk of giving us a boat and compass you talk like a lubber. The best of the bargain's with us, d'yee see, and we mean to see you hanged, *Captain Culliford*. So just chew on that for a while!"

This was a pretty strong presentation of our case, and as it was delivered in a voice loud enough to be audible to any one standing behind Culliford, I thought it a piece of diplomacy worthy of Lord Chatham. My uncle, however, took it nonchalantly. Before he could reply, Morrell had resumed:

"Now, that's the paint on *my* side of the fence, and these are *my* terms: give up the schooner, take the jolly boat yourself and as many of the hands as you want—and be hanged to every blessed one of 'em—or give yourselves up as prisoners, and I'll do what I can to save you from Execution Dock."

"Is that all?"

"Every word."

Uncle Chris stood a moment longer, his brow dark and the smile gone from his lips.

"Then stay down there and rot," he snarled, and poured out a string of curses. "You'll do what you can to save us from the dock, will you? *You'll* do it! You'll be fish food or worms before you see the Needles, let alone the dock. You can lay to that!" and with a final oath he abruptly turned away, and we heard his light tread crossing the poop.

"Now for squalls," said Morrell.

We passed the remainder of the afternoon glumly enough, Morrell, however, giving us little time to dwell upon our danger. The gaping hole of the skylight

had to be covered—which we accomplished, after a fashion, by nailing across the aperture boards torn from the bunks—and the barricade to be regularly inspected to make certain the lashings were not loosened by the schooner's motion. We made a great show of lightheartedness during the work; but the show was painfully show, and deceived none of us.

I was in the captain's cabin at dusk, stooping to fill a can with the water we would require for our supper, when I made a discovery that fairly cast me on my beam ends. In a cold sweat I got on my knees and peered closer into the keg. Most of the life giving fluid was gone.

My cry brought my companions. Morrell flung me aside with unintentional violence.

"A lantern!" he gasped; and "Lord save us!" as the light revealed the extent of the disaster. The keg had been tapped at some time prior to its present use; the plug with which the hole had been stopped had been forced from place by the pressure of the water; and not a third of our original supply was left.

There is no denying that every heart sank. We looked at one another, a question and a shudder in our glances. Of what use were powder and shot and provisions if thirst were to attack us? Through the blank silence of the unasked questions came the roaring of the buccaneers' eternal

Ho, ho, for the jewels and the glittering yellow gold!

Ho, ho, for the Jolly Roger's flung!

Morrell was the first to recover.

"Not enough to last tomorrow!" he said huskily.

"Then the plank, an' those swabs grinnin' at us!" muttered Chips. "For that hunchback, smash his deadlights!"

"Smashin' is all right in its place," quavered the cook, "but it don't help us nowise. I—I don't much cotton to the plank."

"D'y'e think you're the only seaman as don't?" interrupted Johnson. "But wot are *you* goin' to do about not cottonin' to it?"

"You'll do nothing," I said, before Lawson could speak, and as quietly as I could for a thumping heart and lips that would not form the words. "I've been the means of bringing this upon you," I went on more calmly. "If I hadn't been here, there wouldn't have been a mutiny, and a hunchback, and a lack of water. So, since I'm responsible, the least I can do is try to repair the damage."

"Meaning?" said Morrell, swinging around to face me.

"That I'll see what I can do to refill the keg."

The words were promptly smothered in an avalanche of personalities—that I was mad; that I'd gone daffy; and several like observations. Morrell declared I must not think of such a thing; Chips, that he'd be keelhauled if he let me go; and Johnson, that I'd have to knock him down and hold him before I got out of the cabin.

I listened quietly, and when they had had their say continued:

"I'm daft if you like, and mad as a hatter; but we can't live without water, and I'm going to try to get some, so there needn't be a fuss."

There was a fuss, and a great one, but in the end I carried my point. About four bells, when the noises on deck had sunk to spasmodic yells, and the moon had been blotted out by masses of angry clouds, I was barefoot beside the stern window, winding the slack of a half inchline about my waist, with Chips reeving the free end in a ring upon the sill, and Johnson, the cook, and Morrell silently watching. I carried a sheath knife and a pistol.

"If you call for help we'll come," Morrell said, as he helped me mount the window sill. "And good by, lad, if we—if anything should happen."

He shook my hand and then the men did likewise, Johnson asserting that "I should 'a' been a sailor, bless him if I shouldn't!" Lawson advised me to "yell like a bloomin' Dutchman" if need be. Then I straightened and rubbed up my wits for the venture.

We had run a plank out of the window to bring me level with the overhang of the stern. This road was the only feasible one, exit by the door or skylight being obviously out of the question. With a last look at the fastening of the cord around my waist, and a last glance at the dim, littered cabin and the men grouped below me, I stepped out over the water.

Fortunately there was no motion beyond the rhythmic rise and fall of the sea, and I gained the end of the plank safely. Here I shifted as best I could, using the gilded scrollwork bordering the name to aid me in the upward scramble. It was ticklish work, with the water gurgling and hissing far below, with Lord knew what waiting for me above, and with my fingers bleeding from efforts to find assistance in cracks and nubbles that would scarcely have borne a monkey's weight. Though the entire distance I had to climb

was less than six feet, when I reached the base of the taffrail I was sweating as if I had scaled a hundred foot cliff.

I hung to the rail for a moment and peered down the deck. The wheel was lashed; the sails were flapping idly against the spars; the only signs of life were the glow of many lanterns on the foresail, and the sounds of revelry surging from the forecastle. A graveyard at midnight could not have been more deserted than the poop and afterdeck. Feeling it safe, therefore, I wriggled through the rail, unwound the line from my waist, pulled it a couple of times to let my companions know that I was safe, and stole away forward.

Though the night was dark, there was enough light to enable me to avoid stray ropes and spikes. The deck was in a filthy state, lines trailing across it, bottles clinking in the scuppers, and the absence of a swab plain on the boards. I kept well in the lee of the bulwarks, halting every five paces, breathless, with my uncle's face painted in the shadow around me. Every step, too, made the uproar in the forecastle louder; and while no one appeared, the mere proximity of the cut-throats was far from pleasant.

In this snail manner I passed the main-mast and gained the galley, which was just abaft the foremast. The water cask

was on the port side, to leeward of the red glare on the sail. There was, of course, a chance that the water bucket might be gone; but that was one of the chances which must be left to fortune.

In passing, I glanced into the galley. The array of wreckage which met my eye was appalling. Cases of biscuit, boxes of salt, barrels of fish, crockery, the stove itself, and even the cooking utensils, had been broken or battered in insane fury or more insane frolic. It seemed as if the madness which went with the Jolly Roger, which made men false to sworn duties and converted them into bloodstained monsters, blinded them to ordinary precautions for their own safety. In the Good Adventure a similar senseless wastage had succeeded success; and here, though the victory gained was, after all, a barren one, since I had the jewels—here was a repetition of the jollification (Heaven save the mark!) which had ended so disastrously in the previous instance.

I had plenty of time to make these observations, for several of the pirates had shifted their seats and the scuffle of their feet had flattened me against the galley side. Now, however, the disquieting sounds subsiding, I emerged from my hiding place and quickly made the two steps which took me abreast the butt.

(To be concluded.)

BARRIERS.

WHEN in the turmoil of some crowded place
With other men I look upon her face,
And hear the merry words of her, and see
The happy smile o'erflow her lips to me ;
Then do I think : "Oh, mocking lips and eyes,
How sweeter to one man had been your sighs !"

And when her laughter rings above the rest,
Like some sweet note attuned unto a jest,
Making its music mock at all sad things
With the effulgent gaiety it brings,
Then do I think : "How blest among his peers
He who might know her tenderness of tears !"

Oh, ever fixed between my heart and hers
Stand laughter and light words as barriers.
Only for me her smiles, who still must guess
The sweetness of her grief's dear helplessness ;
Only for me her laughter, I who know
How deep in one man's heart her tears would go !

Theodosia Garrison.

ETCHINGS

A BALLADE OF PING PONG.

In grandma's day the minuet
They danced with sprightly lissome-
ness—
Slim maiden figures quaintly set
In stomacher and brocade dress.
Knee breeches bowed to chestnut tress
Politely all the gay night long;
They aimed at courtly gracefulness—
But nowdays we play Ping Pong.

In mamma's day the etiquette
On croquet laid especial stress.
And madame twirled her French *mallette*
In sprigged lawn—hooped self con-
sciousness!
'Twas ladylike to feign distress
Whene'er the ball went rolling wrong,
And all was quiet gentleness;
But nowdays we play Ping Pong.

'Twould seem that Pierrot and Pierrette
Are here with all their foolishness;
For links are being billed "To Let,"
While golf sticks warp in idleness.
The chaperons fight sleepiness,
While billiard rooms to girls belong.
Ah, might the old times come to bless!
But nowdays we play Ping Pong.

L'ENVOI.

Dame Fashion, stern and merciless,
You rule us with a leaden thong;
But I will shamelessly confess
I spurn allegiance to Ping Pong.
Emma L. Macalarney.

THE ROSE LINED STREET.

I KNOW a street where roses sweet
Hang o'er the fence on either side—
A wondrous screen of leaf and bloom,
Behind which sunny gardens hide.

There, wreathed about with tangled vines,
Old fashioned houses meet the eye;
From one a girlish face looks out
And smiles on me as I go by.

Rich purple blossoms hang their heads
Across the old gray walls of stone;
I hear a banjo's sweet refrain,
And hum the words in undertone.

With dainty touch and challenge gay,
The wind slips by, a merry sprite;
A bird song mixed with tinkling bells
Trails through the morning's sweet de-
light.

Each day I wander down this way,
For heart, as well as loitering feet,
Has found the gate among the vines
That shuts her garden from the street.

Adella Washer.

ALONE IN A CROWD.

You and I in the world alone,
With millions of men around us;
Yet you and I with the world our own,
And never a care to hound us.

Men and women and children, too,
All of them pass unheeded;
For you gave me and I gave you
That which the hearts of us pleaded.

Such is the mystery love has made—
Though millions of men surround us,
No one covered by sky or spade
Can ever avail to wound us.

T. W. Hall.

WHEN WE REMEMBERED.

Most often it was when the wind blew
shrilly,
And we drew our chairs up nearer to
the blaze,
That our thoughts would fly across the
winter ocean
To summer lands and our red letter
days.

Then Capri rose in misty charm before us
Through its blue, limpid, sun kissed
atmosphere,
And we would ask, in happy recollection,
"Do you remember, dear?"

The wind blows cold today, the fire is
glowing;
My thoughts fare forth across the sea
again;
But they have paled from their trans-
cendent beauty,
Those fair scenes that I conjure up in
vain.

They miss you as I miss you, comrade,
father!
The spell that glowed so radiantly
there
Has vanished with your blue eyed, boyish
laughter,
Has vanished with the silver of your
hair.

The lazy bay we loved for its soft beauty
Has lost the sapphire glints of yester-
year,
Because today you are not here to ask me,
"Do you remember, dear?"

And now it is the nights when we re-
membered
That claim my heart and lonely, wistful
eyes;
The dearest of my hoard of recollections,
That memory of a memory that I prize.

And always, at that hour we spent to-
gether,
In aching, silent yearning, year by year,
I ask what some day you again will an-
swer,
"Do you remember, dear?"

Grace H. Boutelle.

A LOVE LETTER.

I've searched the writings held to be
All others high above;
I've scanned the pages old, to see
What graybeards said of love;
I've read the fairest vows that may
From heart of youth appear;
And still I find I only say:
"I love you—love you, dear!"

Though men in every age and clime
Have sung at love's behest,
And in the sweetest prose and rhyme
Their passion have confessed;
Though such a treasury is mine,
Compiled by bard and seer,
My pen can stammer but a line:
"I love you—love you, dear!"

Edwin L. Sabin.

THE BEGGARS.

THEY haunt the curbs of the city,
They follow us down the street,
And they stifle our human pity
With rage for the open cheat—

For the woman who kills our kindness
With whining voice of lies,
For the beggar who moans his blindness
With sight in his shifty eyes;

For the cripple with limbs unshrunken
Who shuffles on lying rod,
For the trembling hand of the drunken,
Held out in the name of God!

And we who have toiled through languor,
Through dolor and pain, to live,
We must spurn them in righteous anger—
And then steal back to give!

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.

A DAY.

We two upon the road and never one
beside,
(Laugh with me and jest with me and
swing along the way)
The high wind in our faces, the open
wold and wide,
Flash of sun and scent of pine and
brisk waves on the bay.
Merry with the draft of morn and keen
with joy of day,
Pledge me with a gipsy's toast where all
the air is wine;
Reckless vagabonds we two, and fetterless
and gay—
Laugh with me and jest with me, oh,
little mate of mine!

We two beside the sail and never other
one,
(Lapping wave and lilting wind and
lazy afternoon)
All the sea before us in the highway of
the sun—
Merry mariners we two, a pirating for
June!
Harkening the wordless song the parting
waters croon,
Fancying the unfound seas beyond
the sunset line,
Building fairy lands of clouds, white
minaret and dune—
Sing with me and dream with me, oh,
little lass of mine!

We two upon the cliff and never other
there,
(Blue of night and sheen of stars and
whisper of the sea)
Moonshine in the eyes of you and moon-
light on your hair—
Far below the little town where light
and laughter be.
All the world went by with day, and,
silent moon folk, we
Swayed across the rim of night to dis-
tances divine;
Hands of you and eyes of you and lips
of you for me—
Little mate and little lass and little
love of mine!

Theodosia Garrison.

The Heminway Crescent.

THE STORY OF FLETCHER'S FIRST ADVENTURE IN NEW YORK.

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD.

I.

DURING the first few months that young Fletcher spent in New York as clerk in the Geological Insurance Company, he made few acquaintances outside of the office. He lived at the Richmond, a bachelor apartment house in Washington Square, in which his single room seemed particularly lonely, accustomed as he had been to a big New England farmhouse full of children of all ages.

Every morning Fletcher walked diagonally across the square on his way down town, and on at least four mornings out of the week he met the two Heminway youngsters and their nurse. After he had encountered them half a dozen times in succession, he felt privileged to say, "Hello!" The little girl was thrown into trembling consternation at this greeting, but the boy's hand went up to his cap and he said, "Good morning, sir." His courteous ceremony made Fletcher ashamed of the freedom he had taken.

However, they soon established an intimacy for a period of almost thirty seconds a day. Once he ventured upon the donation of apples, and it was upon this occasion that he was presented to Emily. Emily was the nurse, although Fletcher had always thought that she must be rather a governess than a servant. He had never seen a governess, but he had read of them, and Emily was tall and sweet of face, and her hair about the ears reminded Fletcher of the minister's wife at home.

Constantine Burke, the janitor of the Richmond, had witnessed this interview, and had inquired about it pointedly when next he met Fletcher in the corridor. To be made fun of by the janitor of an apartment house did not seem to Fletcher as in any way incongruous. On the contrary, he was rather pleased; but he was careful to explain to Mr. Burke the innocuous nature of his conversation with Emily.

The old janitor slept in a chamber which was next to Fletcher's room, and the two were on excellent terms. One

night the two neighbors had surreptitiously foregathered over a small pitcher of beer, procured by Fletcher, at the janitor's suggestion, from Lynch's saloon. Then it was that Burke divulged his history, for he had been a policeman, and had been "broke" after six years' service. He explained the scandalous circumstances of this fracture, which struck him as discreditable only because his criminalities had been exposed, and because the board had selected such an efficient officer for a scapegoat.

"Was there a wiser one in New York than me?" he asked Fletcher sternly. "Not on your life! When the sergeant give me a tip, I went out and made good, that's what I done. I was in some fancy jobs, let me tell you. There was the commissioner's watch that turned up in Thirty First Street; and there was the Flat Iron Gang; and there was Kid Higgins—why, he got life—and there was that runaway down the avenue with a big Tammany man and never mind who else, blind drunk in a cab! Wasn't I on the mark in them cases, with a shut mouth and asking no questions? Didn't one of them detectives say I had the finest eye in the department for remembering faces? I guess yes! And what does I get?"

Fletcher nodded sympathetically. The next day Burke, as a mark of great favor, introduced him to Patten, the policeman on post, and Patten identified the Heminway children for him. They lived in one of the big red and white mansions on the north side of the square.

Fletcher began to cherish an interest in the family. Bertson, a fellow clerk at the office, had taken him to the gallery of the Metropolitan Opera House, and between the acts had proudly noted the social celebrities in the boxes for the benefit of the country cousin. Mrs. Heminway had been among them. Bertson laughed when Fletcher wondered if the children were there too, but Fletcher silently determined that for his part he would rather have the children by his side than the gorgeous lady herself, glittering with

jewels, and with the famous Heminway diamond crescent blazing at her throat.

II.

ON a sunny morning in the early spring Fletcher set out briskly from the Richmond, crossed the square, and missed the youthful Heminways from their accustomed haunt in the vicinity of the Garibaldi statue. He looked up and down the walks for their scarlet caps and—be it admitted—for Emily's graceful figure. At length he espied them at the southwest corner of the park, a region far from their beaten path. But he had ten minutes to spare, so he strolled towards them, in order, he told himself, that he might finish his after breakfast pipe.

As he drew nearer he saw that there was a man with them. The man and Emily, both with their backs towards Fletcher, were talking to each other, while the children hovered uncertainly in the rear. When Fletcher came in sight the little boy shouted a welcome. At this the nurse and her companion turned, and it seemed to Fletcher that the man was holding her by the wrist. He was a shabby looking party, wearing a tan colored overcoat and a gray slouch hat. Fletcher's eyes, however, were engaged chiefly with the expression on the woman's face. It made him quicken his steps.

The man in the gray hat spoke a final word and disappeared down a side street.

"Good morning," began Fletcher. "No, not an apple aboard for you today, you brigands! How are they this morning?"

"Well, sir, and thank you," the nurse answered. She was trembling.

"Excuse me," said the young man bluntly, "but was that fellow any trouble to you? Because I can catch him—and there's Patten."

"No, no," faltered Emily, watching the tall policeman with curious steadiness; "the man is—is my brother. Yes, sir, my brother."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Fletcher, and walked on.

He spent a discontented sort of day in the office, filled with the entirely unreasonable idea that he had attempted to poke his nose into something which was none of his business. He tried in vain to convince himself that it was silly to be so sensitive over a fancied offense to a servant girl, and then he thought of her anxious gray eyes, and of her Madonna chin, and all the rest; and then, before he realized it, it was time to close his desk and march up town.

Fletcher was lying on his bed, vaguely running over in his mind a list of cheap tables d'hôte, when there came a soft rap on his door, and the janitor slipped in.

"Look a here, Mr. Fletcher, you're a good friend of mine, and stuck on my yarns about the department," said Burke. "Well, do you know what the old man is next to now? Kid Higgins, as was up for life, has bust jail, there's a reward against him, and if he ain't in this precinct, I'm a dead one."

Mr. Burke made a dramatic pause, glanced towards Fletcher's cigar box, and the young man responded appropriately. He waited for the rest of the ex policeman's story with a queer premonition.

"I piped him off this noon," continued Burke, scratching a match. "He's about your build, and he wore a white hat and yellow coat. He's hanging around here for something or other, but I'll nail him—you watch me!—even if I do have to let Patten in for a piece of the boodle. Keep your eye on the old cop. And don't say a word."

"Certainly not, Con," Fletcher replied. "Good night. I wish you luck."

But in reality he was conscious of wishing the janitor nothing of the kind. Unless Burke's trained recollection was badly at fault, it was plain that Kid Higgins was Emily's brother. The longer he reflected on the situation, with the more pathos it appealed to him, for the escaped convict had clearly placed himself in the utmost danger only for the sake of seeing his sister once again. Fletcher hardly blamed him when the vision of the woman's face came stealing into his fancy. Her alarm at his approach that morning was now explained.

He jumped suddenly from his bed. Emily might be involved in serious complications with the law if she were not warned that her brother's trail had become apparent. She must be told. He would see what could be done, and postpone his dinner until later.

There was no formed intention in his mind, except that whatever was to be accomplished could not take shape in his own apartment; so he picked up his gloves, and then it occurred to him that the evening was turning coolish. His overcoat hung in a closet, and he smiled as he thought of the similarity between it and the one worn by the fugitive; but his smile faded when, on the shelf above, he noticed an old gray fishing hat which had somehow found its way into his trunk. Impulsively he stuck this on his head, and went down stairs.



AT THIS THE NURSE AND HER COMPANION TURNED, AND IT SEEMED TO FLETCHER THAT THE MAN WAS HOLDING HER BY THE WRIST.

Burke was nowhere in evidence, and Fletcher turned north by University Place.

III.

ALONG the rear of the row of houses on the north side of Washington Square, east of Fifth Avenue, runs a narrow alley which originally gave access to the stables of the residents. The quaint byway had often attracted Fletcher's attention, and now he stopped short at the corner of it and reflected in the thickening twilight. He had a notion in his head that he might communicate with Emily by knocking at the back door of the Heminway mansion and asking for her. Fletcher's knowledge of city houses was indefinite, but he thought that a call at the Washington Square entrance would expose her to embarrassing inquiries. He walked along the alley, and wondered in which of the houses on his left the sister of the convict lived. He was quite at a loss without the front of the building to guide him.

Most of the residences have no back entrance, but some of them have a gateway opening into the alley. The Heminway house is one of these; and although Fletcher was ignorant of the fact, certain friends of his knew it, as you will perceive.

He had progressed nearly half way down the deserted lane from University Place, and was standing in the deep shadow made by the jutting cornice of a wall, when he heard the patter of footsteps behind him. It flashed upon him that the alley was a private driveway rather than a street, and that his presence there might be suspicious; so he pulled up his overcoat collar and retreated into the protection of the blackness.

The newcomer was a woman. A dark cloth was gathered about her head and face, and her breath came quickly and sharply as she stumbled towards Fletcher.

"Pete!" she whispered. "Pete! Are you there?"

It was Emily, the nurse. Before Fletcher could stir or reply, she had thrust something into his hand.

"Here, take it," she gasped. "Here it is, and may the Lord forgive us! Now keep your promise. Go—quick!"

Fletcher was so astounded that for a few seconds he seemed to be struck dumb and motionless. The woman clung to his forearm, gripping it convulsively, and stifling her frightened sobs in her shawl.

Turning to face her, Fletcher caught sight of a man running up to them. The man wore a white hat, and dodged from

shadow to shadow down the alley. Fletcher dropped into his pocket the thing which Emily had brought. Even as he did so he saw that the girl had recognized him, and had staggered helplessly against the wall.

Half a dozen paces away from them the runner halted.

"Who's there?" he growled.

"Good evening," stammered Fletcher.

"What in hell is this?"

Emily's brother—for it was he—came a step nearer. One arm was held behind him.

"My name's Fletcher," said the young fellow, clearing his throat. "I suppose this is Higgins."

"Oh, you do, do you?" exclaimed the others. He shot a glance up and down the alley, and jumped towards the woman, snarling: "I'll leave my trade mark on you any way, you——"

"Don't, Pete, don't!" moaned Emily, sinking to her knees.

In his right hand Higgins had a short, snaky club. Brandishing this, he made for the girl, biting off curses. Fletcher darted for the weapon with all his strength.

The convict wheeled and struck viciously at his head. The blackjack grazed Fletcher's ear, and the heavy leaden ball at the end of it sank with a crack into the flesh of his shoulder. The pain of it brought out the sweat on his temples, but he could think of nothing but the girl. He wound himself under his assailant's striking arm, and bent his sound elbow around the convict's neck.

"Get away into the house, Emily," he gasped. "Get away from here!"

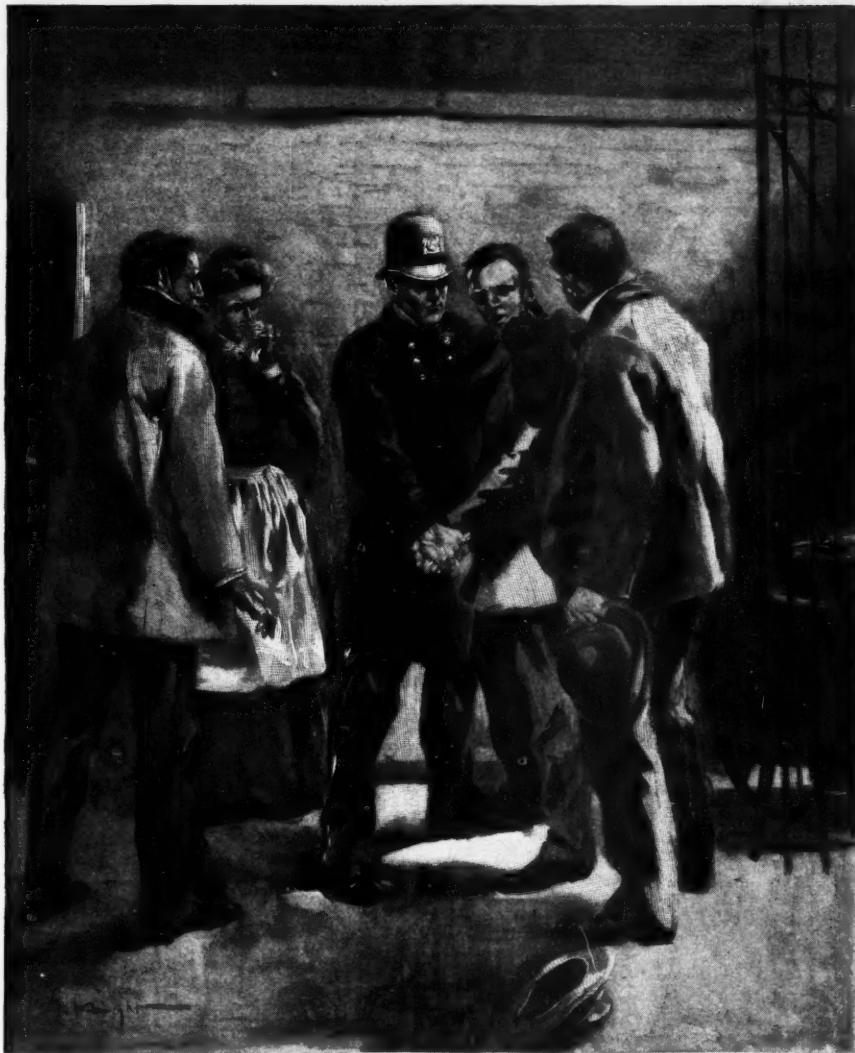
"He's got the box, Pete," the girl said softly. "Don't hurt him!"

At the mention of the box, Higgins shook himself free and stared at Fletcher with murder in his gaze. Unable to lift his crippled arm, the young man backed away. Before he could shout for help a woman's hand was clasped over his mouth from behind, a woman's fingers were pressing into his throat, and he knew that the weighted bludgeon was ready to crash into his skull.

But the next instant he was released. Looking about him with blinking eyes, he saw Patten hastening down the lane, while Constantine Burke was already by his side.

IV.

THERE was a brief struggle while Burke and the officer snapped the nippers on the wrists of the criminal. Then Constantine



"HOW ARE YOU, KID? I AIN'T SEEN YOU FOR A LONG TIME, HAVE I?" SAID BURKE.

took off his hat and wiped his forehead with a generous handkerchief.

"How are you, Kid? I ain't seen you for a long time, have I?" said he.

"Didn't look for to find you here, neither, Mr. Fletcher," observed Patten. "Tryin' to do a little detective work on your own account?"

Burke looked at the girl and grinned knowingly.

"These dark holes," he remarked, "is bad places for dates—can't tell who you'll run up against."

Fletcher was about to protest when Higgins lurched forward.

"Burke," said he, "you've done me, damn you, but why don't you make a clean job of it? This dude's in the game and so's the woman. They tried to throw me, and now I'll throw them. It's a jewelry steal. Go through his clothes, and you'll find out."

"That's true," Emily moaned. "It's all over with. I—I don't care for anything!" And then she broke down and cried piteously.

"It's not true!" exclaimed Fletcher in bewilderment. "It's an absurd lie! Why, Patten, I'll tell you the whole business. I came here to—"

"Oh, forget it," the janitor interrupted. "Patten, the whole bunch is crazy. Mr. Fletcher, he's mixed, but he's square, and the girl doesn't know what she's talking about. As for Kid Higgins—well, here he is, and off we go to the captain with him."

"Look a here, it's funny," grumbled Patten.

"Forget it," Mr. Burke insisted. "You'll only get the laugh in the papers, or be transferred to Harlem. Hold on there!"

Higgins, left to himself for a moment, had sidled up to the woman, and had dealt her a savage blow with his manacled hands.

"There's one for your face!" he snarled, as his two captors choked him off. "That'll teach you to double!"

Patten and Burke forced him away, and the two disappeared down the alley. Emily had sunk again to her knees, and a thin stream of blood was trickling down her cheek. Fletcher stooped over her.

"Are you badly hurt?" he asked.

"No. I wish he'd killed me! Oh, Pete, Pete!"

"Here's the box you meant for him. Why did you try to strangle me? Why did you try to lie about me?"

The look that she gave him made Fletcher start back in wonder.

"Because I hate you," she answered.

"I don't want you to do that," he said huskily. "I want you to—"

She made a gesture of impatience and rose slowly to her feet, disdaining his help.

"You look well," she sneered, "making love to another man's wife."

"You don't mean—him!"

"Yes, Pete," she retorted fiercely. "I'm his wife. I've been right, too, ever since he got life. When he got out, he made me do this for him." She held up the little box. "This is Mrs. Heminway's diamond crescent. We could have lived on this—Pete and I—in some far away place, and lived happy, too; but you must blunder in to ruin us."

"He tried to kill you."

"Of course he tried to kill me. He's tried it before. He's a devil, and he loves me, and he's mine. What are you going to do—tell the whole thing? I don't mind."

"No," murmured Fletcher. "Go back to the house. You won't be—be discovered?"

She shook her head.

"And you won't—"

Fletcher pointed to the jewel case.

"Oh, I'll be honest enough without him," said the woman. "That's business. Pete was all there was to my life, one way or the other."

"Then I'll keep my mouth shut. Good by, for the last time. You'll give me your promise?"

"Yes."

Fletcher held out his hand. Emily squared her shoulders, clenched her lips, and, without noticing him further, turned through the door in the wall which led to the mansion of the Heminways.

THE CITY OF VANISHED YOUTH—ALMA MATER.

I KNOW an Eastern hill, upon whose height
The morning sun lies fair,
Transfiguring a little city there
With opalescent light.

The citizens of that beloved place
Eternally are young;
There are the visions, there the hope, the grace,
The songs unsung.

Let us go back unto that city's streets,
Seeking the old sweet way,
Seeking the boy and girl whom memory greets
From a far day.

I would forget the after stress, the pain,
The long dull years' decree;
I would go back again, begin again
With thee!

Anna McClure Sholl.

The White Cockade.

BY ALASTAIR STUART.

EDWARD VII IS KING OF GREAT BRITAIN BY VIRTUE OF THE ILLEGAL ACT OF A PACKED PARLIAMENT—THE RIGHTFUL SOVEREIGN IS THE GENTLE PRINCESS OF BAVARIA, MARY THERESA, WHOM THE LEGITIMISTS CALL MARY IV OF ENGLAND.

HERE are living in Europe today six hundred persons who have a better claim—so far as hereditary right goes—to the crown of Great Britain than Albert Edward, about to be crowned king as Edward VII. Accepting the divine



CHARLES I, THE MARTYRED KING OF ENGLAND, AND THE PATRON SAINT OF THE LITTLE COTERIE WHO REGARD THE DESCENDANTS OF THE STUARTS AS THE RIGHTFUL SOVEREIGNS OF BRITAIN.

right of kings, the true sovereign is not Edward, but Mary Theresa Henrietta Dorothea, Archduchess of Austria-Este-Modena, and Princess of Bavaria, whom the Jacobites call "her Christian and catholic majesty, Queen Mary IV and III."

To realize the legality of Queen Mary's claim, it is necessary to hark back to the origin of the kingly right, as defined by the Teutonic ancestors of the race—the ancestors alike of the British and the American peoples. In those early days no man could be king who did not trace his descent from Odin. A tribe might have a chief, a leader in war, a ruler in affairs, but it could not have a king unless he was of the family of Odin. The kingship was the kingship of a people, not of a country, and the tribe owed allegiance to the descendant of Odin, not as a matter of choice, but as a sacred duty.

If the king were mentally or physically incapable, then was he deemed no true son of Odin, and one of his kinsmen was elected in his stead. But the newcomer must be possessed of the hereditary right as surely as was he whom he supplanted.

In tribes where there were many members of the kingly race, the younger sons felt it inconsistent with their inborn quality of kingship to serve as subjects of one of their family. These demanded the right to go out on "vikings far." In this way was England first settled by the Teutons.

To these rough sons of Odin came two modifying influences—the church and the Roman theory of feudalism. The church did not question the divine right of kings, but consecrated it. From then



THE STUART MAUSOLEUM IN ST. PETER'S, ROME
—THE INSCRIPTION IS: "TO JAMES III, SON
OF KING JAMES II OF GREAT BRITAIN; TO
CHARLES EDWARD, AND TO HENRY, DEAN
OF THE CARDINAL FATHERS, SONS OF
JAMES III, THE LAST OF THE ROYAL
LINE OF STUART, A. D. 1819."

officially acknowledged by the crown or in the peerage.

Members of the royal family, on the other hand, are born members of the royal race, possessing an inherent right of kingship that cannot be taken from them or bestowed upon any other family by grant of crown or people.

The King of England, therefore, is king by right of three vital principles—king by right of race, king by right of consecration, and king by right of ultimate feudal lordship. Allegiance to the crown is purely a personal allegiance, a sacred duty that cannot be evaded.

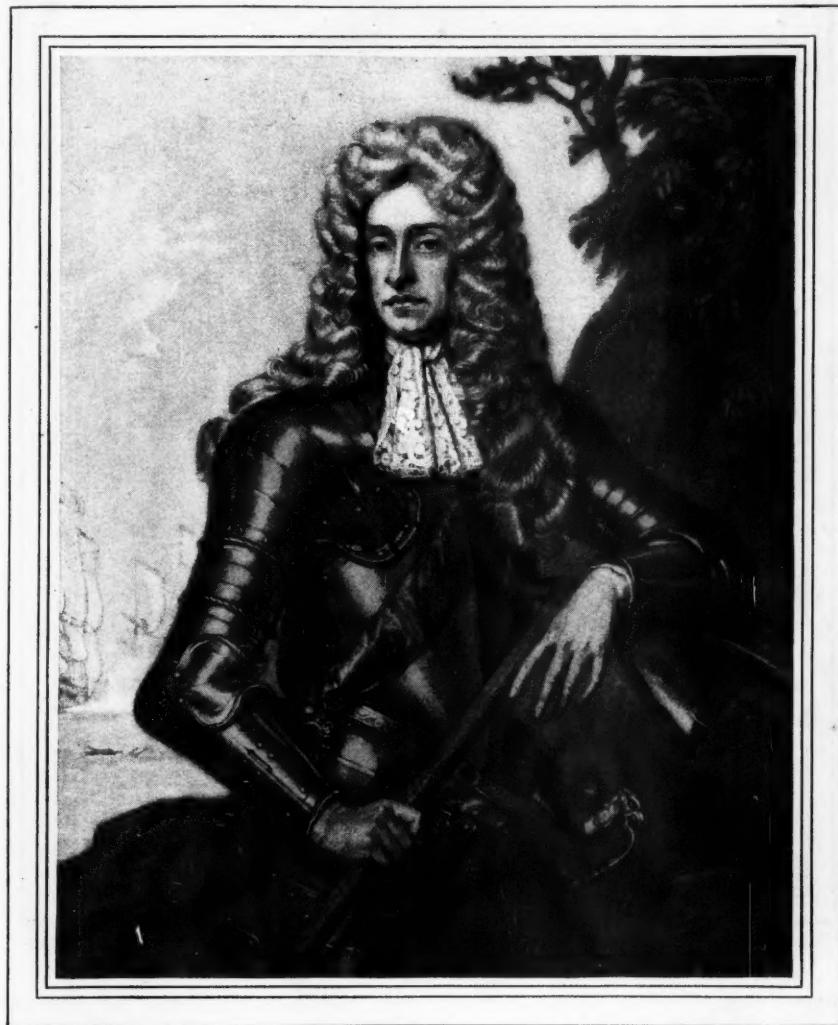
In the coronation ceremonies all of these principles of kingly right are recognized and symbolized. The archbishop presents the new king to the assembled people as one possessed of the right to rule by virtue of his descent. The king makes

onward, it became a principal factor at the coronation of all kings in Christian communities.

Thanks to the genius of William the Conqueror, the feudalism of England became a pillar of royalty. At the Council of Salisbury, all the great landowners of England took oath that they and their vassals held their land directly from the king. In this way the Norman avoided the dangers of the continental feudal system, by which all inferior vassals held their lands from their liege lord, and were responsible only to him. England never has had a "noble" class. The rank of nobility is purely personal and confined to the actual holder. All the members of his family are commoners. Such titles as they obtain are mere matters of courtesy, not officially acknowledged by the crown or in the peerage.

oath that he will be "good lord to the people." The people swear homage and fealty. Finally the church gives solemn recognition by the sacred right of consecration, anointing the sovereign "with

osition of James could be legally effected only by the voice of the whole of the warriors of the nation in solemn assembly, and by the annulment of the church's religious sanction. In place of that a



JAMES II, THE LAST STUART KING WHO REIGNED IN BRITAIN, DEPOSED BY PARLIAMENT IN JANUARY, 1689.

holy oil as kings, priests, and prophets were anointed."

In December, 1688, when a section of the nation decided that James II must be replaced by a new king, they found themselves face to face with a difficult constitutional problem. The question was how to depose the exiled Stuart and to secure in his place their own nominee. The dep-

packed Parliament, known as the Convention Parliament, met at Westminster on January 22, 1689. Surrounded by Dutch guards, this convention assumed the right of deposing the king and of electing a foreign prince, William of Orange, in his stead.

Only eight years before, the nation had declared the incompetency of a full Par-



CHARLES EDWARD STUART, THE YOUNG PRETENDER, GRANDSON OF JAMES II, AND LEADER OF THE UNSUCCESSFUL REBELLION OF 1745.

liament, even with the king at its head, to alter the lineal force of succession. No Whig had then dared to assert the doctrine that not only a king, but an entire royal family, might be set aside for public convenience. Even the packed Parliament feared its own revolutionarism; the House of Lords refused to say that the king had abdicated, but substituted the word "deserted." Thus illegally was the right of succession taken from James Edward, the Elder Pretender, son of James II, and given over to William,

the husband of Mary, daughter of Charles I.

Neither church nor people ever authorized that change of dynasty, and so arose the attempt of James, the Elder Pretender, to recover the throne in 1715, and the disastrous struggle of Charles, the Young Pretender, in 1745. With the death of the Cardinal Duke of York, in 1807, grandson of James II and younger brother of Prince Charlie, the succession passed to the heirs of the senior female line. From it descends Mary, wife of



JAMES FRANCIS EDWARD STUART, THE OLD PRETENDER, SON OF JAMES II, AND LEADER OF THE UNSUCCESSFUL REBELLION OF 1715.

Prince Ludwig, the eldest son of the Regent Luitpold of Bavaria.

In 1701 the House of Commons, by a majority of one, passed the Act of Settlement, whereby the succession to the crown was settled on the Electress Sophia of Hanover, to the exclusion of all the descendants of Charles I. That act was illegal and unconstitutional. By right of it alone is Edward VII today King of England.

In the discussion of the time the great constitutional lawyer Finch laid it down

that "however badly King James might have administered the government, yet he could not have forfeited more than he possessed—namely, the personal exercise of the government. No one could dare to say that a bad administration invoked a forfeiture of the crown itself." Yet was that done, and by its act the packed Parliament killed the ancient principle of loyalty in Great Britain.

A glance at the following table will show the rival positions of King Edward VII and of Mary of Bavaria, in respect of



PRINCESS LUDWIG OF BAVARIA, WHOM THE LEGITIMISTS CALL QUEEN MARY OF GREAT BRITAIN.



PRINCE RUPPRECHT OF BAVARIA, WHOM THE LEGITIMISTS CALL THE PRINCE OF WALES.

their lineal descent from King James I of England :

JAMES I AND VI, DIED 1625.

Charles I, died 1649.	Elizabeth, died 1662.
Henrietta, died 1670.	Sophia, died 1714.
Anna Maria, died 1728.	George I, died 1727.
Charles Emmanuel III, died 1773.	George II, died 1760.
Victor Amadeus III, died 1796.	Frederick Louis, died 1751.
Victor, died 1824.	George III, died 1820.
Mary III and II, died 1840.	Edward, died 1820.
Ferdinand, died 1849.	Victoria, died 1901.
Mary IV and III, born 1849.	Albert Edward, born 1841.
Robert, born 1869.	George, born 1865.

There are eleven hundred and seventy two descendants of King James I now living; and of these, six hundred have a better claim than King Edward VII upon the loyalty of the British people. By the revolution of 1689, the original argument

on behalf of monarchism—that of personal loyalty to a king carrying the sacred blood of Odin—has been taken away. In its place has been substituted the modern idea of allegiance to a sovereign elected by the people. And yet in the coronation ceremonies is retained all the symbolism which lost its meaning by the act of the Whigs of 1689.

A gentle, lovable, unambitious lady is the legitimate Queen of England, Mary of Bavaria. Her son, Prince Robert (Rupprecht), was born on May 18, 1869. In 1897 he represented Bavaria at the Diamond Jubilee celebration of the late Queen Victoria. Thus did the legitimist heir apparent to the throne of Great Britain carry messages of peace and good will to the noble lady who had usurped his heritage. In their good will lies buried the last dim hope of the Jacobites, the party of the White Cockade.

STORIETTES

Over the Line.

"Whoa, Betty!" The gray mare stopped and sniffed.

"Some one called me," whispered the girl in the buckboard—"close by, too."

She snatched the whip from its socket and gripped the handle. "I may have to start quick," she thought. Then her clear voice rang out, starting the echoes from the boulders above:

"Who is it? Who spoke?"

A little stream of gravel trickled down beside the big rock at her side; a few small stones rattled. Something was moving cautiously in the growth of blackberry vines; then a white face lifted into view, and a hand implored silence.

Jennie Freeland raised her whip in sudden alarm, and looked again. "George!" she cried. "It isn't you? What are you doing here?"

The young man was in the road now. "For God's sake, Jennie, get me over the line," he whispered. His voice and eyes implored piteously. He held up a red, swollen wrist. "It's broke, I guess; I can't drive."

The girl's lithe arm went out and dragged him up beside her. The rich bloom of her cheeks had faded to the palleness of the agonized features at her side. In lightning intuition she read his face. "You did it, George?" trembled her lips.

"Yes! They're after me, Jennie. I've been running and hiding all night."

"Get up, Bet!" The lash fell in a stinging cut. The mare leaped under it, and then steaddied to a rapid trot. "It's ten miles, George; we'll beat them! They can't be far behind. Oh, I never dreamed it was you!"

"Don't give me up, Jennie."

"Give—you—up!" The color surged back to the fresh young face. Her tone was half scornful, half tender. "I suppose you want to go straight to Hiram's?"

"No, I can't trust him. If I can strike Grant Bookers, he will know where to put me, and blind them somehow. Old Grant will do anything for me."

She pressed her face to his. "I know the road. That'll help us—if we get by the stretch. The sheriff was hitching up

as I drove past. Bob Ellery was with him."

"What did you hear, Jennie?" The man's voice trembled. "I never meant to—to—"

"I didn't hear much. Don't let's talk about it. I know they made out a warrant, and that the—the doctor was still working over him. That's all."

Along the ill kept, gravelly road winding through the rugged Vermont hills, the gray mare sped.

"Sheriff Parmalee has a good horse, but he can't beat us, Betty. Go, now! Do your prettiest!" murmured Jennie Freeland. "It's for both of us, Betty. What became of your hat, George?"

"I lost it in the woods. I fell over a stump. Oh, Jennie, think of how happy we were to be, and now!" He was weak, exhausted, and horror stricken. The tears welled into his eyes. The girl swallowed hard, and her white teeth pressed sharply on her under lip, but she did not give way.

"Mother risked everything for father," she said, "and things came out all right. After you're over the line I'll come. It will be hard to leave home, but I'll come. If you're caught, I'll wait."

They had covered half the distance, Betty rattling bravely along, but panting slightly. Far behind the anxious lovers heard a faint halloo. Their heads turned in simultaneous fright.

"It's Parmalee, and he's got Sampson's pair. It's all up, Jennie. Kiss me, darling, before they see us." Case's tone was strong and firm now. His features lighted up. "It's worth it all," he whispered. "It's worth it!"

As he leaned forward for that last caress, the girl straightened up and laughed shrilly. "Sit still!" she cried. "Don't hinder me!"

Now the hoof beats came plainly to their ears, and now the sheriff's shout.

Jennie looked back and waved her hand. A hundred yards and she turned abruptly into an old wood road, up a sharp incline—goading her beast, encouraging, guiding with hands that never faltered—a little further, deeper into the woods.

"Keep quiet, George. We can cro—they never can," she said.



"OF ALL THE CRAZY COOTS I EVER SEE!" THE SHERIFF YELLED IN HIGH WRATH.

George's face was very still, but he sat passive.

The gray mare snorted, trembled, felt carefully with her forefeet.

"Go on, Betty! It's all right, Betty!"

They were over. Behind them was a frail, half tumbling bridge of ancient logs and boards, spanning a chasm thirty feet in depth.

"You may kiss me now. Oh, George

dear!" She burst into wild weeping and clasped him close.

Sheriff Chester Parmalee stopped his horses on the other side of the gap.

"Of all the crazy coots I ever see!" he yelled in high wrath. "An' me comin' all this way to find George, ez I heered he was follerin' the road! No need of runnin' off, George; that man hez come to all right, and says 'twas all his fault, an' he hed no business ter say what he did about the gal—didn't know she was anythin' ter yer. Says ye're a hard hitter." The sheriff grinned. "I've a warrant here for service, an' hev ter go back. What'll you two do? Tain't possible to cross over ag'in. This eend's all loose an' cavin'. Jennie, how come yer ter pick him up?"

"Oh, I found him on the road."

"I see, I see," remarked Parmalee sagely. "Well, ye're a plucky gal. Where ye goin' now?"

"I guess we'll go around by the wood road and come back by the highway," replied the girl, smiling at him. "Tell my folks I'll be a bit late."

And Betty resumed her way more leisurely.

Elliot Walker.

"Bow to the Wittiest."

"Oh, brains, brains!" exclaimed Cornelia irritably. "What good are they? People stop long enough to compliment me on my wit and understanding; then they fly off to Milly and Alice. Brains may be better than nothing, but they are cold comfort when you have beauty and charm in the family. They even prevent my enjoying what I do get. I am too clever not to see what a trivial little half loaf it is. No, don't talk to me about brains!"

Dr. Stewart laughed at the tirade, laughed till there were tears in his pleasant blue eyes. Cornelia was a daily amazement to him. Her frankness gave him just such a shock and thrill as he found in his morning plunge into the lake, leaving him keen and invigorated. Alex Craig, on the lower step of the veranda, laughed also.

"It's not true," he asserted. "Men have no use for the doll woman nowadays."

"I should say not," said Dr. Stewart fervently. "Lord deliver us from a pretty woman who is nothing else!"

She looked from one to the other with amused eyes.

"Oh, you are both very nice!" she said

warmly. Then she rose to her feet.

"Come, let's go canoeing. It's too lovely a day for abstract questions. The cushions are in the hall, Alex."

They went down the path in single file, carrying cushions and paddles. Milly and a long youth called to them and waved golf clubs from the hill. As the canoe cut through the tree pictures that bordered the lake, it passed another canoe floating aimlessly in the shadows, Alice in the stern and a very intent young man facing her. There was no greeting for them here. Cornelia looked at her sister with a certain half amused wonder in her eyes.

"And the greatest of these is—charm," she murmured to herself.

"Cornelia, you must help us out," said Alex presently. "We have got to do something about that beastly boat club entertainment—the whole thing rests on Stewart and me. I would give them the usual thing—people always act '*The Mouse Trap*', and follow it up with a dance, at club entertainments—and I don't see the good of departing from precedent. But Stewart is so troublesome—he wants to be original."

"Of course I do," said Stewart seriously. "The affair is put in our hands, and we're not supposed to do just the easiest thing possible. Don't you think I'm right? Craig really does, too." And the doctor pulled himself up with a laugh, remembering that Alex was joking.

Cornelia's unused abilities always took fire at any demand on them. Her eyes began to shine with coming ideas. Alex, recognizing the signs, lay back in the bow and smoked contentedly while she evolved rapid plans, and the doctor followed with breathless admiration, both growing so excited that the canoe was frequently in peril. They soon had a program made out, and then Cornelia demanded to be taken home at once.

"I want to begin on the play this minute," she declared. "I see it so clearly—Alex, sit up and paddle. I shall have to work like mad to get it done. We can use Milly for her looks, and Alice for her acting—you go and tell them about it right away. I don't want to stop."

She jumped recklessly out at the landing, and flew up the path without further notice of the two men. Stewart beamed after her.

"Isn't she a wonder?" he exclaimed.

"Bully girl," answered Alex lazily. "Shall we paddle a while?"

Cornelia spent a strenuous fortnight,

working early and late in a joyous fever of creation. Nothing could drag her away or even catch her attention. Stewart and Alex came and sat disconsolately on the porch, but sat in vain till Alice and Milly, in sheer pity, took them out on the lake. Stewart, who fell to Alice, talked ceaselessly of Cornelia's amazing cleverness. Alice at first looked amused, then bored, and finally irritated. Alex did not talk of Cornelia, because he did not talk at all. He lay back looking at Milly's profile, three quarters or full face, as they were turned to him, with indifferent approbation, and let her amuse him. Presently Milly, too, looked irritated. Cornelia wrote on in happy oblivion.

On the afternoon of the tenth day she pressed her hair back from her forehead with both hands, then stretched her arms out over her head with a long sigh. It was done, and it was good. She could read it to them now—dear things, who had waited about so patiently and with such perfect faith! Her heart warmed to her two cavaliers. She jumped up and ran gladly out to tell them that they could come back to their allegiance.

She had heard their voices on the porch earlier, but they were not there now. Shielding her tired eyes from the fire of the sunset with her manuscript, she ran down the path, eager for their welcome.

At the bank that overhung the lake she paused and drew breath for a call, then suddenly closed her lips again. Through the birches she could see Milly's white piqué moving slowly in the opposite direction. A white parasol hid her head and that of the man beside her. Something in the way Alex was walking—turned sidewise so as to face his companion, while one hand held the parasol and the other lifted aside chance branches—made her hesitate about calling after them.

She glanced about dubiously, and her eyes fell on a canoe that had just drifted out of the shadows. Alice leaned back in the stern, and facing her was Stewart, his elbows on his knees, his blue eyes fixed intently on her face. They seemed to be talking very gravely, in low, half finished sentences, with long pauses between. An echo of laughter came back from the path Milly had taken, and the white parasol shook through the birches.

Cornelia went slowly up to the house. Presently she smiled. It was a trifle unsteady, perhaps, but still it was a genuine smile.

"And the worst of it is that I'm clever enough to know it's funny," she said to

herself, turning the manuscript over in her fingers.

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.

The Reversal of Winchester.

LUCK was against Winchester. Luck turned him down. If luck had not dabbled in the affair that he was cheerfully endeavoring to bring to a satisfactory end, he would have worked it out beautifully, in a "four times four are sixteen" way, like a formula on a slate. He was a strategist.

Remittance men are invariably English and younger sons, and their antecedents are conjectural. They infest Canadian towns, and are conspicuous by their raiment, generally. Of course there are exceptions, like Winchester, who did not wear riding breeches when the nearest horse adapted for riding lived forty seven miles away. Remittance men have an enjoyable time as long as kind friends in England send money on the instalment plan. They are generally harmless, and many of them are not so green as they look. I have known remittance men who played the game of draw poker in a way that won my respect.

Winchester was a remittance man, and there came a time when his remittances ceased to arrive—a distressing calamity that disturbs the even drift of the serene, contented lives of most remittance men sooner or later. When this dire and baleful affliction takes the gilt off the delight of the remittance man's life, it is interesting to observe him and see what he does. Some of them go to work cheerfully, like self reliant Canucks. Some join irregular cavalry companies, to be rigged up in khaki clothes and wide rimmed cow puncher hats and shipped to South Africa, where they fight with great cheer, break all existing records for reckless bravery, and ruin the reputation for good shooting won by the real Canucks. Some go to the devil—many of them have not far to go; and some endeavor to do somebody up. This last was what Winchester did, and he was not modeled for a swindler, either.

The trunk lines to wealth might have been sidings for all Winchester cared, until the remittances stopped coming over the deep blue sea. Then he was deeply concerned, and began at once to ponder and machinate. The idea of swindling anybody was very repellent to him during several days of deep reflection; but five hundred dollars was all the money he had, and men of his type sel-

dom work. Perhaps they have a slight felonious bent. Most men have, indeed. But until pressing need comes down the

throw a dark shadow in front of you, or if the stirring rod of gossip does not agitate the murk at the bottom of the dim,



"I MUST HAVE LOST THE BEARINGS OF THE CONFOUNDED VEIN, YOU KNOW," SAID WINCHESTER.

trail they are as virtuous as nature has arranged for single men boarding in hotels to be.

One of the grand trunk roads to easy fortune, in a country like north Ontario, is the despoiling of exotic gentlemen, chiefly of England, by the "salting" swindle. Of a certainty, it is a fine line, down hill all the way from the starting point to the terminus, and a five per cent grade, too. Of course, when you have reached the end of the line you stay there. There's no turning back.

"Salting" is an artifice of beautiful simplicity, if your antecedents do not

deep mouthed jar of your life. You procure some ore—tin ore, let us say—and in the deep of a dark night you diffuse chunks of it over a desolate area of wilderness where there might be tin or any other mineral under the crust of the world, if surface indications are really indicative. You sprinkle your ore just as the smart boy in the story book scattered bread crumbs behind him to mark the trail when his wicked uncle endeavored to lose him in the lonely forest. Then you announce cheerfully that it has been your good fortune to find a rich vein of tin, and, after having bought

from the government the land where your make believe vein is located, you invite an expert to view the deposit.

This gentleman, being an expert, will be without enthusiasm. He will accompany you reluctantly, he will smoke your cigars and drink your whisky, and if he can pick up the ore from the rock he will take the rest for granted. On the strength of his report, which will no doubt be favorable, you will be able to sell the mine for at least twenty thousand dollars to a man who wishes to invest his money so that more than four per cent per annum will accrue to him therefrom.

Then, if you wish to flourish in your sin, the railroad time tables, and the schedules of the sailing dates of steamers, and the guidebooks descriptive of climates very near the equator whose mutable administrations have not yet arranged extradition treaties with better governed nations, will interest you more deeply than any other printed literature. Probably you will have lived in South America a month or longer before you will be troubled with vain regrets. The scenery down there is absorbing and will keep you from realizing the enormity of your offense. But in due time you will ponder the path of your feet, and you will realize the truth of many statements made in the Old Testament.

Winchester meant to do all these things in leisurely rotation, except that he was sure he would never feel remorse. He even chose a town in Chili which he knew to be a desirable place to live. When he had mentally mapped out every phase of the evil business and charted down every danger that might wreck the scheme, he cheerfully began to work it out like a simple problem in algebra.

He left Sudbury, and was absent a whole moon, as the Indians say. On the last day of the month he returned from Cornwall, in England, where there are real tin mines. His sole leather trunk was very ponderous, and gave much trouble to the railway baggagemen. Tin ore is weighty stuff.

He took a canoe and a month's provisions, mostly in sacks, and went prospecting by himself. He was gone two weeks. He disseminated the tin ore plentifully, a chunk of ore to every linear foot of a narrow strip of the Algoma district in a forsaken wilderness whose solitude probably had not been disturbed since the glacial period, though the place was only one day's paddling from a town. He distributed the ore thickly, so that it would

be easy for the expert to take up a collection when he came to inspect the bonanza.

Various kinds of experts were available, and Winchester had already chosen a suitable one. It was his kindly intention to administer, on the day of the trip to the tin vein, an adequate amount of whisky to the expert, which wouldn't be as difficult as it would be to dose the expert with cold water.

It was at this stage in the game that luck, or fate, sent a Methodist Christian Sunday School Endeavoring Society to balk the villain—though the M. C. S. E. S. is not yet aware of the good it did.

These Christians inhabited the town which would have won fame on account of its convenient proximity to the new tin mine if they had not arrived fortuitously at the lonely spot which Winchester had seeded down with tin ore in the afternoon of the day after the "salter" had started back to Sudbury. On that day they diverted themselves with the innocent form of sport called a picnic. They hired the only steamboat that was available, and she pawed her way up the river early in the morning, towing a lumber scow loaded with Methodists clothed in bright raiment and rejoicing loudly. The coughing steamer waddled past the riverside picnic grounds which the villagers frequented by habit, and went farther up the river than any large excursion party had ever gone before. When she stopped within a mile or so of the sham tin mine, on account of the shallow water, many of the energetic Christians went farther up stream in canoes and skiffs, which they had brought with them for this purpose.

Luck, or fate, sent them ashore at the western end of Winchester's tin vein. They ate their canned salmon and ham sandwiches and sponge cake, and then they went vagabonding in open order, as it were, over the rock flats, searching for fossils and bits of quartz.

Naturally they picked up chunks of tin ore. They admired the shiny facets on the ore, which caught the light, and that is why you will find pieces of ore in the houses of these Christians, on the parlor center tables, where they keep the big, leather bound family Bibles, and the purple and gilt photograph albums, and the concertinas and the colored glass vases. Also that is the reason why the expert was unable to find even one small bit of ore when Winchester led him to the spot a week later.

Winchester wondered who had euchred him. He said: "By gad, I must have lost the bearings of the confounded vein, you know; the beastly country looks so much alike all over here."

The expert answered and said: "Why the place of torment didn't you mark it down with stakes, in the regular way, when you had it found?"

Winchester suggested that the best thing to do was to make camp and search for the vein next day. The sun was low. The expert thought this was a good suggestion. So they ordered the Indian paddler to make camp and cook supper. There was still whisky left in the jug, and after supper the expert honestly endeavored to empty it, with the assistance of the Indian.

In the middle of the night, when the other men were sleeping deeply with the empty jug at their feet, Winchester rose up, unrolled his blankets, and slipped away down stream in the canoe. If you consider the circumstances, you will see that it was the only thing he could do. He has not been seen since, and it is supposed that the Pacific express carried him west the next day. The railway passes through the town where the Christians dwell; and the expert, who is rather fat, and the Indian, who had to carry about a hundred pounds of camp outfit, wearily walked into town, distributing curses to every yard of the trail.

Mastyn Pollock-Pogue.

The Widow's Choice.

An air of suppressed excitement pervaded the little knots of men at the street corners. There was a rumor abroad that for the first time in twelve years the Thirteenth Ward would go Democratic, and it was the night before election.

Strange men had been seen for more than a week buttonholing the leaders, and it was a well known fact that it had been the strong personality of "the Old Man," as he was affectionately called, that had held the ward for the Republicans. When he absolutely refused a renomination for Congress, and Barney Mulcahey's name was put up, there were signs of a change of party.

The first caller at the Widow Flynn's saloon that night was Pat Murphy. As he sidled up to the bar the temptation was too great. He kissed the widow on the cheek. The widow bridled up and soundly boxed his ear.

"Take that," she cried, "for an impudent rascal, and Mike not a year dead!"

"Sure now, Peggy," he protested, "you know I'm only waiting for decency's sake or I'd asked you at the funeral. I've waited now ten years, and it's a long time. Mike was a friend of mine, but I always begrimed him wan thing, and you know what that was."

"Hush your nonsense," she said. "I have work to do this night, and no time for foolin'."

"It's no foolin' to me," he muttered.

"They tell me," continued the widow, "that the Thirteenth's goin' Dimmycratic. That's a foine way of standin' by 'the Old Man,' I don't think. What do they know of the Dimmocrat? I know him, I lived in his family as second gurl for two years. There's where you see a man, and, Pat Murphy, if he riprisednt the party of the Holy Father himself I wouldn't vote for him. Now, listen to me, do you work this night for Barney Mulcahey for mimbier of Congress, and if he carries the ward Republican, maybe—now, mind you, I say *maybe*—I'll listen to your nonsense. None o' that, now"—as he leaned towards her. "And another thing—I may keep a saloon, but if you touch a drop of whisky don't come near me, d'ye hear? I mane it."

The city hall bell struck one, there was a clatter in the engine house near by, and at the stroke of eight, as the horses settled themselves back in their stalls, the crowd began to move towards the widow's saloon. For she was pretty and popular, and all of Mike's old friends felt a certain responsibility when he was taken so suddenly that hot July day.

Old Pat Reddy was speaking as they came in. "It's time we changed, byes. We'd have voted for 'the Old Man' as long as he'd run. Where'd our pinsons been if he hadn't looked out for them? But now he's out we'd better go back to the old party."

"Yes," called the Widow; "it's a pity 'the Old Man' ever let go his holt on ye." She drew glass after glass of beer and wiped off the counter with a fresh towel. "Not one of you men could fool him—he read you every time; but let a woman go to him with the words 'hunger and cold' in her mouth, and his hand was in his pocket and a half a ton of coal in her hallway while other men would be asking her name, and showing her the way to the 'Sassietty.' I suppose your fine new Dimmocrat, Mr. Monroe, will look after us all, too. Well, let me tell you, you'll get left. I know him well, and whin he goes to Washin'ton he goes for the Honorable Peter Monroe.

Oh, it's lucky you have your pinsions, for it 'ud be singin' ye would be for them if you dipindid upon him. I tell you, you'd better pin your faith to Barney Mulcahey, and I'd like to cast eyes on the jay what's tried to queer him in the ward. Ah, ha, I thought so," she said, as a well dressed young Irishman quietly slid out of the door.

"Pat Murphy," she called. "Follow that fool Flannigan, and don't let him out o' your sight the night. If he begins to talk 'Monroe' muzzle him."

Murphy looked longingly at the flushed face of the widow, and whispered over the bar: "Did you mane what you said the now?"

"Try me and see," she laughed.

"They say," growled the widow's cousin, "that Mulcahey's not a good Catholic." He looked around at his audience and softly fingered a bill in his pocket, the like of which he hadn't seen in many a day.

"You don't say!" cried the widow. "Much you know about it. Was it your intintion to run him for a bishop? What is a good Catholic?" She leaned over the bar and the men fell silent.

"Now, I'll tell you some things about Mulcahey that you don't know. How manny of you would have been good Catholics if you'd been raised in Poverty Hollow, with no church nearer than the city, and you that poor that you were never sure at night what you'd eat in the mornin'? That's where Barney was born, and his mother reared him on the washboard. From the time he could walk he worked, if there was anything a kid could do. Then he went to school, when he could be covered enough to be decent, and he worked until he worked his way through college, and him—an Irishman like ourselves—livin' on nothing a week so that he could be eddicated and be fit to hold high places. You talk about his being a 'poor Catholic'! Well, he's good enough for the bishop, who's blessed every room in Mr. Mulcahey's new house. I hope you'll feel better, Tim, for knowin' that when you want him to get you on the foorce!"

There was a laugh, and Tim sat down by the stove.

"But, byes, I want ye, Dimmycrat or Republican, to vote for Barney Mulcahey, the man. Now, listen, I'm going to tell ye something that I hoped would lie buried in my heart, and I ask you not to mintion it among yourselves, for it's hard to speak of. Mr. Reddy, you remember what a foine man my father

was in years gone? Well, they turned him out from Monroe's mill. Your choice for mimber said he stole. Think of that, byes, a Moriarty of Limerick a thief! Of course it was all a lie, and they found the right man, but they never righted it with my father, and he took to drink. They broke his heart.

"We were poor after that, almost too poor to eat, and always too proud to beg, so those years I like to forget. One night I woke up, and I heard a man in the next room saying to my father, 'Mr. Moriarty, Irishmen should stand by each other. I have been looking for you, and I want you to be janitor in the Neenagh block.' Not a word did he say about his discharge from Monroe. But it was too late, and my father died, and today, instead of lying in Potter's Field, he is in St. Joseph's, with a stone at his head. Barney Mulcahey was a true friend, I tell ye, and he looked for nothing in return. Byes, don't be jealous of his wealth; he deserves every bit of it, but take his own words, 'Irishmen should stand by each other.' Good night. The shutters are going up."

It was Presidential year, but on election night the interest in the Thirteenth Ward was centered on the Member of Congress, and the saloon of the Widow Flynn was crowded early in the evening. No private wire ran into the room, but messengers from the polls were constant and talkative. The widow was unmistakably nervous, and let many a glass foam over on the tidy bar.

"How is it going?" she demanded of old Reddy as he came in.

"I dunno, I dunno," he said. "I done all I can. I heard a Monroe man say somebody's been tamperin' with this ward since yesterday noon. If the ward goes Raypublican it's you that's done it, widdy!"

"Where's Pat?" asked some one.

"How should I know?" retorted the widow consciously. "I haven't seen him since last night."

"Well, I have, thin," answered Tim with a chuckle. "At five o'clock this mornin' he had his mother's nag hitched to a Dimmycrat wagon, and he was draggin' all the old dubs in the ward to the polls."

And the widow laughed.

The clock struck eleven, then twelve, and still the shutters were open, and no certain word had come from the polls. The fire bells rang out and the engine tore down the street, but tonight it made no difference to the waiting crowd. The

clock struck one. Outside there was a wild "hurrah," and Pat Murphy sprang into the room, waving his hat.

"Hooray!" he cried. "Hooray! The Thirteenth went solid for Mulcahey!"

Great circles were under his eyes, for he had forgotten to eat that day, and he could scarcely stand for weariness.

"Pat," called the widow, "come here."

Murphy walked over to the bar, and in the face and eyes of the crowd the widow put both arms round his neck and kissed him.

J. V. Z. Belden.

A Cold Hearted Criminal.

ON Wednesday, the third day of March, Godfrey Cousins was found dead below the back window of the apartment in which he lived.

It was supposed by the police that he had been murdered, for on the back of his head was a severe wound, indicating a fractured skull. Yet he had fallen on his face the short distance from his first story window.

The only other person known to have been in the apartment at the time of Godfrey's death was his brother Archibald, the two occupying a suite of three rooms together.

Archibald, at the inquest, told an exceedingly strange and ineffectual story. He said that he had gone into his bedroom for a smoking jacket, leaving Godfrey filling his pipe. The day was warmer than any for a week past, and they had left the back window open, it being the breaking up of winter. Suddenly Archibald heard a cry from the room in which he had left Godfrey. Rushing back, he found the chamber empty. Instinctively he started to the window, and beneath was Godfrey, dead.

Death could not have been the result of the fall, and the verdict was murder.

In the dead man's room was a collection of heavy hunting knives, sabers, cutlasses, and Filipino bolos. By the medical testimony, any of these might have caused the wound on Godfrey's head.

Archibald admitted that he frequently quarreled with his brother. They had had hot words the day of Godfrey's death, which occurred at three o'clock in the afternoon. He was arrested and indicted for the murder of his brother.

After lying in jail for three weeks, Archibald came up for trial. He had employed in his defense a remarkably able lawyer, a man who had never lost, in six years' practice, a single criminal case.

People said that Seton Summerville was now to meet his first reverse.

Summerville carefully studied every incident connected with the crime. He was astounded as he realized how completely circumstances combined to convict Archibald. Press and public had already condemned him.

Then Summerville went to the home of the brothers and studied it. He called but few witnesses, and but languidly cross examined those the prosecution had put upon the stand. When the district attorney had finished his argument no one in the court room had a doubt that Archibald Cousins was guilty.

When he rose to address the jury there was an air of confidence about Summerville that riveted the attention of all who saw him.

Summerville first reviewed the character of the evidence he had introduced. A mathematician from Columbia University had been asked to inform the jury what momentum a falling body five pounds in weight would gain in fifty feet, and what force it would exert upon any object with which it might finally come in contact. The only other witness was the janitress of the Cousins' house, who had described the premises, the position of the rooms, the height of the window from the courtyard, and the wintry state of the surroundings, with the ice bound ground, and the icicles hanging from the eaves.

Summerville's argument was very brief.

He said: "Godfrey Cousins, at three o'clock in the afternoon of March 3, as he leaned out of the window, was struck on the head by an icicle."

Every jurymen started in his seat; the women in the court room craned their necks at Summerville, the men's eyes flashed, the correspondents wrote rapidly.

"Godfrey Cousins was engaged in filling his pipe when his brother, Archibald, left the room. He went first to the window to knock out the ashes. There were ashes on the window sill. His pipe was found lying beside him in the courtyard.

"Directly over Cousins' window hung a huge icicle, grown from the snows of the preceding week. The weather had commenced to thaw. The third of March was the warmest day of the whole winter. At six in the morning the temperature was twenty nine degrees. At nine o'clock it was thirty five degrees; at twelve, forty degrees; at three o'clock, forty three.

"One by one the icicles fell to the courtyard. At three o'clock a few remained. At that hour one over Geoffrey

Cousins' window fell, struck him on the back of the head, and precipitated his senseless body into the courtyard."

Summerville applied his argument by quoting the expert testimony of the professor, the probable weight of the icicle, its falling velocity, and its effect on a man's skull after a drop of fifty feet.

He resumed his seat. The jury sat spellbound. After a ten minutes' conference the foreman reported for his colleagues: "Not guilty." Summerville had won his case. The prisoner sat dazed. The lawyer received more congratulations than Archibald, the man with few friends.

When the crowd had gone, and Summerville was stepping into his hansom, a young man approached him.

"May I detain you a moment, Mr. Summerville?" He touched the lawyer's arm.

"What is it?"

"I have listened to your plea, Mr. Summerville. I live in the boarding house whose rear commands the back window of the Cousins' apartment."

"Yes? Well, what of it?" demanded Summerville impatiently.

"There was no icicle over that window all winter!"

Paul G. Clark.

A Laggard in Love.

HAMILIN came to himself while the doctors were working over him. He looked round, mildly curious, and his eyes fell on Catherine Young.

"I say—what's the matter? Where am I?" he asked feebly.

"You've been hurt, Arthur. Don't you remember the runaway in the avenue?"

"Oh, yes! Kids in the rig, weren't there?"

"Yes, but you must keep quiet."

"All right. Children hurt?"

"No. I won't tell you any more now."

At first it had seemed a simple fracture of the arm, but as the days passed complications developed. There were consultations of doctors, and the question of an amputation was discussed. An attempt had been made to keep the gravity of his position from Hamlin, but the quick brain and keen eyes of that young man pierced their flimsy subterfuges. He divined that he was in a critical condition. His chance came one day when he was alone with the nurse and Catherine Young.

"I would like to see you alone for a few moments, Miss Young. Do you

think Miss Severance could be induced to recreate for a few minutes?" He smiled.

Miss Severance was a lover herself, and she was not the less easily induced on that account. When they were alone the young man commanded the girl to come closer.

She came forward to the bedside.

"Kneel down, please—so that your eyes will be on a level with mine."

She knelt, wondering.

"That's right. Now look straight at me. I want you to tell me how badly hurt I am."

Her troubled eyes met his and wavered.

"The doctors do not know yet exactly," she told him gently.

He smiled faintly, quite determined to get a definite answer.

"Come, Kate, it's no use dodging. Look at me and out with it. I'm not a schoolgirl. Am I going to die?"

Her voice was very brave, but it hurt her more to tell the truth than it did him to hear it.

"We hope it is not so bad as that. You have been badly shaken, and there are internal complications; but the worst trouble is your arm."

"Are they going to amputate?"

"Yes."

His eyes winced, but he held his voice steadily. "They're afraid the shock will kill me—is that it?"

She nodded, her throat swelling to an impossibility of words.

He lay quiet for a time, his face turned to the wall. Her whole heart went out to him in a surge of passionate pity and love for the man so stricken, struggling alone in the grimmest fight of his life. The girl had the insight to refrain from words, but under strong impulse she leaned forward and touched his cheek with her lips. His well hand sought hers, found it, and gripped it strongly.

When he turned again towards her she was amazed to find in his eyes a shining triumph. She had looked for them to fly the flag of despair, perhaps, or brave endurance, but certainly not this.

"All my life I have been shadowed by the fear that I was a coward. Put it from me as I would, it has always lurked in the background of my consciousness. When I was a little fellow ghosts and burglars haunted the spaces of the night for me. As I grew older I was always loath to fight, timid about doing daring things. At sports I was a laggard."

"I think you are the bravest man I know," she told him simply.

They were silent for many minutes after that, both thinking of what the end might be, the likelihood that he might be going to his death. Of the two he faced the contingency the more calmly.

"After all, death is not the greatest evil that can befall one. Rightly understood, I suppose it is no evil at all," he told her. The tide of her emotions was full.

"You know, of course, that I love you, Kate; that I always have; that it is in keeping with my weakness that I have stood back while others have pressed boldly forward to win you."

She was silent a moment; then, "Yes, I know you love me," she said.

"Almost without hope I have loved. It has been the weakling's part I have played—desiring much, hoping little, compelling nothing. Hasn't some writer put it that way?"

"I don't know," she answered softly. "Love is not like other things. It is not to be compelled. It goes its own way."

His eager eyes shone.

"Do you mean—?" His voice was very wistful.

Her gray eyes came up steadily to meet his. "Always and always."

"You mean it, Kate? This is no false kindness because I am so ill?"

For answer her full rich lips kissed his pallid ones. He drew a long breath.

"I shall not die. I have too much to live for now. You will see that I shall come back from the shadowy valley after all. Love will conquer death this time."

And it did. Against all the probabilities of science, against the predictions of the celebrated surgeon, he rallied from the shock slowly and steadily. The laggard had conquered.

William MacLeod Raine.

Fore!

I HAVE always objected to the presence of women on a golf course. They cut up the putting greens with foolish French heels, demoralize the bunkers, and a whole field waiting while they readjust a hair pin.

I especially opposed Julia's interference with the game during the period of our brief engagement. A woman's place is in her kitchen in the morning, and in her drawingroom in the afternoon. I countenance neither typewriting machines nor bicycles for our twentieth century femininity.

To my amazement, Julia refused to accept my supervision of her sports. She even prevailed upon me to play a round

with her at the Country Club, and, owing to circumstances which I readily explained to her, beat me by four up and three to play. The result confirmed me in my objection to women's meddling with men's games.

We discussed the matter somewhat heatedly, and in the evening Julia aroused my resentment by flirting outrageously with a Mr. Spofforth, who is in the running for the amateur championship. Consequently, to chasten her, I went alone to the Country Club on the following morning, having first sent her a polite intimation that I should be unable to see her that day.

I generally play a single—there are so few members in my class. The day was warm, and at the far hole I lay down for a moment to rest myself. While cogitating, I saw Mr. Spofforth suddenly appear over the twelfth hole bunker with a rifle in his hand. Murder was in his eye. I realized he meant to shoot me. I sought to withdraw, but with a savage yell he fired. The bullet struck me somewhere in the rear, and for a moment the world swung pendulumwise.

When I recovered, Julia was standing over me, her eyes blazing, her little hands clenched. Near her Mr. Spofforth was grinning inanely.

"Algrie, you fool!" she cried. "How dare you spoil my brassey stroke? You've lost me the hole. I hate you!"

She looked a very cacodemon towering above me in her crimson golfing jacket. My feelings were hurt. The sting of a well driven Haskell had bitten into my flesh. I rose with such dignity as my bruise permitted, and faced her.

"Julia," I said, "our engagement is at an end!"

She was not as crushed as I had anticipated, but turned to the Spofforth person with a smile.

"Thank you, Algernon. I had already written you to the same effect. Mr. Spofforth and I have made a match of it. Good morning!"

Before I had thought of a suitable rejoinder she had played her iron to the green, and with an insolent swirl of her skirts had swept past me.

I hobbled back to the club house, and entered upon the suggestion book a proposed addition to the rules:

No woman will be admitted to the Tarryville Country Club or allowed to trespass upon the ground thereof on any pretext whatsoever.

That was a month ago, and my rule has not yet found a seconder.

Algernon Ardee.

The Managing Editor.

A TALE OF NEWSPAPER ROW AND ITS LIFE OF STRESS.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINÉ.

I.

A LONG Park Row the five o'clock pandemonium reigned. At Lipton's the usual crowd gathered along the bar and at the tables. A good many newspaper men collected here in the early evening for a bite and a glass of something, and incidentally to denounce those who had wronged them.

The place had been not inaptly termed the "Hammer Club," and one of its most typical members greeted the tall chap who had just entered—Venning, a special writer of the *Sentinel's* Sunday staff. The former had been also of that paper—an artist who had subsisted later from such work and ideas as he could dispose of about town. The two shook hands, and the tall chap led the way to the bar.

"Well, Risby, old man," he said, "I'm in your boat now. I'm on the town."

The artist wheeled from the intensely interesting operation of filling his glass.

"You don't mean it! Well, you know what I always said! What's the row?"

The other poured his liquor gloomily.

"Oh, nothing much. I quit."

The artist regarded him with an incredulous smile.

"Oh, yes," he sniffed, "we all—quit."

Risby was a fat little man with sparse, erect hair, and wore glasses that gave him the appearance of a rather violent bumblebee. The other smiled.

"Fact," he insisted. "They asked me if I'd quit if they stopped my pay. I said I would, so they stopped it."

"Oh!"

They put down their drained glasses. The artist began to talk before he was through wiping his lips.

"I'll bet Maguire's at the bottom of it," he announced vigorously. (Maguire was the *Sentinel's* night editor, and Risby's pet aversion.)

The writer of specials shook his head. The other persisted.

"Oh, yes; you don't know! That fellow's a peach! Do you know what he used to do to me?"

The bottle was once more propelled towards the excited artist.

"What was it, old man? I don't remember."

"What was it! Well, I'll give you one example. Just one of a good many. The paper sent me across the bridge one morning on a strike story, and I tramped around all day in the rain getting the sketches. I was on space then, and I made a four column out of it—a good one, too—a corker! And what do you suppose that lobster did?"

Venning shook his head. Risby's few hairs stood up straight.

"I'll tell you what he did! He said, 'Oh, to h—— with the picture! Story's better without it!' Now, what do you think of that?"

The special writer shook his head sympathetically.

"I know," he said, "but it wasn't Maguire this time; it was Sprood."

The name Sprood was a red rag to Risby.

"Oh, it was!" he snorted. "It was Sprood! Big man now! Managing editor—king's favorite, with the whole office under his thumb! I was on the *Sentinel* when Tommy Sprood came there, ten years ago. He'd been Newburgh correspondent, making about seven dollars a month. Then he happened to do something that caught the Old Man, and was brought down the river, at ten a week. Now the Old Man stays in London, and Tommy Sprood's the whole show. Turns us all down. Let me show you what he did to me today."

Risby snatched a letter out of his pocket, and opened it.

"I sent him over a cartoon idea. Good one, too—corker! Croker sitting on Tammany, with his feet on City Hall, Bully, eh? Well, just glance at that!"

The artist pushed the letter in front of his companion, and read it aloud to him:

MY DEAR MR. RISBY:

You can make good cartoons. Why don't you make some for the *Sentinel*?

"Now, what do you think of that? Wouldn't that kill you?"

For reply, Venning gloomily gathered up the bar check. Risby crammed the letter into his pocket. Then, remember-

ing, and perhaps wishing to renew interest:

"But what's up now? What happened to you?"

"Oh, nothing much. I did something the Old Man didn't like, so he cabled my resignation. I leave Saturday."

The artist looked puzzled.

"I thought the Old Man liked your stuff. You must have fallen down hard."

"Oh, no—story was good enough. Maybe you saw it. One about Countess Mendez—two Sundays ago. It was the idea itself he didn't like."

Risby's bewilderment grew.

"But Clymer's Sunday editor; didn't he order the story?"

"Yes—that is—the order came through Clymer."

"And you get fired! Well, I'll be—"

"Does seem rather funny, to begin at the bottom. No telling where it will stop, though. Clymer is pretty uncomfortable himself."

Venning had turned to go, but by this time Risby was interested to the point of ordering the refreshments.

"Come over to a table," he urged, "and tell me about it."

The writer yielded, though with some reluctance.

"Oh, well," he agreed, at last, "it's no secret. Sprood conceived the idea a few weeks ago that we ought to run a series on American girls who have made romantic foreign attachments. He told Clymer to begin with Mendez, and, to put me on the job. I went to our own files for the stuff. Sprood and Clymer both said it was a good story. Unfortunately, none of us happened to know that the Countess had become a very particular friend of the Old Man's."

The glass that was half way to the artist's lips stopped.

"Lord! Oh, Lord!" he said. "I begin to see. The Old Man was mad, and didn't stop to reflect or to make inquiries."

"On the contrary, I don't think he was at all mad, and probably realized just how it happened. It's the Countess that's mad and don't realize. She knows nothing about a newspaper, and if the Old Man told her he'd fire the fellow that wrote the article she'd be satisfied—at least, until she learns that somebody else stood for it. She probably never will. Even if she does, it will only be up to Clymer. The Old Man won't let Sprood go—not yet. It isn't a question of sentiment. The Old Man's rather shy on sentiment—at least, on this side of the water. He's

simply a king that pushes a button connecting with the executioner, and heads fall. He's too far away to care. Besides, kings don't, as a rule. After all, it's rather fine to be a lord like that, with a hundred heads at the end of a cable, and a push button in easy reach. Like this, for instance: Scene: Cozy retreat in a palm corner of the Old Man's London house. Countess and Old Man sitting tête-à-tête—table between, with viands and thin glasses.

Countess (lifting her glass): 'Carlos'—I suppose she calls him Carlos, in deference to the language acquired with her title—'Carlos, that varlet of yours has wounded me with his vile pen. I demand his life.'

Old Man (languidly, and reaching for push button): "Say no more, Margherita"—she was Maggie over here—Maggie Smith—"he shall expiate his base deed." (Pushes button. Head on Park Row falls—thud heard across the Atlantic.)

The writer had become quite gay during this bit of burlesque, but the artist did not respond to the humors of the situation.

"Look here, Venning," he snarled, "I thought I had kicks enough coming, but this is the limit. I know, of course, the Old Man has a lot of people hanging around him over there—mostly broken down nobility, and that sort—but I didn't think—"

"You heard about Fetter, didn't you?"

"You mean the sporting editor—used to be on the *Sentinel*. No, what was it?"

"Well, it's how Fetter came to leave. He'd been doing some good stuff, and the Old Man thought he'd like to have a look at him. So he sent for Fetter to come over. Fetter went in great style, at the Old Man's expense. Lucania—exclusive state room—knickerbockers—steamer rug—great! Old Man received him very cordially, and took him out with the gang. That's where Fetter fell down on his assignment. He overdid the thing. Took on a big jag, and got familiar. 'Look here, old man,' he says, 'what in blank do you want all these purple monkeys about you for?' Fetter came back on a cattle steamer."

"Of course, but what I was going to say was that I didn't know the Old Man ever let any of that gang meddle with the paper."

"No? Well, maybe this is a special case."

"Very special," assented Risby thoughtfully; "but do you know what sur-

prises me most in it, after all, is Sprood. I know, of course, he'd cut off his best friend's head if the Old Man ordered it—so long as it didn't put himself in a bad light. Sprood's weak point is what people think of him, or rather what he thinks people think of him. This is one time when they know, and when Tommy knows they know, and are waiting to see if he's got sand enough to make good."

"Oh, well, Sprood's probably cabled the facts. He couldn't afford to make it an issue with the Old Man. What's my job to his? He's at the top of his ambition, and he's got to stay there, at any cost. And it costs enough, too, don't forget that. I've seen him go pretty white lately when the paper got beat and he had to report to the other side. Because he dines at Del's every night, and opens two or three bottles, it's no sign he's happy. Being king's favorite doesn't always mean a bed of roses, and the only way to be king's favorite is just to be it, and serve the will of the king. Read history, Risby."

"All the same," persisted the artist, "there was a time when Sprood in a thing of this kind would have stood for himself. If he doesn't now, it's because the ground's getting shaky under his own feet. It's getting shaky, I tell you, and he's scared. The *Sentinel's* been up against more than one beat lately, and now this thing—Look here, Venning, Tommy Sprood's going to hear something drop one of these days, and it may be his own head—mark my words!"

"Well, of course he can't last forever," assented Venning. "Nobody does that; especially on the *Sentinel*. There have been other managing editors over there—some of them are there yet. They're not managing editors now. I suppose his turn will come, too—that is, unless he tumbles over. He's getting pretty fat, you know."

Risby nodded his head ominously as he set down his glass.

"I wouldn't wonder if something happened sooner than you think," he said rather mysteriously.

II.

THE managing editor regarded in silence the blue cable message that lay before him. He was a trifle less rubicund than usual, and swung nervously in his revolving chair. He was a stout, resolute looking man, with a face that indicated dynamic energy, acuteness, aggressive ambition, and little or no spirit-

uality—the face of a man who had shouldered his way to the front and meant to stay there. He had let nothing stand in his way. Friends—even those who had assisted him—who long before had given him an opportunity to become what he was—most of them had gone down, or been thrust aside.

There had been other favorites. These had fallen behind. Thomas Sprood did not intend to fall behind. There had been many difficult situations—difficult situations were always arising on the *Sentinel*—but he had faced them in turn, and triumphed. When another paper had beaten him on an important news story, it had been hard sometimes to cable the facts to his master, but he had done so, confident that in some way he would retrieve. Thus far he had not failed.

It is true, he had never before conflicted with his master's personal life and relations, and the fact that this had come on the heels of a big news beat made by the *Globe*—the paper of all others least tolerable—did not improve the situation. Still, he would win out. Clymer must go, of course. Like Venning, he was a good man, and it was a pity. However, they could be spared. The woman would be satisfied then—she must be. She could hardly learn, he thought, of his connection with the matter. The King would see to that—unless—unless the King should want to get rid of him because of flagging vigilance. Suddenly he shut his teeth and wheeled back to his desk. Flagging vigilance? He had been never so alive, so acute, so capable as now—so ready for a master stroke, and he would make it! He touched an electric button and a boy appeared in the doorway.

"Say to Mr. Burleigh that I wish to see him immediately."

The boy vanished, and a moment later a grizzled, striking looking man entered. It was Sam Burleigh, day city editor, and one of the oldest men on the paper. Whatever there was to know about newspaper making, he knew. He knew the city as a gambler knows his pack, and in the game of news gathering rarely failed to pick the winning cards.

When young Sprood had been brought from the country and put on the staff, the elder man had taken a certain fancy to the indomitable youth who would let nothing stand in his way to "make good" on his assignment, who had more than once risked life rather than failure, and who even of failures had made stepping stones to ever more ambitious advancement.

"Keep your eye on Tommy Sprood," Burleigh had been wont to say. "He will be giving orders to all of us before you know it."

In two years his prophecy had been justified. The owner across the seas had sent one day for the smooth faced young man who on the night city desk had displayed such unusual genius for executive accomplishment and getting ahead. It was reported to him that this young man never allowed sentiment to interfere with the success of the paper, or with his own advancement. The owner knew the value of such a man. Tommy Sprood returned as Mr. Sprood, managing editor of the *Sentinel*. It took the breath of a good many. It rather pleased Sam Burleigh—perhaps because he had so prophesied. We are apt to be partial towards our own forecastings.

"What did I tell you about keeping your eye on Tommy Sprood?" he laughed, shaking his grizzled head, and Burleigh, who had no ambition beyond his present allotment, became the one man on the paper who was admitted to the new chief's confidence, and with whom he retained any degree of intimacy. They were still "Tommy" and "Sam," in privacy, and outside of the general council consulted almost daily as to ways and means. If the elder man did not always approve of his chief's ethical code, this fact was kept in the background. Entering now, he closed the door behind him, and took a chair opposite his chief. The latter handed him a cable message silently.

"You see, Sam, Clymer is to go, too. I hardly expected that. Somebody has been talking to the woman. Of course there's always plenty to talk. God knows what else they've told."

Burleigh glanced at the cable, then laid it on the desk.

"Good man, Clymer. Pity to lose him."

"We'll have to put Forest on. Vening was a good man, too."

"Two good men for one fool woman. Well, it can't go any further."

The managing editor did not answer at first. Then he leaned forward.

"Look here, Sam, I'm not so sure of that. This thing has come at a bad time. We've been beaten twice by the *Globe* lately, and there's nothing galls the Old Man like that. Now, this affair—you see, the woman must have a pretty good hold on him, and somebody's setting her on. Sooner or later she's bound to know my part in it. Then all depends on what her

influence is against mine. You know the Old Man acts quick. You remember how Jarvis went and Chickering came in, and how Chickering went to make room for me. I don't know who would come next—Hassam, perhaps; he's the only one I can think of."

Burleigh flung his grizzled locks impatiently.

"Oh, the devil! Hassam isn't in it! Besides, the Old Man isn't going to lose *you*. He can't afford to. We'll come up smiling before long with something that'll make him forget the *Globe*, and the woman too."

The managing editor leaned still closer. Burleigh realized how heavy Tommy was getting, and reflected that he ought to put himself on plainer fare. The chief's stout fist was laid solidly on the desk.

"That's just what we've got to do, Sam. We've got to make a ten strike! Something they've all tried their hands at, and failed. Something the Old Man can't get away from—the biggest thing any newspaper has done single handed for ten years. There's just one thing offers that chance—the chance we want!"

"You mean, of course—"

"I mean, of course, the Henderson trunk affair. We've got to clear up that mystery. More—we've got to catch the men that killed Robert Henderson!"

"Big contract," Burleigh mused grimly. "Every paper in town has spent good money on it already. I've had our best men at it for weeks. We're all up against a stone wall now. Police, detectives, and everybody."

"And for that very reason we've got to win, Sam. And for that very reason we're going to. We've been on the wrong track—every one of us. I've hit on the thing that will put us right. I haven't slept for two nights, and the inspiration came this morning. Listen, Sam!"

Feverishly the managing editor put his convictions into words—the other listening with a growing admiration for the man in whom his faith had never faltered. The Great Trunk Mystery had been the joy and grief of newspaperdom for a month. The joy, because it gave each day excuses for larger headlines announcing new clues—the grief, because the clues fell apart like burned thread, and the mystery remained.

A wealthy man had disappeared. A week later his body had been found in a cheap trunk on a vacant lot. That was all, except the fact that the man Henderson had never carried money or jewels on

his person, and robbery was not believed to be the motive. His vague early history had supplied innumerable speculations and the worthless clues. "Old Love Affair," "Ancient Enemy," and "Secret Order" had all done duty in the flaring headlines. To be "out on a Grand Trunk Line" had become a standing joke among reporters. Now reporters and officers alike were at a standstill. To solve the mystery at such a time would be indeed a triumph.

In a voice of eager intensity the managing editor summed up his theory.

"It was the brother, Sam. The brother who disappeared as a boy, and has just come forward in answer to the advertisements for heirs. He claims he hardly knew he had a brother, much less that he was rich. He's been in the mines out West, and not within three thousand miles of New York for years—of course he can prove that. But he's been the associate of desperadoes, and he could send two men here to do it—two, because it would take two, and not more, because that would mean greater division and more risk. Those men are here. They won't go until the brother is in possession, and they've got their share."

"The thing to do is to locate the men through the brother, and get the brother through the men. We must have some one who can get on terms of intimacy with this man—that he will get fond of—eat with—drink with—gamble with—somebody who sees everybody he sees, and without arousing suspicion. Not a detective—we can't trust a detective. One of our own men—somebody who can write it—write it as he goes along, and have it all ready up to the moment we slip the handcuffs on the murderers. Then shove the whole story into an extra and have it out before anybody else knows that anything has happened! That's what we've got to do, Sam, and when we do it I'd like to see any woman, or any ten women—"

Burleigh had arisen and was walking up and down eagerly. Now he broke in.

"You're right, old man! I believe you've struck it! You've solved the mystery! I'm just thinking who to put out. Venning would have been the man if—"

"Venning, of course! Why not Venning? It will be a secret assignment, and will keep him still, and from going elsewhere. If he succeeds it will put him back on the paper. Venning by all means, but he mustn't come about the office. He must report by letter."

The grizzled head nodded.

"I understand. I understand. Leave details to me. You start the machinery—I'll see that it runs. I'll see Venning at once, and I've got money that says we'll win on the lines you've laid out!"

Sprood's face flushed—his eyes sparkled. It was as if he were already triumphant. He held out his hand to Burleigh, who grasped it heartily and spoke as in the old days.

"You're a wonder, Tommy—I always said so. Now, don't lose sleep over this, and don't stimulate too much. You're not built for it."

Some moments later Clymer came in. He was rather pale and hollow eyed. The strain of editing a Sunday paper, the hardest position in journalism, had told, while the apprehension of the past week had not helped matters. He was not asked to sit down, but rested his hand on the chair recently occupied by Burleigh, noting rather fixedly the blue cable in the chief's hand. Sprood had quite recovered his usual brusque manner.

"Mr. Clymer," he began, "I regret this unfortunate occurrence very much. As I said to Mr. Venning, I hope to get proper adjustment in time. For the present, I am quite helpless. Mr. Gorman's orders are unconditional, you see."

He handed the message to Clymer, who grew a shade paler and handed it back.

"To whom do I turn over the paper, Mr. Sprood, and when?"

"To Mr. Forest, and you had better stay a few days until he gets hold of it. Later I will endeavor to see that you get some space—"

The late Sunday editor drew himself up in interruption.

"It is quite unnecessary," he said coldly. "I have been offered a place on the *Star*. It is not so great a paper, perhaps, as the *Sentinel*, but the owner of it does not hold his employees at the end of a cable, to be discharged through a woman's spite, and its managing editor stands for something besides his own personal advancement. Good day, Mr. Sprood."

III.

VENNING'S progress was exasperatingly slow. The man Henderson, he reported, was a drunken braggadocio, willing to make a friend of any one who would keep him in rum until such time as he could lay hold of his dead brother's fortune. Just the man, he thought, to have instigated the crime, but also subtle enough, drunk or sober, to allow no trace of truth

to filter into his extravagant boasting. As for associates, Venning, who had established himself at the same lodging house, could discover none that had not been adopted since his arrival. Neither did he get any mail. There was nothing as yet to indicate his connection with the crime. Meanwhile Venning would continue the present program, subject to further orders.

A week had passed since he had undertaken the job. The managing editor showed the strain of the situation. His face seemed bloated. His eyes were bloodshot from loss of sleep. His breath reeked of tobacco. His hands, always quick and eager, had become nervously unsteady.

"What can we do, Sam? What can we do to make things move along? Do you think Venning is the best man, after all, for the job? I should think he ought to have found a loose end by this time. Don't you think, Sam, that a regular detective might be run in, too? They have ways of getting at things, perhaps—"

"Venning is better than a detective for this," dissented Burleigh. "He's no fool, and he's got imagination. Besides, a lot of these detectives are spotted around lodging houses. Better let Venning alone."

"Yes, I suppose so. But the waiting—this waiting! God knows what may happen any minute. I've got so I'm afraid to look at a cable. You're lucky, Sam, never to have had this job."

The elder man regarded his chief anxiously. Perhaps he agreed with him concerning his good fortune. He consoled Sprood.

"Oh, here, old man, you're taking this thing too seriously. Ten to one it's blown over on the other side long ago. Don't worry, now, but forget it yourself. Everything's all right if you just think so. What you need is rest, and a quiet day or two. Then things will clear up."

"Maybe you're right, Sam. I'm not quite myself, that's a fact. There's been a good deal to upset me lately, with this Venning and Clymer business. Clymer was rather nasty about it, too."

"Oh, well, what if he was! He'd be only too glad of your position—and anybody can be nasty."

"I suppose he talks about it a good deal over there. They haven't printed anything about it yet, but they may. They hate the *Sentinel*. I suppose they're waiting to see what happens to me."

The city editor had started towards the door. He turned now almost angrily.

"Oh, the devil, Tommy! What's got into you? You never used to act like that when I sent you out on assignments. Why, I remember once, when the boats were stopped and the wires down, you crossed the river on floating ice to get your stuff here on time."

"I know, Sam, I know; but I had everything to win then, and nothing but my life to lose."

"You've got everything to win now. You're going to solve that trunk mystery, and make the paper the talk of the world. You get some rest, and shut off on these stimulants. That fellow's likely to get hold of the property now any day. Then his pals'll show up. Venning's all right. You mark my words, we'll have the bracelets on the lot of 'em inside of ten days. Then we can laugh. There won't be a newspaper in town that'll dare to cheep."

The managing editor rose nervously and took the other's hand.

"Sam," he said, "if this goes through I'll make the Old Man give you a year off and double your salary."

"No, you won't, Tommy! My job's all right as it is. Things happen sometimes during a year off, and too big a salary is too much like a shining mark."

Days and nights dragged on, and each day and each night became harder for the managing editor. He endeavored to follow Burleigh's advice, to restore himself with sleep instead of stimulants, but the suspense was too great. His face became ghastly ashen or florid, by turns, his hands grew daily more unsteady. His manner became strange—at times harsh and dictatorial, and again, unusually considerate.

The men whispered that the boss was "hitting it up pretty lively," and they kept away from him as much as possible. Daily he was closeted with Burleigh, and Venning's letters were gone over and over for a possible gleam of hope. The blue cable envelopes, with advice and instructions from beyond the seas, he dreaded more and more. He sometimes had to make a second effort before his trembling hands could tear off the covering. Yet, when the daily message failed to come, he was still more in suspense and dread. The position of king's favorite was becoming hard indeed. One evening, when no blue envelope had come, and he was pacing the floor in an agony of suspense, Burleigh entered.

"Sam—my God, Sam! What are we going to do? No word from over yonder for two days! I haven't slept for weeks. I'll go mad if this keeps up—" He

paused, noting a new expression in the city editor's eyes. "What is it, Sam? Any news? For God's sake, Sam—"

Burleigh closed the door carefully behind him. Then he came up close.

"Our man got a letter today," he whispered. "It was addressed in a bad hand, and the envelope was dirty. It made him swear. Venning thinks it's from his pals, who are getting restless. He's getting Henderson loaded now, so's to get hold of the letter."

"Can he get it tonight? Do you think he can get it tonight, Sam?"

Sprood had seized Burleigh's arm, half wildly. The latter regarded him.

"Pretty ragged," he thought. "He'll go to pieces under this, unless something happens soon." Then aloud, "Venning expects to get it tonight. He'll keep Henderson going on whisky, and put in knockout if necessary. He believes that letter will uncover the whole thing."

"I know it! I know it! Get word to Venning that under no conditions is he to let that man out of his sight, and that he is to get that letter if he has to knock him on the head to do it. I'll stand for anything—anything! But he must get it tonight! I can't go through another day like this!"

Day waned. Evening dragged along. Burleigh had gone to the little corner saloon where Venning was to report, and the managing editor sat in his inner office, trying to fix his mind on the bundles of proof that lay under his hooded lamp. At times the night editor came in for consultation and instructions, and his chief compelled himself to attend, and to give intelligent replies. The force of habit is strong. Somehow he ran through the galleyes. Somehow he agreed and dissented and suggested in the old concise manner. When he could sit still no longer he rose and, after a turn across the room, passed out into the hallway.

The city room was beginning to fill. Here and there a reporter hurried in and, turning on the light above his desk, began writing against time. At the copy table in the corner men were stabbing away with blue pencils, and in a cloud of smoke beyond, the night editor, Maguire, was making himself hated by grimly destroying a good deal of what had cost time and brains to accomplish.

Sprood knew that upstairs the linotype machines were already talking, and that their metal speech was being hurried into the waiting forms. Oh, if he could only know that a story from Venning would be told by those linotypes tonight,

hurried hot and blistering from hand to hand, until the streets at sunrise rang with the tale of his triumph!

He pictured Venning plying the man with liquor until he was stupid, inert, senseless. Then his getting the precious letter and finding in it evidence that warranted arrest. His stealthy summons of the police. His rush to Burleigh with the copy—the wild drive to the office—the moment victory, and then the unquestioned power! Oh, it must be accomplished. Venning must go any length.

He even imagined the reporter striking the man with a slung shot from behind. Why not? The man was a murderer! Anything—he had said he would stand for anything, and he would do it. He would even stand for Venning—Good God! What was he doing all this time?

He followed down the hall, looking into the rooms as he passed. Most of them were lighted. The foreign editor, the financial editor, the naval editor, the leader writers, and all the others were writing and clipping and hurrying to accomplish what seemed a matter of life and death for a brief moment, in an hour to be dead and pushed out of the way for another beginning of work that, night after night, and day after day, must be done over and over without end.

For the first time in his life, there came to Sprood a vague wonder if it was all worth while. For them, perhaps, no. For him, whose henchmen they were, it was power, growth, mastery. Then he remembered that more than one of these men—the older ones—had been, in their time, king's favorite and powerful. He did not remember the details of their downfall, but these were not hard to guess. There had come a time when the strain had told; an hour when with waning vigilance they had faltered and dropped back to the ranks. He wondered if each had endured and suffered and struggled, and if it had seemed worth while—if it seemed worth while to them now.

Farther down the hall he saw Brinton, one of the day men, "showing through" two young ladies, who seemed to find great pleasure in a night glimpse of the inside workings of a great newspaper. The young man's face had the half proud, self conscious look incident to such excursions, and Sprood recalled a time long ago when he had been equally proud and self conscious in showing his new headquarters to a girl from "up state," and how pleased and how proud of him and his advancement she had been. What had become of her? His advancement had

drifted her out of his life. Long ago she had been left far behind and forgotten. Had it been worth while to forget? Just ahead, Brinton pushed open the door of the art room, and a cloud of cigarette smoke drifted into the hall. Sprood caught a glimpse of the artists within, each bent busily over his drawing board.

"This is where we keep the artists," he heard Brinton explain, making the old attempt at wit with the old office phrase; and Sprood knew that when the door was closed the boys within would make the old comments about "feeding the animals" and "poking them up to see them perform."

Then as he passed Brinton and his friends they grew silent, and when he had gone by he heard Brinton murmur something, and knew he was explaining that the man just passed was his chief—the great chief, Sprood, at whose nod men came and went, at whose frown men trembled. Perhaps he would explain to them how this great man had come there an unknown boy, and how in two years he had become master. Yes, of course Brinton would explain that. It was one of the stock stories of the *Sentinel* office. And it was true—he had become master—he was still master tonight; but tomorrow—Had it indeed been worth while—all the struggle, the fever, the sacrifice, the self abasement—to win and hold a position so insecure that a woman's breath could be his upsetting?

Returning to his room, an envelope on his desk startled him. It looked blue in the shadow, but proved to be only an office envelope, unsealed, and containing a notice from the foreman of the press room that certain holiday sections would go to press on the particular day specified. It was in the nature of an order, with no words wasted in formalities. After all, here was the real master—a czar in blue jumper and overalls, who did not find it necessary to prefix his order with "Dear Sir" or to waste the words required to write "Yours truly" at the close.

The managing editor recalled how, during those early days of his arrival, he had wondered how it was the paper always came out on time, and how he had been rather shocked to learn that it was due to this burly tyrant, the one man of them all who acknowledged no superior, and from whose orders there was no appeal.

And still no word from Venning—and no cable from across the sea. Something was going on over there—something that boded him no good. And Venning and

Sam—where were they? Why in God's name didn't Sam send some word? He would have gone to find him, but was restrained by the fear that he might pass him on the way.

The hours crawled on. He smoked without ceasing, and at intervals poured fiery liquor from a large companion flask. At intervals, too, he made the circuit of the corridor, glancing into each door as he passed. The big city room had become brilliant. The call of "Copy!" was everywhere, and boys hurried hither and thither to obey. If Venning's story came now it would still get into the first edition.

Along the corridor some of the rooms grew dark. Their work finished, the tired men were going here and there through the night to prepare for another day. In one room a single light still lingered, and beneath it a bowed, middle aged man in a shiny coat was writing. Sprood stopped. It was Chickering, formerly managing editor—the man he had displaced. He no longer had a desk of his own, but slipped in each night to sit down at the first vacant place to prepare the column of market gossip that was now his support.

With blurred and bloodshot eyes, his heavy body swaying like an inverted pendulum, Sprood watched the dark, bowed figure as if fascinated. And once more in his clouded brain he asked if this thing had paid, after all. He had stopped at nothing—he would stop at nothing now—to gain his end. And was this to be the end—to slip into a dark, littered office—into some obscure corner—there to prepare matter for an equally obscure corner of a paper that was read one moment and forgotten the next? One thing was certain—he would get rid of Chickering if—if things went well. A death's head like that made him uncomfortable. He staggered back to his room, to pour out more of the fiery liquor and to light another black cigar.

Still no word from Venning, and no cabled message from beyond the seas. And now the city room too began to darken. Men were finishing their assignments and going home. At the little desk he had once occupied a rosy cheeked young fellow was writing fiercely against time. Sprood knew that the huge hot curved plates from the stereotype room were being locked into place, and that the clock hand in a moment more would touch the hour which the tyrant of the press room had set for starting the first edition.

Venning's story was already too late for that. It did not matter. A second or a third edition, or an extra—what did it matter? If it only came! If it *only* came!

He poured out more liquor, and made another staggering round of the corridor. All dark now. Even the death's head, Chickering, was no longer writing. Dark and still, like a tomb. Back to his own room to weave up and down in a frenzy of unrest—to start at every step, to wring his hands, to curse, almost—to pray.

How close it was growing! He would call some one to open a window. No, he would do it himself. His shaking hands fumbled the latch—the window would not move. Pushing, pulling, and straining, he worked himself into a mad violence at the thing, tottering backward at last into his chair exhausted. What time was it? He must have worked at that window for hours—for hours! All night, and Venning had not come!

Then, suddenly, into his distempered fancy was thrust a horrible blighting conviction. There had been a slip! The *Globe* had found out what they were doing! They had forestalled Venning—abducted him—stolen his copy—my God, yes! They were forestalled—beaten!

The managing editor struggled for breath. It seemed to him that thumbs were being pressed tightly on his throat. He struggled to rise, and his breath came—a hoarse indrawn gasp. A messenger boy hurried in just then and laid something before him. Through the blur that was in his eyes Sprood saw that it was an envelope, and that it was blue. He stretched out his hand, but then a wave of faintness swept in, and something that was like a black cloud rolled between.

The city room was dark. The last man had finished his belated story and gone

home. The air of desertion hung like silence, in spite of the fact that the muffled clang of trolleys came up from the street, and a deep rumble vibrated from beneath, where the presses were roaring out the third edition.

In the managing editor's room the light still burned. Sprood did not extinguish it, even when through the high east window the gray of morning crept in and, growing stronger and whiter, turned the electric globe into a useless and ghastly thing. Perhaps it seemed to him that it did not matter. Venning's story had not come. Perhaps even that did not matter now. Perhaps nothing mattered. After all, the struggle had been very hard, and perhaps it had not paid.

There came a quick step in the hall outside—he did not notice it. The door opened behind him, but he did not look up. A grizzly haired man pushed in eagerly—Burleigh, unkempt and excited, and in his face wild joy. Then he halted and approached on tiptoe. Sprood was leaning forward, his head against his desk, his hand upon an unopened cable envelope. Burleigh hesitated.

"Asleep at last," he murmured. "What a pity to wake him! But I've got to for this. He can sleep for a week afterwards."

Approaching, he laid his hand on the chief's shoulder.

"Wake up, old man!" he called. "Wake up, Tommy! We've got 'em! The bracelets are on all three, and nobody's got a word of it but us! Venning did the trick, and he's upstairs now with the story. You solved it, old man! You solved the mystery!"

But the managing editor did not answer. He had solved the mystery of the ages.

GROWING OLD.

BUT my divining lamp is broke, whereby I used to know
That all with me would yet be well,
However thick the shadows fell;
Hope, was it? Have it so.

The gift of tongues is mine no more, to find strange words and sweet
To tell my grieving heart alway
The joy that died with yesterday
Tomorrow will repeat.

The lamp, the tongues of prophecy—they pass, I may not weep;
Time winnows out the grain in husk;
What need of lamps to light the dusk,
Or tongues—when one must sleep?

Grace MacGowan Cooke.

The Society Woman—A Defense.

BY PAULINE PRYOR.

WRITING UNDER AN ASSUMED NAME, A MEMBER OF NEW YORK SOCIETY REVIEWS THE OFT REPEATED CHARGES THAT FASHIONABLE WOMEN SWEAR, SMOKE, AND GAMBLE, AND THE SMALL AMOUNT OF FACT THAT UNDERLIES THEM.

THE sensational newspapers have said so much about the gambling, swearing, smoking, and generally good for nothing tendencies of what they are pleased to consider "society women," that a humble individual of the same sex is tempted to reply to some of these railing accusations.

In the first place, it would be interesting to find out what the newspapers mean by "society women." They cannot mean only the rich, because they take care to tell you how ill these ladies can afford to lose their time and money at the gaming table. They cannot mean only the well born or well bred, because it is scarcely conceivable that these should acquire the smoking, swearing habits depicted by our so called yellow journals.

It is to be supposed that a "society woman" and a "club man" are near of kin; but what either of the terms defines to the average mind, it is beyond the ability of the average pen to set down. The Hoboken Turtle Club is a reputable enough institution, but would a member of it be entitled to call himself a club man? The President's wife receives, probably, more assorted visitors than any other lady in the United States, but should she, on that account, stand as our most typical society woman?

To us, "society" means our friends, and the friends of our friends. Let us assume that to the newspapers it means those persons who entertain, or are entertained, most prominently during a New York winter, and let us proceed to inquire into the accusations against the feminine portion of it.

THE BRIDGE WHIST CRAZE.

It would be absurd to deny that a somewhat noticeable craze for bridge whist has recently passed through the community, or that those who are interested in the game have been thinking and talking about it a great deal more than is

approved by those who are not. But there was almost as much talk about golf, about tennis, about croquet—to go back to the dark ages; almost as much suppressed ill feeling between partners, and assumed good nature among adversaries. Any game which becomes what, for want of a better word, may be called "fashionable" inevitably excites discussion.

The chief objections urged against bridge whist seem to be that it confines its devotees to the house, and involves the losing or the winning of money. The amount of time taken, and the amount of money lost or won, are greatly overstated; but granted that certain afternoons and evenings are given up to the game, and that certain sums change hands, why is it a more heinous offense for women to play at cards than for men?

If it is no disgrace to a young man to play a good game of poker, why should it be a crying shame for a young woman to be an adept at bridge whist? The only danger lies in excess; and the newspapers ridiculously exaggerate this danger.

It is undoubtedly true that in this worshipful company known as "society" a great many women of all ages have been playing the game, and playing it well; but it is a recreation, and not the all absorbing occupation the alarmists would have us believe. Furthermore, a recreation which trains the mind and the memory is not to be unduly sneered at.

Many women play frequently, but for moderate stakes; many more play only occasionally, and for no stakes at all. Some few do play constantly and for high stakes, but they make no secret of it, and nobody is under any obligation to join them unless so disposed. And these same ladies are the ones who played tennis hardest when tennis was new, and golf hardest when golf began here; and it is probably a desire to excel, rather than a desire for gain, which makes them such indefatigable gamesters. Indeed, it would

be quite safe to prophesy that the next new sport or pastime which obtains among them will be followed with quite as much zeal, though not a single penny be expended.

The stock story of the newspapers just at present seems to be the shocking tale of the unfortunate young man with a small income who is induced to play bridge at a house where the stakes are known to be high, and who loses more than he can afford to pay. This is supposed to show great moral obliquity on the part of the hostess; but no one appears to remember that bridge is a matter more of skill than of chance, and that any young man attempting to play a game which he does not understand, for money which he cannot afford to lose, is not an object for unmixed pity.

The game is certainly more played at present than any other game of cards, and apparently more by women than by men, but that is not hard to explain. The "society women"—women for most of whom life is made so easy that they need take no especial thought for the morrow—have plenty of leisure and not very much to engage an active mind. The men, on the contrary, have little time to spare and a great deal to occupy such brains as they have been at liberty to cultivate. Consequently, an amusement which requires mental effort is less to their taste than to that of their sisters or their sweethearts or their wives.

This is, of course, a general statement. Some men play earnestly, just as some women do; but with very few persons of either sex is the game the engrossing passion which the papers represent it. Out of a possible six hundred in "society"—for the late Mr. McAllister's number seems to have been slightly augmented, owing, perhaps, to a natural increase among the right people—three hundred, we will say, are women, and half of them understand the game reasonably well; a quarter, perhaps, play habitually for small amounts, and one eighth, at the most, carry their interest to the extent of dissipating time and money in any unusual degree.

It is not incomprehensible that a novice exercising her skill against her equals, and winning, might boast of her prowess or exhibit some trinket which was the outward and visible sign of it; but in what respect is that more offensive than a young man's boasting of the cup he has won at a pigeon match? In neither case has the mere money expended by the losers anything to do with the satisfac-

tion of the winners. That any decent person should seriously boast of having won money from his or her friends is inconceivable.

AS TO CARELESSNESS OF SPEECH.

Swearing and smoking seem to be the next charges on the list against "society women." It is difficult to controvert these statements only because it is impossible to imagine that anybody honestly believes them.

If women of this kind use bad language, they must do it very privately. Their voices are not raised in public. They might, indeed, find a precedent in Harry Hotspur's invocation to Lady Percy: "Not yours in good sooth! Hearst, you swear like a comfit maker's wife!" 'In good sooth' and 'As true as I live!' Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art, a good mouth filling oath, and leave 'in sooth' to Sunday citizens." But in these more polished days, the newspapers to the contrary notwithstanding, oaths seem to have been left for the use of "Sunday citizens," and ladies in general do not garnish their conversation with curses and maledictions.

As there are exceptions to every rule, I will not go so far as to affirm that no such words as "the deuce," "the devil," and even "damn" have ever passed the lips of any women who moves in decent society. Single individuals may sometimes fall into a carelessness of speech which does infinite discredit to themselves, but which is far from being generally tolerated by their class.

The charge that it is "fashionable" or "smart" to use the violent expressions quoted in the newspapers is too ridiculous to be worth the trouble of contradicting. According to one article, a woman is reported as saying to her hostess that "it was so damned cold" that she would not have left her house to go to any other than the house she was now in. While not in the least denying the accuracy of the reporter's statements in regard to the particular dinner party he mentions—where later the same word "rattled round the table two or three times," and coffee "hot as hell" was served to one unfortunate lady—one may venture to protest against the introduction of these free tongued females as types of the "society women."

In every city as large as New York there come together certain sets of people who see more of one another than of any other circle of people, though they may all be revolving in the same general

direction. In each of these sets or circles, from the highest to the lowest, there will always be some persons to whose manners and morals exception may be taken; but to consider all women in society profane because one woman says "damn," or all women who play cards gamblers because one boasts of her winnings, is as absurd as to say that all men are greedy for fruit because Adam ate a forbidden apple.

No, indeed, our gentlewomen, who still have something to do with the conduct of the social world, are not given to habitual swearing.

THE CIGARETTE QUESTION.

And now as to the charge of smoking. There is no old fashioned horror about the habit in these days; too many gentle and distinguished foreign women smoke cigarettes as a matter of course, according to the custom of their countries, for us to be shocked or even astonished at it; but a great many American men have a feeling against seeing their wives and sisters smoke in public, and as their wives and sisters usually wish to please them, smoking is not by any means frequent among American women. I suppose there is hardly a girl living who has not at some time or other tried a cigarette; and to many the effect is by no means disagreeable. A few even make a fad of it for a time, and have their own cigarette cases, and their puff or two after luncheon quite regularly. It lasts for a season, perhaps, but they soon tire of it; with not one woman in a hundred does it become a habit. Though in some few houses in New York, where the guests may be of almost any nationality, cigarettes are handed to the women as cigars are to the men, they are very rarely taken.

It is not usual for the feminine portion of American society to smoke, or to drink, or to use coarse language, or to gamble away their own money, or to win that of other people, night after night; and whoever accuses them of so doing maligns them greatly.

On the contrary, having ample opportunity, they get into surprisingly little mischief. What high minded people think is, and always will be, the standard of conduct for most of them, and any young girl "coming out" under the impression that to be noisy and fast is to be in the fashion would very soon find herself frowned upon.

They have rather a hard time of it, these apparently fortunate "society women." They do not by any means escape

the ills that human flesh is heir to; they have their bad times and their good times like anybody else, and the veriest scullery maid would pity them if she knew how bored and restless they sometimes become under the infliction of too much leisure and too few occupations. No wonder they take their amusements as seriously as may be. They touch the ground floor of life so little that the real workers in the basement have a kindly compassion for them, much as the cook might have for the little daughter of the house who was tired of playing with her dolls, and came down to the kitchen to learn bread making.

They have a great many pleasures in their lives, a great many responsibilities, sometimes a great many sorrows, but very few interests. To very few of them is it given to be depended upon, to be an absolute necessity to the welfare of the household. They are shut in. They have none of the good salt flavors of contrast. They don't know what it means to try their strength a little with the world's strength, to go without one thing in order to possess another, to be down today and up tomorrow, to work like a slave and rest like a queen.

They are kind and considerate, and courteous, and charming to meet; some of them are beautiful, nearly all of them are well dressed and well mannered; but, going about among them, one does not feel that they are happy, and one does not envy them.

The happiest women are those who have to do things which have to be done, whose occupations come to them naturally, whose leisure is precious, whose amusements are snatched from the world at a penny a peep, and who are beloved because they have touched the heart of life and have no human thing beyond their sympathies.

That women in society cannot always do this is their misfortune and not their fault. They are so situated that they have to be conventional. The very newspapers that decrie them for frivolity would hold them up to ridicule if they attempted anything serious. How often has one read "A Society Woman in Politics!" "A Society Woman in Literature!" "A Society Woman as a Reformer!" as if it were one of the most absurd things in the world for a "society woman" to do anything but amuse herself.

Well, then, if she must amuse herself, for heaven's sake let her amuse herself in peace and without unjust and unnecessary comment!

Derby Day in England.

BY HUGH LOGAN.

THE COCKNEYS' FESTIVAL FALLS ON JUNE 3 OF THE CURRENT YEAR—TO IT SWARM ALL THE CITIZENS OF LONDON, THE COSTERS, THE FAKIRS, THE PEERS, THE PEERESSES; AND THE SCENE ON EPSOM DOWNS IS UNIQUE IN THE HISTORY OF THE TURF, THE LONDONER'S GALA DAY.

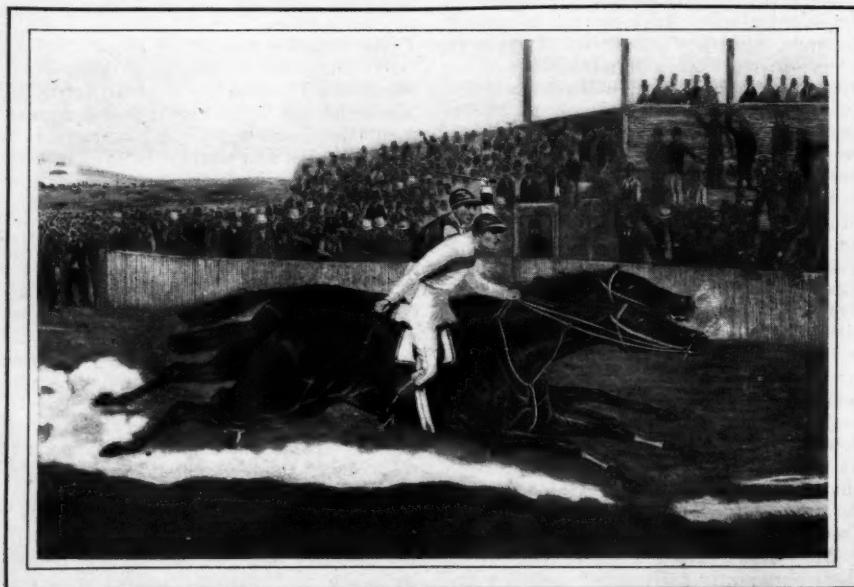
YOUR cockney dearly loves a horse. All of the romance in his little sooty soul goes out to a thoroughbred. For personal use the humble moke has to suffice, but on one day of the year the Londoner allows himself the full luxury of a race. His festival is "Derby Day."

Outside of London they have their Doncaster St. Leger, their Grand National Handicap, their Ascot Cup, and their Lincoln Handicap, but these British classics do not appeal to the Londoner. To him, the St. Leger is reserved for the foreign Yorkshireman, the Goodwood and Ascot courses for the smart folk, and Newmarket for the professional racing crowd. Epsom alone is the people's course, and here every cockney, from the costermonger in his modest donkey

cart to the peer of the realm in his coach and six, turns out to witness the running of the greatest race in the turf history of the year.

A GREAT POPULAR FESTIVAL.

None of the horse races in this country can be compared to the Derby in point of interest or in the outpouring of people to it. Every maid servant and newsboy has his shilling on his fancy. The "Darby" is the all absorbing topic in the streets, below stairs, in the clubs and hotels. No election eve in this country equals it for suppressed excitement, and no British victory or defeat in South Africa can arouse the same joy or sorrow in the Londoner's heart as the result.



THE DERBY FINISH FOR 1885, LORD HASTINGS' MELTON WINNING, FRED ARCHER UP.



THE WALK PAST ON DERBY DAY—IN THE BACKGROUND, IMMEDIATELY TO THE RIGHT OF THE NEAREST HORSE'S HEAD, STANDS THE LATE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, WHO WON THE DERBY FOUR TIMES.

Fortunately, Derby Day comes at the season of the year when all rural England is at its best. The latter part of May or the first week in June finds the rolling downs of Epsom fragrant with fresh verdure, the birds piping from the hedge-rows, the highways white ribbons of hawthorn between broad fields of green. But this is before the day of the race, for even with its dawn comes a transformation that in itself is wonderful as a change of scene in a pantomime.

As early as two in the morning Derby Day finds the tide of humanity flowing steadily to Epsom. The little town, twenty miles from the Mansion House, awakens from its slumber of a year's duration, and every lane and highway leading to it is a kaleidoscopic picture of color and animation. The humble Londoner thinks it no infliction to journey these twenty miles on foot. Together with the hawkers and their carts, the gypsies and their caravans, the fakirs and the hangers on, the poverty stricken of London journey betimes to Epsom. They are the vanguard of a mighty army.

By sun up the race course is an Anglized Coney Island. Every catchpenny affair devised by human brain is there,

and the downs become a great camp ground, dotted with tents and wagons, booths for the purveying of drinkables and eatables, and stands for the tricks of the fakirs.

All these, the earliest arrivals at the course, are dust covered and travel stained. In every direction great clouds signal the advance of the racing pilgrims upon their Mecca, darken the heavens and obscure the sun. But the dust is a feature of the day, and the merrymaking is wholly undisturbed by it.

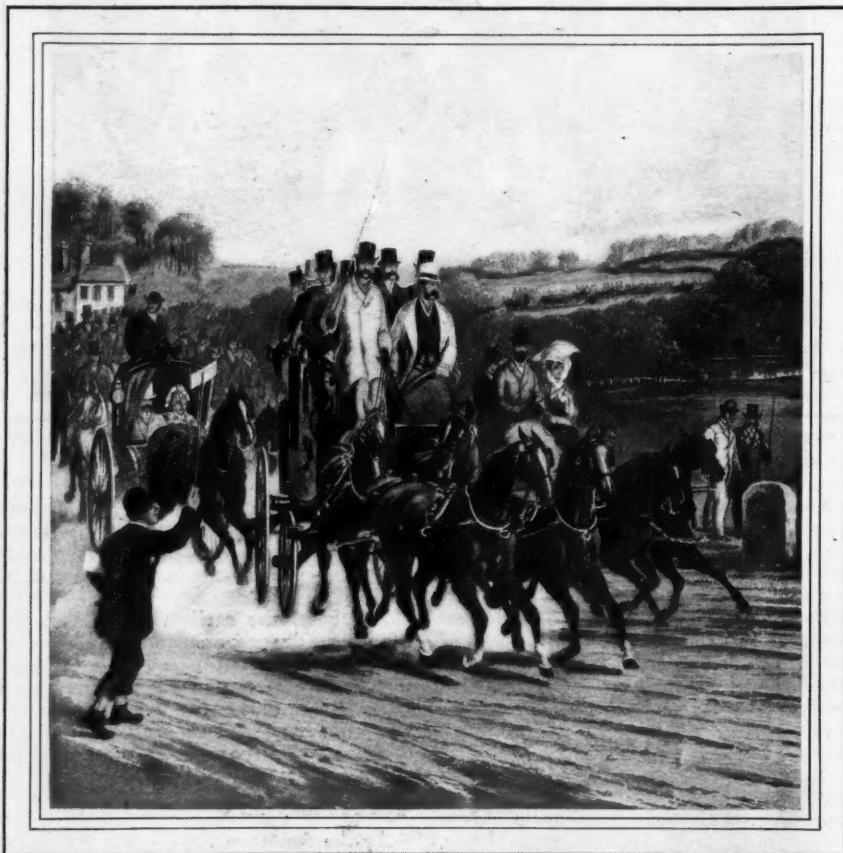
THE ARRIVAL OF THE UPPER TEN.

As the forenoon ages, come the smart turnouts of the upper classes, covered with the dust of the common people. Filled with the fashionably attired, the best dressed of the London clubs, and the daintiest of the women from the theaters, provided with hampers of luncheon and baskets of champagne, the four-in-hands and six-in-hands make a truly imposing spectacle.

One good thing that can be said of English railroads is that the facilities for reaching Epsom from London are of the best. The enormous crowds of Derby Day are handled far better than they

could be here. The outflow by rail begins almost as early as that by street and highway, but the trains are hustled away from Waterloo station so rapidly, and in such great numbers, that there is none of the congestion New Yorkers know, even on the most ordinary racing days, at Brooklyn Bridge or Long Island City ferry. Owing to the opening of the car doors at the side, passengers get aboard or leave

Long before the running of the Derby, which usually comes third on the card, the grand stands, paddocks, and free field are filled with a solid living mass, but the early races attract little or no interest outside of the regular bettors and race track followers. Those who journey Epsomward on Derby Day are there to see the Derby, and the Derby only, so all the money is saved for the great event.



THE CROWD JOURNEYING TO EPSOM ON DERBY DAY.

the trains quickly, and one train is out of the way of the next with a promptitude that would be a delight to New York racegoers.

The course is about a mile across the downs from Epsom station, but no person considers it too great a distance to walk. There are, of course, many ancient hackney coaches, and still more ancient steeds, to be had, but the Derby goer deems it a pleasure and a duty to walk across the downs to the track.

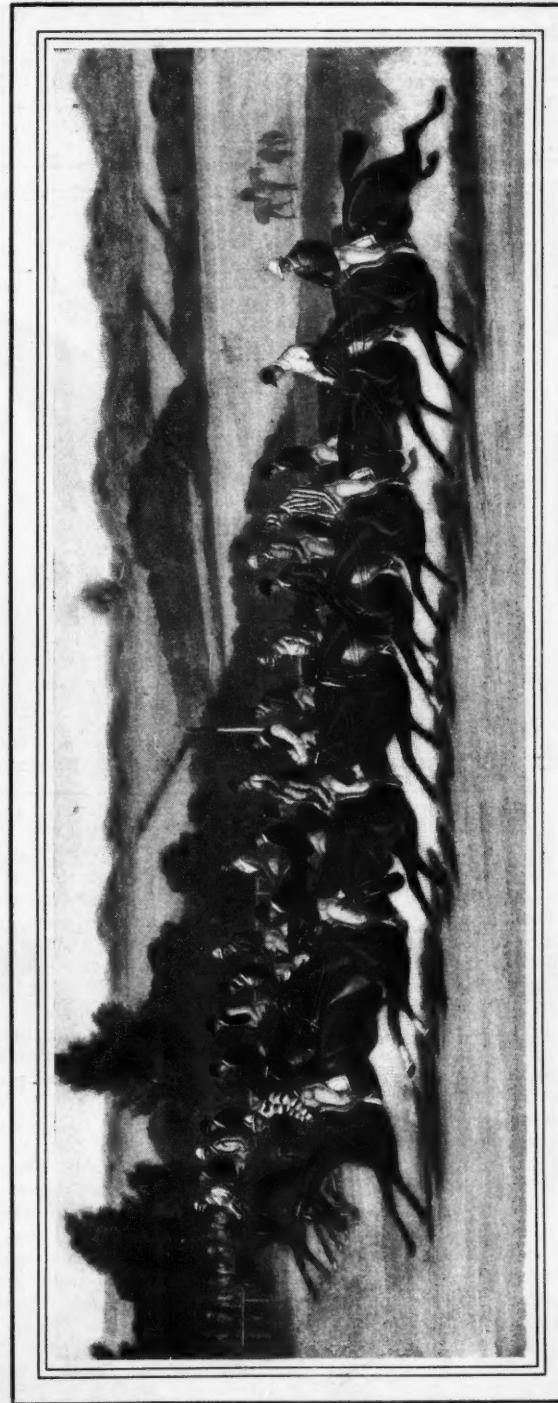
During the wait, the people on the grand stands, on the coaches, and on the lawns busy themselves with their luncheons, throng the paddocks, gaze at the horses, and visit friends in neighboring boxes. Nor is there any lack of diversion in the free field either, for the fakirs there keep things lively, and the bookmakers make a pleasant noise.

Sad is the day for the bookmaker caught trying to Welsh with the meager wages of the bettors there. One popular

method of getting even with him is to strip him of all his money and then literally to tear the clothes from his back. The field bookmakers are an irresponsible gentry, and the wagers they take are small. At Liverpool, where the Grand National is run, they have another way of doing summary justice, and there Welshing bookmakers are ducked in the water jump. But there is no steeplechase course at Epsom, so no water jump, and the clothing destruction method is just as satisfying to the defrauded Derby goers.

BETTING ON THE DERBY.

Betting on an English race course is somewhat different from that in vogue here, and in the inclosures comparatively little cash changes hands. The bookmakers have no stools, such as have been in use since the Percy-Gray racing law went into effect in this State, nor have they "blocks," as the bookmakers' booths are called in the West. They circulate among the crowds, although many of them have regular standing places that are known to their patrons. This is especially true of Tattersall's ring, where all the bookmakers belong to a regular association. Each "bookie" bears a placard in his hat declaring his name or the name of his book, and has an assistant by his side to record the wagers. When a cash wager is made, the bookmaker turns his back to avoid seeing money change hands, for bet-

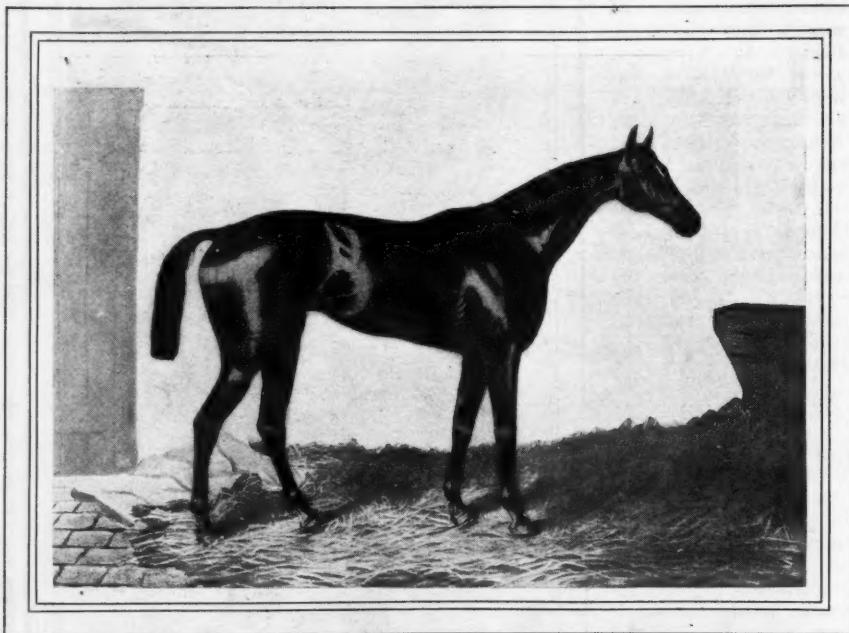


THE START FOR THE DERBY—THE NUMBER OF RUNNERS HAS VARIED FROM SEVEN IN 1894 TO THIRTY FOUR IN 1862.

ting on the race tracks is not recognized in England any more than it is here.

Monday is the regular settling day with English bookmakers, and woe betide the man who does not make good his losses then, be he earl or shopkeeper. He is

1896, when the Prince of Wales' Persimmon, ridden by J. Watt, won the blue ribbon from Baron Rothschild's St. Frusquin, with Tom Loates up. It was a close fit for the royal colt, as Persimmon won only by a head. Loates, on St.



THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S SHOTOVER, WHICH WON THE DERBY IN 1882, T. CANNON UP, OUT OF A FIELD OF FOURTEEN. SHOTOVER ALSO WON THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.

banished from every race track in England, and his word no longer is cash at his bookmaker's. In the free fields all bets are cash transactions.

One reason there is so little exchange of money on the English tracks, especially on Derby Day, is due to the prevalence of thieves. There is no police system, such as that of the Pinkertons on the metropolitan tracks, and the great racing event makes a field day for pickpockets. Neither is there any protection for racegoers on their way home from the track. Many a man returning to the city a winner has been stripped of all his belongings in his compartment of the train. Several of the American boys who rode in England last year were victims of these organized bands, and now they leave their watches and other valuables in the hotel safe before going to the track.

SOME FAMOUS DERBY DAYS.

The greatest crowd that ever witnessed the running of the Derby was that of

Frusquin, lost one of his stirrups some two hundred yards from the finish. Persimmon won in record time of two minutes forty two seconds for the distance of a mile and a half—time that has been equaled, but not excelled, by Diamond Jubilee, the prince's winner of 1900.

Five hundred thousand persons filled the grand stands, boxes, and field, and the minute the post was passed the broad home stretch looked as though a giant bottle of ink had been poured out over it and the stream was flowing down to the finish. Then in the air above appeared a great shower of black—half a million people had tossed their hats in the air. In a solid mass the spectators streamed down the track to where the smiling prince stood stroking the muzzle of his horse and shaking the hand of the boy who had ridden him to victory.

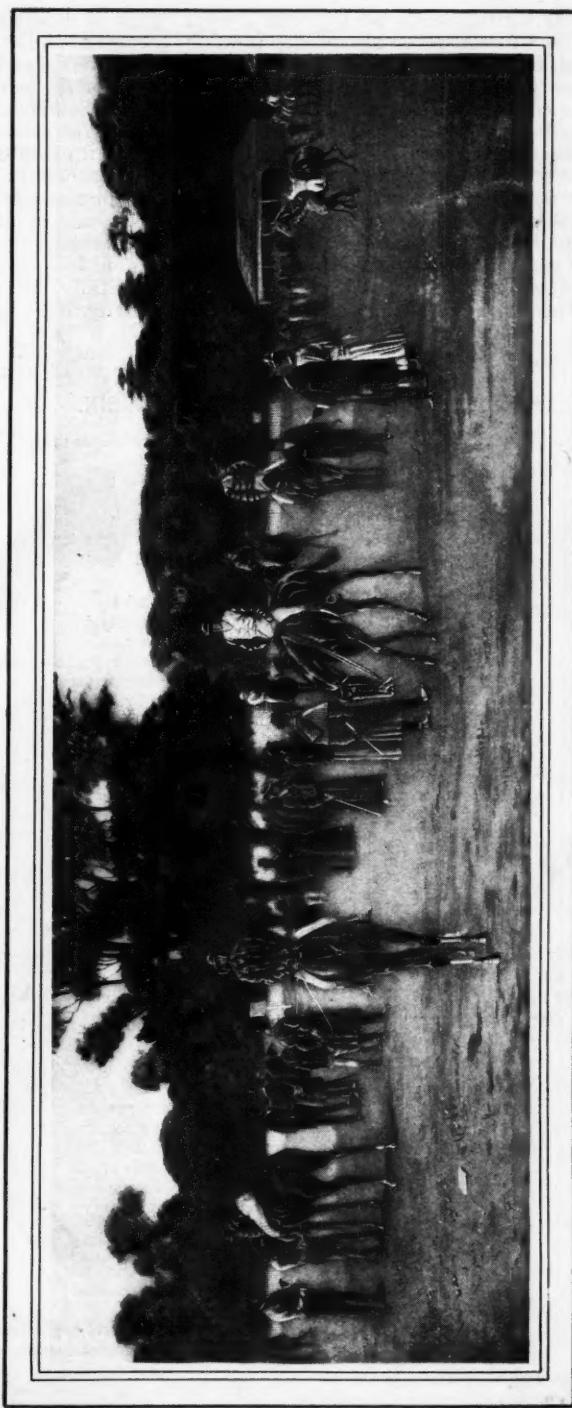
In 1900 the Prince of Wales again won the Derby with Diamond Jubilee, a brother to Persimmon, and last year the race went to Mr. William C. Whitney,

who won it with Voldoyovski, a horse he had leased from Lady Meux. However, Iroquois, owned by the late Pierre Lorillard, is the only American bred and trained horse to be crowned a victor. He won in 1881. In 1865 the first French bred horse won, and in 1876 Kisber, a Hungarian, beat the home breeds.

The Derby is no empty bauble, as is the America cup in yachting. The owner of the winning horse carries with the blue ribbon a substantial stake of some twenty five thousand dollars and a reputation that will outlast that of kings. The horse himself will be known by his progeny to the twentieth generation.

The Derby itself was founded in 1780 by the twelfth Earl of Derby. This nobleman established a sweepstake of fifty sovereigns each, half forfeit, for three year old colts. The course was then only a mile long, over the very hilly track at Epsom. Today it has been extended to one and a half miles over a different stretch of ground. It is a most trying course for any colt not thoroughly sound, and the three year old who wins must possess both stamina and speed.

On the first of the long line of Derby Days—that of 1780—Sir Charles Bunbury's chestnut colt Diomed, by Florizel, son of Herod, beat eight opponents, including the Duke of Bolton's Bay Bolton and Lord Grosvenor's Diadem.



THE PADDOCK AT EPSOM, WHERE THE JOCKEYS GET THEIR LAST INSTRUCTIONS BEFORE THE START OF THE GREAT RACE.

The United States has imported several Derby winners whose blood today is treasured in the recesses of the stud book. Diomed, who won the first Derby, was the progenitor of a lineage that today is the proudest in the American turf peerage. Diomed was sire of Sir Archy, foaled in Virginia in 1805—twenty five years after the noble thoroughbred had carried off the blue ribbon of the English turf at Epsom—and from the royalist Sir Archy has come the sturdiest democratic stock in America today.

The form of thoroughbreds and the

price of contestants may be caviar to the general, but Derby Day as a spectacle and a gala day stands alone among the classic races of the world. It is as much a poor man's holiday as the rich man's opportunity for extravagance. To the stranger it is an exhibition more marvelous than the coronation, more representative than the picturesque accompaniments of a royal procession. It is essentially English, remarkably cockney—the one occasion, indeed, when the Englishman can truthfully be said to take his sport merrily, light heartedly.

AN ELFIN SKEIN.

A RIPPLE through the redwoods ran,
An echo from a fairy clan
Slipped down the sky ;
And suddenly the groves began
To voice a sibylline reply
Caught from the mellow pipes of Pan,
Now far, now high.

A mystery enrobed in mist
With girdle set with amethyst
And sapphires three
Came down the hill path, twilight kissed,
Crept softly to my trysting tree ;
It caught and held me by the wrist,
And spoke to me :

" Tonight the elfin skein is spun ;
Ere vigil of the moon is done,
The mesh we wind
Round redwood circles, every one,
And mortals whom therein we bind
Shall at the dawning of the sun
Great gladness find."

I slipped into a redwood ring ;
The mystery took sudden wing,
And down the glade
I heard the fauns and dryads sing
Chant, madrigal, and serenade,
And then—it was so strange a thing !
I felt them fade !

* * * * *

I woke, sun kissed, and gossamer
Spun by some moonlit messenger
Bedecked my bed ;
I hardly dared to breathe or stir,
So deftly was the fiber spread—
I, fortune's happy prisoner,
Held by a thread !

I must not break the magic spell
Revealing what great joy befell ;
But oh, I fain
Would wish that all the world might dwell
One night within that sweet domain,
And wake to love as I love well
The elfin skein !

Clarence Uraly.

THE STAGE

SOME WOMEN WHO LEAD.

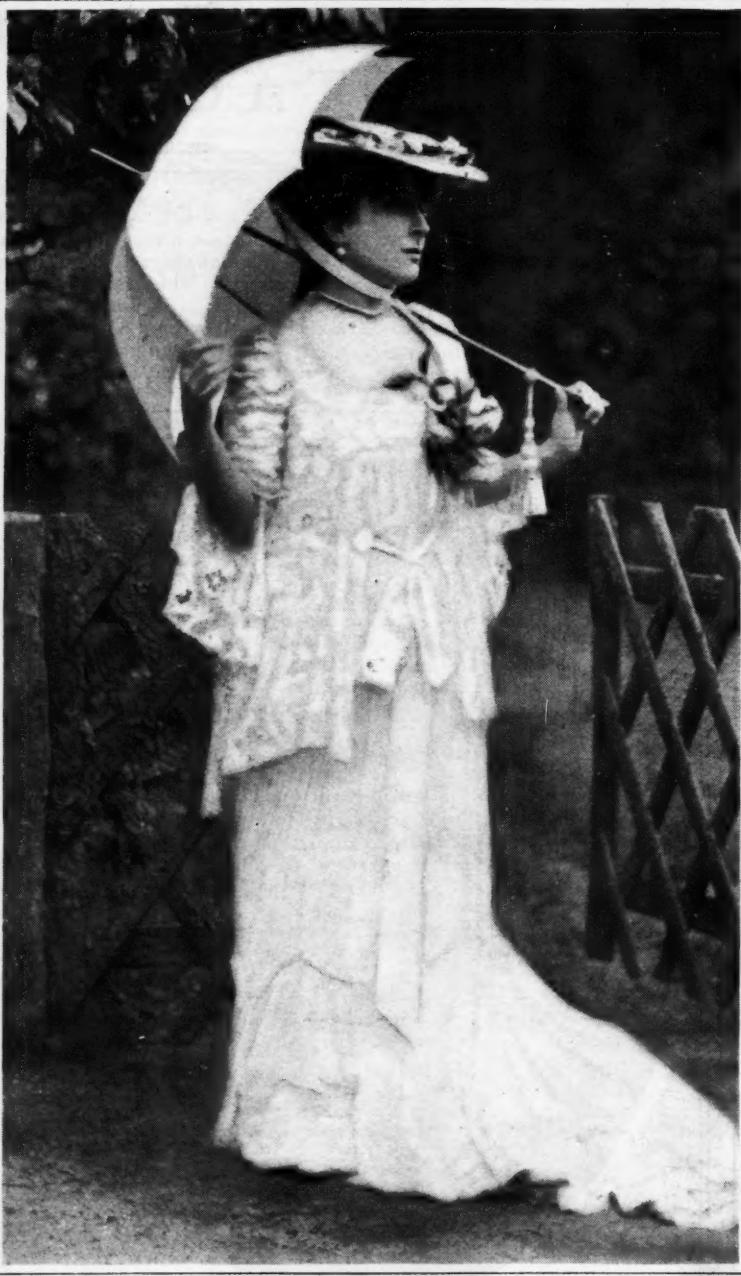
Margaret Anglin's splendid work in "The Twin Sister" ought to bring her very close to the goal that we predicted she would reach soon after her hit as *Roxane* in Mansfield's original production of "Cyrano." She was absolutely unknown in New York on that first night,

and Mr. Mansfield's selection of a novice for so important a rôle showed him to be a good judge of players as well as a good actor himself. This was in the autumn of 1898, when Miss Anglin was twenty two. The following September, in an entirely different impersonation, she did equally well as *Mimi*, the pathetic maiden



JULIE OPP, THE AMERICAN ACTRESS WHO IS PLAYING LEADING RÔLES IN GEORGE ALEXANDER'S COMPANY AT THE ST. JAMES' THEATER, LONDON.

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.



OLGA NETHERSOLE IN HER ENGLISH HOME—IF MISS NETHERSOLE CAN FIND A NEW PLAY, SHE MAY RETURN TO AMERICA NEXT SEASON.

From her latest photograph.

of the hopeless love in "The Only Way." Mr. Frohman then added her to the Empire stock, and the next January she appeared as *Baroness Roydon* in "Brother

Anglin triumphed again, and with the opening of the present season became the leading woman of the Frohman stock. Her part in "The Wilderness" was not



VIOLA ALLEN, STARRING IN A SPECIAL SERIES OF PERFORMANCES OF "THE HUNCHBACK."

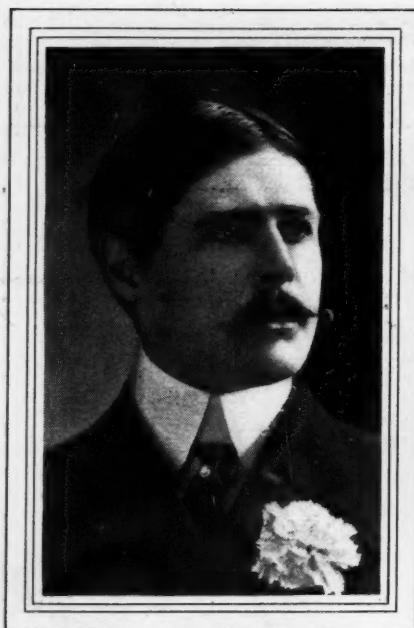
From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

Officers," Jessie Millward, at that time leading woman of the theater, being out of the bill.

A year later, when "Mrs. Dane's Defense" was produced at the Empire, Miss Anglin was assigned to the title rôle, which called for strong emotional work, while Miss Millward was cast for *Lady Eastney's* light comedy lines. Miss

at all commensurate with her abilities, but with the advent of "The Twin Sister" and its great dual opportunity she came into her own again.

Miss Anglin is a Canadian by birth, a native of Ottawa. She was educated in a convent, and studied for the stage at a school of acting. Her first engagement was with Charles Frohman in "Shenan-



ROBERT LORAIN, WITH CHARLES HAWTREY IN
"THE PRESIDENT," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'
THEATER, LONDON.

From his latest photograph by Marceau, New York.

doah," after which she was for a season with James O'Neill, playing *Ophelia* and



JOHN BLAIR, AN AMERICAN ACTOR, WHO HAS BEEN
SELECTED BY MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL
AS HER NEW LEADING MAN.

From his latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

Virginia. Then came a summer in stock work, with its admirable training in ver-



GERALDINE FARRAR, AN AMERICAN GIRL ENGAGED
TO SING IN GRAND OPERA IN BERLIN.

From a photograph by Purdy, Boston.



ELEANOR GIST, AS SHE APPEARED IN THE PART OF
THE OCTOROON IN "UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES."

From her latest photograph by Dupont, New York.



ESTABROOK GALLOWAY, LEADING WOMAN WITH WILLIAM H. CRANE IN "DAVID HARUM."

From a photograph by Pach, New York.



MARGARET ANGLIN, LEADING WOMAN OF CHARLES FROHMAN'S EMPIRE STOCK COMPANY.
From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

satility, and next her engagement by E. H. Sothern for the slavey in "Lord Chumley." From this comic maid of all work to the stately *Roxane* would seem a far cry, but Mr. Mansfield's faith in the young woman was amply justified.

People with an eye for small coincidences have pointed it out as a curious fact that four of our leading actresses have names beginning with the first letter of the alphabet. The other three, of course, are Maude Adams, Julia Arthur, and Viola Allen.

Miss Allen was a mere girl when she played leading rôles with actors like John McCullough and the elder Salvini, the latter speaking in Italian and the rest of the cast in English. She is the daughter of an actor, Leslie Allen, who began his career with one of George C. Howard's pioneer "Uncle Tom's Cabin" companies. The daughter's stage connection started in 1882, at the Madison Square Theater, where "Esmeralda" had had a memorable long run. When Annie Russell, who created the title rôle, needed a rest, Miss Allen, a girl fresh from school, was engaged to take her place for a short time, and "made good" to such an extent that she was sent on the road with the piece.



MAUDE FEALY AS SHE APPEARED IN "SHERLOCK HOLMES."
From her latest photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.



ELLA SNYDER, APPEARING AS THE PRINCESS IN "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY AND THE BEAST."

From a photograph by Tonnellé, New York.

After her experience in the legitimate, she followed Laura Don as *Pompon* in "The Charbonnière," and when the Lyceum Theater—lately demolished—was opened, on April 6, 1885, she created the leading part in "Dakolar," Steele MacKaye's play. She left the cast ten days later, however, to star in "Talked About," by William Cowper, a play that attracted little attention. Later she did the dual rôles of *Nance* and *Jess* in "Hoodman Blind," and when the Jefferson-Florence combination was organized to give "The Rivals," Miss Allen was chosen as the *Lydia Languish*. She was not the Empire's first leading woman; that post was filled by Sidney Armstrong from the inauguration of the theater on January 25, 1893, to the close of the season in June. With the reopening of the house in the following September came Miss Allen in Carton's most charming play, "Liberty Hall." The same winter witnessed her great strike as *Rosamund* in Sydney Grundy's "Sowing the Wind," with the famous "sex against sex" speech. The next season furnished her with another strong part, *Dulcie*, in Henry Arthur Jones' "The Masqueraders." A favorite rôle with her in those days was one to which the public took not at all—*Audrie Lisdén* in "Michael and His Lost Angel," the ecclesiastical play which ran a bare ten nights on both sides of the ocean.

Miss Allen had a congenial opportunity two seasons later as *Renée* in the dramatized novel, "Under the Red Robe," but she did not care for her part in "The Conquerors," produced in 1897. It was in this strongly spiced drama, by the way, that Clara Bloodgood, now about to become a star, made her first professional appearance in a very small way.

Miss Allen left the Frohman fold the next spring. She spent the summer of 1898 abroad, visiting Hall Caine at his home in the Isle of Man, and getting his ideas of the play in which she was to launch out on her starring tour. This was "The Christian," a story which had excited wide spread interest during its course as a serial in MUNSEY'S. The play was first produced in Albany, on September 25, 1898, and has proved one of the most profitable in recent theatrical history, in spite of the fact that critics generally disapproved of it. One of their charges against it was that Miss Allen was not well suited with the part of *Glory*; but she herself reveled in the character, and this time she had the public on her side, and played the part for two seasons to record breaking receipts.

When it was decided to give her a new vehicle, Miss Allen went abroad again, this time to Italy, where she visited Marion Crawford, the American novelist. It was arranged that Mr. Crawford should write a story with a special view to its dramatization for Miss Allen's use, although the play building task was done by another hand—that of the late Lorimer Stoddard. This story, which was first called "In Old Madrid," then "Dolores," and finally "In the Palace of the King," also appeared as a serial in MUNSEY'S, and when it reached the boards, in the autumn of 1900, turned out to be another hit, this time artistic as well as financial. Like "The Christian," it served Miss Allen well for two seasons.

Next fall she will probably go back to Hall Caine, and appear in a dramatization of his latest novel of Roman life, "The Eternal City." Meantime, following the example of Maude Adams and Nat Goodwin, she plans to devote a few weeks to a revival of a standard play.

"The Hunchback," which she has chosen, has been given very seldom since it was presented by Mary Anderson. It was written in 1832 by James Sheridan Knowles, whose father was first cousin to Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Knowles was born at Cork in 1784, and lived a decidedly varied career, as he was at different times a soldier, a doctor, an actor, a school teacher, and a Baptist preacher. He died in 1862. Besides "The Hunchback," he wrote two other plays that have lived—"Virginius" and "The Love Chase."

Speaking of the life of plays, what are our dramatic authors of today turning out that will hold the boards for fifty years? It may be an idle speculation, but nevertheless it is an interesting one. The Clyde Fitch comedies would scarcely seem to possess the necessary staying powers. The very element that makes them so interesting on their first production—their quality of being "bang up to date," not so much in their subject matter as in their appeal to the passing fancy—would count against them if they should be revived by a later generation. Among American plays, some of the rural dramas, racy of the soil, seem to be the most possible candidates. Half a century hence, such a piece as "The Old Homestead" may have a real historical interest. Of the work of the English playwrights, it looks as if Pinero's "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" might be in the running. As a test play for an emotional actress, it is beginning to oust "Camille."

LITERARY CHAT

AN INDEX EXPURGATORIUS.

The man who marks or leaves with pages bent
The volume that some trusting friend has lent,
Or keeps it over long, or scruples not
To let its due returning be forgot;
The man who guards his books with miser's care,
And does not joy to lend them, and to share;
The man whose shelves are dust begrimed and few,
Who reads when he has nothing else to do;
The man who raves of classic writers, but
Is found to keep them with their leaves uncut;
The man who looks on literature as news,
And gets his culture from the book reviews;
Who loves not fair, clean type and margins wide—
Or loves these better than the thought inside;
Who buys his books to decorate the shelf,
Or gives a book he has not read himself;
Who reads for priggish motives, or for looks,
Or any reason save the love of books—
Great Lord, who judgeth sins of all degrees,
Is there no little private hell for these?

NOT A PLAGIARISM—Because "Arthur Penn" is none other than Professor Brander Matthews himself.

Two months ago there appeared in this department a paragraph which commented upon the striking similarity between certain sentences in Brander Matthews' recent book, "The Parts of Speech," and passages in Arthur Penn's edition of Hood's "Rhymester," published a dozen years earlier. A letter from Professor Matthews admits the apparent plagiarism, but explains it away by revealing the interesting fact that he and "Arthur Penn" are one and the same person. "Every author," says Professor

Matthews, "has a right to repeat himself"—a postulate which we accept with certain limitations. It is a good defense against a charge of plagiarism, though as a practice it would scarcely be entirely fair to the reader.

But may we venture to inquire to what extent Professor Matthews has been masquerading under pen names? In his proper person he is known as a novelist, a playwright, a lecturer on literature, a university trustee, a railroad president, a member of the bar, a founder of clubs, and a promoter of copyright leagues. Now it seems that he is also "Arthur Penn," editor and literary critic. What limit is there to his diversified activities?

It would apparently be more just to classify him with the versatile Mr. Hopkinson Smith than with such circumscribed minds as those of 'Omer and Mr. Kipling.

GREEN'S "LETTERS"—The historian's correspondence forms an interesting record of a useful career and an attractive personality.

John Richard Green died at forty five, and nearly all his working life was a brave but hopeless struggle with consumption. He had no advantages of birth; his father was an Oxford tailor in poor circumstances. He won a scholarship at the university, but did not distinguish himself as an undergraduate. He seems to have had comparatively few friends, at least until his last years. His chosen profession was the church, but he had to abandon it—nominally on the ground of ill health, really because he lost his faith in dogmatic theology. Yet with all these drawbacks to his career, he left his mark in the history of letters as one of the foremost scholars and historians of his time.

The recently published volume of his "Letters" is one of the best books of the year. With the narrative of Green's life contributed by Leslie Stephen, the letters reveal the personality of a remarkably interesting and attractive man. His correspondents were also interesting people, the principal ones being Professor Boyd

Dawkins, the well known geologist, who was a college friend of Green's; the late Edward A. Freeman, the historian; Humphry Ward, then a tutor at Oxford, now art critic of the London *Times*; Mrs. Humphry Ward, who had not as yet won fame as a novelist; Mrs. Creighton, wife of the late Bishop of London, and her sister, Miss Olga von Glehn.

Green's reputation rests mainly, of course, on his "Short History of the English People," a book that founded a new school of historical writing. The idea with which he undertook it is described by the editor of the "Letters":

It was his aim to pass briefly over many of the incidents which constitute the main staple of the old histories, the court intrigues, wars, and diplomacies, and to bring out the constitutional, intellectual, and social advance in which we read the history of the nation itself. He strove never to sink into a mere "drum and trumpet history."

It was an idea that had long been forming in his mind. Years before, in a letter to Boyd Dawkins, he had spoken of the lack of such an account of England's development:

No existing history helped me; rather, I have been struck with the utter blindness of all and every one to the real subjects which they profess to treat—the national growth and development of our country.

Green was the originator of another modern idea in the making of history—the more or less connected series of "epochs," "heroes," "primers," and the like, which are perhaps a little too common nowadays. He drew up a scheme for a set of biographies on this plan—since carried out by other hands—as far back as his early Oxford days.

There are some references in the "Letters" to America, where the "Short History" was no less popular than in England. Unfortunately, it was so popular that the sale of the authorized edition was soon cut off by American reprints. In June, 1875, Green wrote to Miss von Glehn:

I am musing gloomily on the Pirate Copy which has arrived from New York, gorgeous in form, and margin, and type, a fine book, but a felon! As I look on it, my dream of a brougham fades away, and I fall back on the chance of a market cart to jog through life with.

Later, after the author's death, a revised edition seems to have been copyrighted here; but "the first check received from America for the original text" was sent by the Appletons in 1899, though ten or twelve publishers in the

United States had previously reprinted the book.

OUR FIRST DATE—Does American history begin a thousand years before Columbus?

The firm which advertises an encyclopedia of United States history "from 458 A. D. until 1902" is doing its best to remove the stigma of newness from the nation. The record begins, the publishers say, with the arrival on our shores of one Hui Shen, a Buddhist missionary from China; but the selection of a precise date sounds somewhat arbitrary. Why not make it 1458 B. C., and plead in explanation that the story of Ulysses' landing on the far western shore of Ogygia, the island of Calypso, evidently represents the earliest discovery of America?

"COME BUY, COME BUY!"—The modern publisher's frantic efforts to dispose of his goods.

Among a number of extremely dispiriting prophecies having to do with the condition of society several centuries hence, Mr. H. G. Wells once conceived the idea of shouting machines which should be used as advertising mediums and hail one on the street corners with the stentorian demand, "Have you read Bigsby's new novel?" or something of the kind. It begins to look as if Mr. Wells might be numbered among the predictive authors, who, like M. Jules Verne, live to see their prognostications come true. It cannot be more than a step from present methods of book advertising to shouting machines, or worse.

A decade ago, there were three or four stock phrases, one or all of which were to be found tacked on to the announcements of every publisher who made any claim to keeping abreast with the times. In those good and simple days the only claim made for every novel published was that, once taken up, it would not be laid down until the last page was turned, or that there was not a dull line in it from start to finish, or that it held the reader from cover to cover.

Then some one invented the phrase "the novel of the year," since which time there have been, annually, so many "novels of the year" that one grows quite dizzy trying to remember their names. And now we are upon the verge of giving away a beautiful celluloid paper knife or a cake of soap with every copy.

As these lines are written, two books are upon the market, each of which contains a detachable coupon. On one of these the delighted reader is supposed to send his guess as to the authorship of the twelve stories contained in the book. On the second he is supposed to express his opinion as to the relative good looks of the heroine, who is presented by a dozen more or less prominent illustrators in as many different guises. These portraits of what is described as "the most beautiful woman in Europe" are all grouped together at the beginning of the book, and it is worthy of note that at least half of them represent about as plain featured a female as one would be apt to meet in a day's journey. Once we were invited to guess the weight of the prize pig at a county fair, with the pig as reward if we succeeded. We did not get the pig, and the disappointment so discouraged us that we shall not even try this new contest. But, O Literature, how beautiful are all thy ways!

Better than either of these was the case of a book which came to the critic's hands with a publisher's announcement inclosed, wherein was set forth the fact that the author was a deserving young man who had undertaken the work in question in order to support his aged parents. This, it seems, so touched the publishers that they accepted the manuscript. "Please, mister, buy me poipers. Me little brudder's in de horspitte!"

What next?

BOSTON SUCCESSES—Once the literary center of America, the New England city is now a producer of "best selling books."

The decadence of Boston as a publishing center is a familiar topic; but of late some of the greatest successes among the novels of the day have come from Boston houses. The staid old firm of Houghton, Mifflin & Company was stirred to its depths by the sensational popularity of "Prisoners of Hope." Never in its history had it been so hard pressed to meet the popular demand. Miss Mary Johnston, unlike so many authors in similar situations, remained loyal to the publishers who had recognized and encouraged her gifts, and has since given to them her second book, "To Have and to Hold," and her latest, the much discussed "Audrey."

Another Boston house, the D. Lothrop Publishing Company, reaped a rich har-

vest from the success of Irving Bacheller's rustic novel, "Eben Holden." When "Mr. Dooley" first appeared between book covers, it bore the imprint of the young and enterprising house of Small, Marquand & Company, started in Boston a short time before. It was this firm, too, that established the valuable series of Beacon Biographies, brief studies of the careers of prominent Americans prepared by leading writers of the day, chiefly by the younger writers. Enterprise and originality, too, have been shown by the young Boston men who are building up the firm of L. C. Page & Company.

It may be true, as many people like to assert, that Boston has lost her former literary prestige; but she has not yet been crowded out of publishing.

"LUCAS MALET"—The personality of Mrs. St. Leger Harrison, daughter of Charles Kingsley, and author of "Sir Richard Calmady."

Lucas Malet, as almost everybody knows, is a daughter of the late Canon Kingsley. Many readers of her new book, "Sir Richard Calmady," have been surprised by the enormous amount of knowledge in it, and some have drawn the inference that its author—whose real name is Mrs. Mary St. Leger Harrison—is a typical British bluestocking, with short, iron gray hair, and sharp, shrewd eyes peering out over the top of silver spectacles. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Harrison is a tall and singularly gracious and graceful woman, still on the sunny side of middle life, who possesses the poise of a well bred Englishwoman together with the charm of manner and the quickness of appreciation which are more common here than on the other side of the water. She certainly knows a great deal and has read a great deal, but it is probable that a large proportion of her knowledge of the world and of humanity has been derived from intimate association with many of the most distinguished men and women of her day.

Her father, who was above all else a lover of his kind, drew to the family home in Eversley many of the greatest of England's thinkers, writers, and churchmen. King Edward, then Prince of Wales, once came to the house regularly for a course of study which he was taking under the distinguished clergyman, and more than one American who had won fame in letters or art found there a hospitable greeting.

Several years of Mrs. Harrison's life were passed in the picturesque town of Clovelly, on the north coast of Devonshire, where her late husband was rector of the parish. Clovelly Court, described by Tennyson, who was a guest there, as one of the ideal country homes of England, figures as the scene of the first chapters of "The Wages of Sin"—which, though little known in this country, is regarded by many as Mrs. Harrison's greatest work.

Mrs. Harrison's present home is in Kensington, where she lives very quietly. She has lately turned her attention to play writing, and is at work on a dramatization of "The Wages of Sin." The public would probably prefer to have a new novel from her, rather than a stage version of an old one.

HIGH PRIESTS OF MUSIC—Six great composers whom Professor Boise singles out as makers of musical history.

It is a remarkable fact that though music began when the human race first appeared on the earth, if not still earlier, its written history and its technical perfection are things, as it were, of yesterday and today. Musical expression is many thousands of years old, but its scientific development may be dated from the introduction of the modern notation by Huchbold, about 900 A. D. Considering the importance of music as a factor in our intellectual life, the name of this almost forgotten Flemish monk should rank among those of the great inventors.

In "Music and Its Masters" Professor Otis Boise presents a theory rather than a history of the development of music. The author, a teacher and composer who has had a long professional career in Germany and America, and who is now connected with the Peabody Institute in Baltimore, names six men as the "high priests" who have laid down the lines on which their art has grown. The six are the Italian Palestrina, of the sixteenth century, and five Germans—Bach, of the eighteenth, and Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, and Wagner, of the nineteenth.

The selection seems a little arbitrary. It is hard to believe that Schubert and Schumann deserve to be ranked, as forces in the history of music, in a distinct and superior category to such men as Haydn, the father of the symphony; Handel, the great master of the oratorio; Chopin, who

revolutionized composition for the piano; or Mozart, perhaps the most brilliant of all musical geniuses.

But musical criticism, after all, is very much a matter of individual taste. Professor Boise's tastes are distinctly German. He damns the famous composers of other lands with faint praise, while for the Italians, since the long past day of Palestrina, he has a truly Teutonic aversion. Rossini, to him, is merely "a man of genius, too indolent to develop his gifts." Verdi did better work because he wrote under the influence of Wagner, and because his music was "dressed in foreign garb." As to the latter day Italian composers, Mascagni and the rest, they are "musical brigands," and it is fortunate that their "assault on art" has been "relegated to the realm of disturbing memories."

There is no finality in musical criticism, but Professor Boise's book is an interesting and intelligent review of a large subject.

LITERARY SWEETS—The American reading public demands fiction, and little but fiction.

One of the American traits that are marvels to the intelligent foreign critic is the American capacity for sweets. The variety and the amount of our confectionery are a source of never failing wonder to the European observer. When some enterprising candy man opened a shop for "American sweets" in London, it was pointed out with much the same air of bewilderment as the bars where the American cocktail was proudly advertised as an attractive novelty.

If our English cousins should happen to look over the instructive but sometimes humiliating lists of our "best selling books," they would probably conclude that the taste for glucose extended through the intellectual as well as through the gustatory department of our national life. Follow them month after month, and you will see that novel succeeds to novel in the popular fancy, but that never, by any chance, does the strong meat of history, biography, science, travel, or philosophy appeal to us. National crises come and go, and we keep on reading our "Audreys" or our "Monsieur Beaucaires."

The six most popular books each month, for the whole country, are always novels. Occasionally one city will try to change the average by a little attempt at other reading. One month not long ago Al-

bany made an earnest effort after spiritual culture or comfort by placing "Thoughts for Every Day Living" on the list. Indianapolis sometimes forces a new volume of James Whitcomb Riley's poems upon its local list; but neither of these can be regarded as a very valiant effort after solid literary sustenance.

Now, the English do not make the loud claims to a universal culture and a wide reading public that we do; but no national event of importance fails to make itself felt in their libraries and bookshops. In the brief list of the most popular English books for almost any month, nowadays, you find, in addition to the inevitable fiction, at least three books on the South African situation. We, as a nation, continue to subsist intellectually on the chocolate creams of literature. Our national dyspepsia may spread in new directions if we are not careful.

THE LIFE OF PAUL JONES.

"Richard Carvel" has proved a good advertisement for Buell's biography of the navy's founder.

No better advertisement for real history could be found than the popular historical novel. It is what the flaming poster is to the drama, or a wise press agent to a prima donna. Nothing could better illustrate this phase of its usefulness than the undoubted service that "Richard Carvel" has done to Augustus C. Buell's "Paul Jones."

To be sure, Mr. Churchill has given the founder of the American navy no great personal dignity. In the play built on the novel, the man is made positively grotesque. But many good people who would never have looked twice at the title of Mr. Buell's book, except for their introduction to its hero as a character in "Richard Carvel," will now pause, turn the leaves, and even be induced to buy the biography.

It is a remarkable one in several ways. It reveals a man vastly more interesting, even personally, than the creation of Mr. Churchill. In the "Anecdotes of the Court of Louis XVI," which Mr. Buell quotes, the commodore is thus described:

He is a man of about thirty eight years; five feet seven inches tall; slender of build, of exquisitely symmetrical form, with noticeably perfect development of limbs. His features are delicately molded, of classical cast, clear cut, and, when animated, mobile and expressive in the last degree, but when in repose, sedate almost to melancholy. His eyes are his most remarkable feature, and are the first to attract the attention of those whose good—or ill—

fortune it may be to come in contact with him. They betray unmistakable evidences of a subtle nature, intense with passion, surcharged with ambition, and capable of the widest extremes of sentiment and action.

He is master of the arts of dress and personal adornment, and it is a common remark that, notwithstanding the frugality of his means, he never fails to be the best dressed man at any dinner or *réte* he may honor by attending. To all these charms of person and grace of manner he adds the power of conversation, a store of rare and original anecdote, and an apparently inexhaustible fund of ready, pointed wit, always apropos and always pleasing except on the infrequent occasions when he chooses to turn it to the uses of sarcasm and satire. Next to the magic of his eyes is the charm of his voice, which no one can ever forget, man or woman, who has heard it. It is surely the most musical and perfectly modulated voice ever heard, and it is equally resistless in each of the three languages he speaks—English, French, and Spanish.

WESTERN PHILOSOPHY—The Old

Cattleman's views of life, as set forth by Alfred Henry Lewis.

The men of the plains—the cattlemen, the faro dealers, the ranchmen come to town for a day's trading, the stray miners from camps up in the hills—these are all philosophers of no mean order, and not merely persons of abundant action, as we have sometimes been led to believe in times past. At any rate, so Mr. Alfred Henry Lewis would have us understand in his new volume, "Wolfville Days," in which he continues the sketches begun four years ago in "Wolfville."

"Comin' to cases," remarks the *Old Cattleman*, who, in this volume as in the former, tells Mr. Lewis' episodes for him, "the world's been forever basin' its game on the lies that's told; an' I reckons now if every gent was to turn in an' tell nothin' but the trooth for the next few hours, thar would be a heap of folks some hard to find at the close of them moothal confidences. Yes, as I says, now I gets plum cog'tative about it, sech attempts to put down fiction might result in unprecedeted disaster."

On the kindred subject of gambling the *Old Cattleman*, although admitting himself "not much of a sport," holds lax views. "I recalls people," he says, "who would scorn kyards, but who'd admire to buy a widow's steers for four dollars an' saw 'em off ag'in for forty. I don't see no such heinous difference between searchin' a gent for his roll with steers at forty dollars—the same standin' you in four—an' layin' for him by raisin' the ante for the limit before the draw.

Mighty likely thar's a reason why one's moral an' the other's black an' bad, but I admits onblushin'ly that the onearthin' tharof is shore too many for dim eyed folks like me. They strikes me a heap sim'lar; only the kyard sharp goes out ag'inst chances which the steer sharp escapest complete."

Combine this unconventional theory of ethics with a rather quaint and courtly practising code of both kindness and offense, and you have an interesting society. Indeed, it may be said that the *Old Cattleman* justifies his chronicler's introductory boast that he is as worthy of general appreciation as *Sir Roger de Coverley* himself.

There is one feature of the new book which cannot fail to give delight to all who are in the secret. On the title page Mr. Lewis is noted as "the author of 'Wolfville,' 'Sandburrs,' 'Pearls and Swine,' etc." Until Mr. Lewis' differences of opinion with Mr. Croker, the list was "Wolfville," "Sandburrs," and "Richard Croker."

AN ENGLISH CRITIC — And his sympathetic views of American life and American literature.

To most readers in this country Mr. William Archer is known only as the leading dramatic critic of England; but during the past few years his work has shown that he has other claims to distinction.

He has lately published a book which, if it were his only contribution to literature, would assure him a place among the literary critics of the day. It is called "Poets of the Younger Generation," and it displays extensive reading, fine insight, skill in writing clear, simple English, and a judgment catholic enough to include among the English poets such American writers as Bliss Carman, Richard Hovey, Alice Brown, Charles G. D. Roberts, Madison Cawein, George Santayana, and several others.

This book does not offer the only proof that Mr. Archer has given of sincere sympathy with American achievements. A few years ago he was sent to this country by a leading English periodical to write a series of articles on the conditions prevailing on the American stage. The articles were collected in a volume, which was published in England but not here, and only a few copies reached American readers. This was the more to be regretted as the book would undoubtedly

have interested many of our actors and playgoers.

While gathering his material for his articles on our stage, Mr. Archer traveled extensively in the West and the East, and wrote a number of newspaper letters embodying his observations. These formed a second work, one of the most appreciative volumes on American life ever published in England. That book, too, did not find the reading here that might have been anticipated. However, both volumes may yet have their proper chance with American readers if Mr. Archer, whose reputation is steadily increasing, some day publishes a book that will make a more direct appeal to popular favor. His latest work is hardly of that kind, though it will be read with interest by those people who love poetry and who love to read good things said about poetry by a man of taste.

It is not surprising that a work of such thoroughness should have come from a Scotsman; for though Mr. Archer has belonged to London for more than twenty years, he comes from the land of Robert Burns, and was educated at Edinburgh. He has a charming little cottage in Surrey, where he devotes himself to writing and to the society of his wife and of his son, a youth now of about eighteen, the "Tomarcher" of the Stevenson letters.

Mr. Archer differs from a good many dramatic critics by taking as deep an interest in pure literature as in the acted drama—a fact that makes his criticism all the broader and more authoritative. He is an ardent Ibsenite, and was one of the first to help make the Norwegian philosopher known to English speaking readers and audiences. His private life has little to do with the theater, and his friends are among writers rather than actors, including most of the literary men of England.

A "REAL" WASHINGTON—Norman Hapgood applies the modern biographical method to the greatest of our national heroes.

Norman Hapgood, in his recently published life of Washington, has tried to draw as much as possible from original documents, and has given prominence, as he did in dealing with Abraham Lincoln, to the human qualities of his subject. The task was difficult, for the character of Washington has become crystallized, so to speak, in the popular imagination. His

virtues have been so enthusiastically praised that they have made him seem something more than human.

Thackeray, who was no respecter of persons, did not hesitate to set aside the traditions and to present Washington—the youthful Washington, to be sure—as a somewhat ridiculous figure. But Thackeray's portrait, human and clever as it undoubtedly is, has not in any way affected the feelings of the American people, and it is doubtful whether they can ever be changed.

Mr. Hapgood may possibly be a pioneer in the work of bringing about a reconsideration of the sanctity of our idols. He tries to approach his subjects with an unbiased mind. He is one of the few men among our younger writers who are undertaking serious historical research. He seems to be versatile, too, for, besides writing history, he has done a good deal of more or less serious work in the line of dramatic criticism.

BARBIE AND THRUMS—Barrie's Scottish village was dour and gray, but that of George Douglas is utterly repulsive.

The closing chapters of "The House with the Green Shutters" dispose entirely, though not neatly, of all the chief characters of the book. Corpses strew the ground in the most reckless profusion, and one looks to see stage directions: "*A dead march. Exeunt, bearing off the dead bodies.*" Surely they would be as appropriate as at the close of "Hamlet," for the final chapter of George Douglas' novel is not less suggestive of the charnel house than the last act of the great Shaksperian tragedy.

And yet the slaughter is not enough. One thirsts for more gore. After all, only four of the inhabitants of the village of Barbie have perished, and no one who reads the tale from beginning to end could be satisfied with any such half hearted work as that. Wholesale destruction would not be too much for the Barbians.

This desire for annihilation, this refusal to regard as adequate anything less than universal doom, which Mr. George Douglas leaves with his readers, is what leads one to believe that his painfully wrought out realism must be spurious. Barbie seems like a real Scotch village; its inhabitants are described with an accuracy which forbids skepticism as to their entire truthfulness. But then

comes common sense, and says that this cannot be, that in any community there must be one just man, one amiable woman, one child, at least, who is not "aching for a whipping." And so Mr. Douglas' realism defeats his own ends.

It is a horrible book, though at first one is inclined to call it powerful. Bursting arrogance, spite, dishonesty, slovenliness, greed, drunkenness—these are the spiritual attributes of Barbie. And physically, Mr. Douglas sees only the raw knuckles, the frowsy heads, the slack figures, the lean necks of women, and only the mean eyes, the yellow teeth, the gross mouths of men.

The tale seems to have gained a certain vogue. It is called strong, vivid, unsentimental, uncompromising. But its strength and vividness are those of a man afflicted with a bad case of astigmatism. No one else could see—even in a Scottish village—so much unrelieved and sordid wretchedness.

But the book does one man a service. It makes one turn to Barrie with a gratitude which he might never otherwise have won. Barbie makes one fairly love Thrums.

MR. STEAD'S LATEST—He prophesies that the United States will absorb the British Empire.

"The Americanization of the World" is very characteristic of the author, the somewhat erratic William T. Stead. It is always interesting, sometimes brilliant in its originality, and often daring in its disregard for what most people would consider probabilities. It also contains an immense amount of information, much of it plainly gathered at first hand from men of distinction in the world of present day politics.

There are few men living who have so large an acquaintance among all kinds of prominent people as this eccentric London journalist. A stranger and a more serious book would be less entertaining and more convincing; but even when Mr. Stead fails to convince, he offers material for thought. His book is a very flattering plea for the union of England and America, frankly made because the writer believes we are going to become phenomenally powerful. It is written in a style far from polished, but decidedly readable. The book was probably dictated under pressure, as so much of Mr. Stead's work is done.

THE SHADOW OF THE LAW.*

BY ERNEST W. HORNUNG.

XXVII.

"**H**AVE the ladies gone?"

Langholm had ridden a long way round, through the rain, in order to avoid them; nor was there any sign of the phaeton in the lane; yet these were his first whispered words across the wicket, and he would not enter to set foot upon the noisy wet gravel without Mrs. Brunton's assurance that the ladies had been gone some time.

"And they've left him a different man," she added. "But what have you been doing to get wet like that? Dear, dear! I do call it foolish! Well, sir, get out o' them nasty wet things, or I shall have you to nurse an' all!"

The kind, blunt soul hustled to bring him a large can of scalding water, and Langholm bathed and changed before going near the invalid. He also felt another man. The thorough wetting had cooled his spirit and calmed his nerves. His head still ached for sleep, but now it was clear enough. If only his duty were half as plain as the mystery that was one no more! Yet it was something to have solved the prime problem; nay, everything, since it freed his mind for concentration upon his own immediate course. But Langholm reckoned without his stricken guest next door; and went up presently, intending to stay five or ten minutes at the most.

Severino lay smiling like a happy and excited child. Langholm was sorry to detect the excitement, but determined to cut his own visit shorter than ever. It was more pleasing to him to note how neat and comfortable the room was now, for that was his own handiwork, and the ladies had been there to see it. The good Bruntons had moved many of their things into the room to which they had themselves migrated. In their stead were other things which Langholm had unearthed from the lumber in his upper story, dusted, and carried down and up with his own hands. Thus at the bedside stood a real Chippendale table, with a real delft vase upon it, filled with such roses as had survived the rain. A drop of water had been spilled upon the table

from the vase, and there was something almost fussy in the way that Langholm removed it with his handkerchief.

"Oh," said Severino, "she quite fell in love with the table you found for me, and Mrs. Woodgate wanted the vase. They were wondering if Mrs. Brunton would accept a price."

"They don't belong to Mrs. Brunton," said Langholm shortly.

"No? Mrs. Woodgate said she had never noticed them in your room. Where did you pick them up?"

Langholm looked at the things, lamps of remembrance alight beneath his lowered eyelids. "The table came from a little shop on Bushey Heath, in Hertfordshire, you know. We—I was spending the day there once; you had to stoop to get in at the door, I remember. The vase is only from Great Portland Street." The prices were upon his lips; both had been bargains, a passing happiness and pride.

"I must remember to tell them when they come tomorrow," said Severino. "They are the sort of thing a woman likes."

"They are," agreed Langholm, his lowered eyes still lingering on the table and the vase—"the sort of thing a woman likes. So these women are coming again tomorrow, are they?" The question was quite brisk.

"Yes, they promised."

"Both of them, eh?"

"Yes, I hope so!" The sick man broke into eager explanations. "I only want to see her, Langholm! That's all I want. I don't want her to myself. What is the good? To see her and be with her is all I want—ever. It has made me so happy! It is really better than if she came alone. You see, as it is I can't say anything—do you see?"

"Perfectly," said Langholm gently.

The lad lay gazing up at him with great eyes. Langholm fancied their expression was one of incredulity. Twilight was falling early with the rain; the casement was small, and further contracted by an overgrowth of creeper. The two great eyes seemed to shine the brighter through the dusk. Langholm could not make his

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visit a very short one after all. He felt it would be cruel.

"What did you talk about, then?" he asked.

A small smile came with the answer: "You!"

"Me! What on earth had you to say about me?"

"I heard all you had been doing."

"Oh, that!"

"You know you didn't tell me that evening in town."

"No, I was only beginning then."

It seemed some months ago—more months since that very afternoon.

"Have you found out anything?"

Langholm hesitated. "Yes," he said finally. Why should he lie?

"Do you mean to say that you have any suspicion who it is?" Severino was on his elbow.

"More than a suspicion. I am certain. There can be no doubt about it. A pure fluke gave me the clue, but every mortal thing fits in."

Severino dropped back upon his pillow. Langholm seemed glad to talk to him, to loosen his tongue, to unburden his heart ever so little. And, indeed, he was glad.

"And what are you going to do about it?"

"That's my difficulty. She must be cleared before the world. That is the first duty; if it could be done without—making bad almost worse!"

"Bad—worse? How could it, Langholm?"

No answer.

"Who do you say it is?"

No answer again. Langholm had not bargained to say anything to anybody just yet.

Severino raised himself once more upon an elbow.

"I must know!" he said.

Langholm rose, laughing.

"I'll tell you who I thought it was at first," said he heartily. "I don't mind telling you that, because it was so absurd, and I think you'll be the first to laugh at it. I was idiot enough to think it was you, my poor dear chap!"

"And you don't think so still?" asked Severino harshly. He had not been the first to laugh.

"Of course I don't, my dear fellow."

"I wish you would sit down again. That's better. So you know it is some one else?"

"So far as one can know anything."

"And you are going to try to bring it home to this man?"

"I don't know. The police may save

me the trouble. I believe they are on the same scent at last. Meanwhile, I have given him as fair a warning as a man could wish."

Severino lay back yet again in silence and deep twilight. His breath came quickly. A shiver seemed to pass through the bed.

"You needn't have done that," he whispered at last.

"I thought it was the fair thing to do."

"Yet you needn't have done it, because—your first idea was right!"

"Right?" echoed Langholm densely. "My first idea was right?"

"You said you first thought it was I who killed—her husband."

"It couldn't have been!"

"But it was."

Langholm got back to his feet. He could conceive but one explanation of this incredible statement. Severino's sickness had extended to his brain. He was delirious. This was the first sign.

"Where are you going?" asked the invalid querulously as his companion moved towards the door.

"When was the doctor here last?" demanded Langholm in return.

There was silence for a few moments, and then a faint laugh, which threatened to break into sob, from the bed.

"I see what you think. How can I convince you that I have all my wits about me? I'd rather not have a light just yet—but in my bag you will find a writing case. It is locked, but the keys are in my trousers pocket. In my writing case you will find a sealed envelope, and in that a fuller confession than I shall have breath to make to you. Take it down stairs and glance at it—then come back."

"No, no," said Langholm hoarsely; "no, I believe you! Yes—it was my first idea!"

"I hardly knew what I was doing," Severino whispered. "I was delirious then, if you like! Yet I remember it better than anything else in all my life. I have never forgotten it for an hour—since it first came back!"

"You really were unconscious for days afterwards?"

"I believe it was weeks. Otherwise you must know—she will be the first to believe—I never could have let her—"

"My poor dear fellow, of course, of course!"

Langholm felt for the emaciated hand, and stroked it as though it had been a child's. Yet that was the hand that had slain Alexander Minchin! And Langholm

thought of it; and still his own was almost womanly in the tender pity of its touch.

"I want to tell you," the sick lad murmured. "I wanted to tell *her*—God knows it—and that alone was why I came to her the moment I could find out where she was. No—no—not that alone! I am too ill to pretend any more. It was not all pretense when I let you think it was only passion that drove me down here. I believe I should have come even if I had nothing at all to tell her—only to be near her as I was this afternoon. But the other made it a duty. Yet when she came this afternoon I could not do my duty. I had not the courage. It was too great to be with her again! And then the other lady—I thanked God for her, too, for she made it impossible for me to speak. But to you I must—especially after what you say."

The man came out in Langholm's ministrations. "One minute," he said; and returned in two or three with a pint of tolerable champagne. "I keep a few for angel's visits," he explained; "but I am afraid I must light the candle. I will put it at the other side of the room. Do you mind the tumbler? Now drink, and tell me only what you feel inclined, neither more nor less."

"It is all written down," began Severino, in better voice for the first few drams; "how I first heard her singing through the open windows in the summer—only last summer—how she heard me playing, and how, afterwards, we happened to meet. She was unhappy; he was a bad husband; but I only saw it for myself. He was nice enough to me in his way—liked to send round for me to play when they had anybody there—but there was only one reason why I went. Oh, yes, the ground she trod on—the air she breathed! I make no secret of it now; if I made any then it was because I knew her too well, and feared to lose what I had got. And yet—that brute, that bully, that coarse——"

He checked himself by an effort that stained his face a sickly brown in the light of the distant candle. Langholm handed him the tumbler, and a few more drams went down to do the only good—the temporary good—that human aid could do for Severino now. His eyes brightened. He lay still and silent, collecting strength and self control.

"I was ill; she brought me flowers. I never had any constitution, and I became very ill indeed. With a man like you, a chill at worst; with me, pneumonia in a

day. Then she came to see me herself, saw the doctor, got in all sorts of things, and was coming to nurse me through the night herself. God bless her for the thought alone! I was supposed not to know; they thought I was unconscious already. But I kept conscious on purpose; I could have lived through anything for that alone. And she never came!

"My landlady sat up instead. She is another of the kindest women on earth; she thought far more of me than I was ever worth, and it was she who screened me through thick and thin during the delirium that followed and after that. She did not tell the whole truth at the trial; may there be no mercy for me hereafter if the law is not merciful to that stanch soul! She has saved my life—for this! But that night—it was her second in succession, and she had been with me the whole long day—that night she fell asleep beside me in the chair. I can hear her breathing now.

"Dear soul, how it angered me at the time! It made me fret all the more for—her. Why had she broken faith? I knew that she had not. Something had kept her; had he? I had hoped he was out of the way; he left her so much. He was really on the watch, as you may know. At last I got up and went to the window. All the windows opposite were in darkness except theirs!"

Langholm sprang to his feet, but sat down again as suddenly.

"Go on," he said excitedly.

"What is it that you thought?"

"I believe I know what you did. That's all."

"What? Tell me, please, and then I will tell you!"

"All those garden walls—they connect."

"Yes? Yes?"

"You got through your window, climbed upon your wall, and ran along to the lights. It occurred to you suddenly—as it did to me when I went over the house the other day."

Severino lay looking at the imaginative man.

"And yet you could suspect another after that?"

"Ah, there is some mystery there also. But it is strange, indeed, to think that I was right in the beginning!"

"I did not know what I was doing," resumed the young Italian, who, like many a clever foreigner, spoke more precise English than any Englishman; and that, with an accent too delicate for written reproduction, alone would have be-

trayed his speech. "I still have very little recollection of what happened between my climbing out of our garden and dropping into theirs. I remember that my feet were rather cold; but that is about all.

"It was near midnight, as you know, and the room it happened in—the study—had the brightest light of all. An electric lamp was blazing on the writing table at the window, and another from a bracket among the books. The window was as wide open as it would go, the lower sash thrown right up; it was just above the scullery window, which is half underground and has an outside grating. The sill was only the height of one's chin. I can tell you all that now, but at the time I knew very little until I was in the room itself. Thank you, I will take another sip. It does me more good than harm to tell you. But you will find it all written down."

Langholm set down the glass, and replenished it. The night had fallen without. The single candle in the farthest corner supplied the only light; in it the one man sat and the other lay, their eyes locked.

"I spilled the ink as I was creeping over the desk. That is an odd thing to remember, but I was looking for something to wipe it up with when I heard their voices up stairs."

"You heard them both?"

"Yes—quarreling—and about me! The first thing I heard was my own name. Then the man came running down. But I never tried to get away. The doors were all open, I had heard something else, and I waited to tell him what a liar he was! But I turned out the lights, so that she should not hear the outcry, and, sure enough, he shut both doors behind him—you would notice there were two—before he turned them on again. So there we stood.

"'Don't let her hear us,' were my first words; and we stood and cursed each other under our breath. I don't know why he didn't knock me down, or rather I do know; it was because I put my hands behind my back and invited him to do it. I was as furious as he was. I forgot that there was anything the matter with me, but when I began telling him that there had been, he looked as though he could have spat in my face. It was no use going on. I could not expect him to believe a word.

"At last he told me to sit down, in the chair opposite his chair, and I said, 'With pleasure.' Then he said, 'We'd better

have a drink, because only one of us is coming out of this room alive,' and I said the same thing again. He was full of drink already, but not drunk, and my own head was as light as air. I was ready for anything. He unlocked a drawer and took a brace of old revolvers from the case in which I put them away again. I locked up the drawer afterwards, and put his keys back in his pocket, before losing my head and doing all the rest that the police saw through at a glance. Sit still, Langholm! I am getting the cart before the horse. I was not so guilty as you think. They may hang me if they like, but it was as much his act as mine.

"He stood with his back to me, fiddling with the revolvers for a good five minutes, during which time I heard him tear his handkerchief in two, and wondered what in the world he was going to do next; what he did was to turn round and go on fiddling with the pistols behind his back. Then he held out one in each hand by the barrel, telling me to take my choice, that he didn't know which was which himself, but only one of them was loaded. And he had lapped the two halves of his handkerchief round the chambers of each in such a way that neither of us could tell when he was going to fire.

"Then he tossed for first shot, and made me call, and I won. So he sat down in his chair and finished his drink and told me to blaze across at him from where I sat in the other chair. I tried to get out of it, partly because I seemed to have seen more good in Minchin in those last ten minutes than in all the months that I had known him; he might be a brute, but he was all right about fair play. Besides, for the moment it was difficult to believe that he was serious or even very angry. I, on my side, was more in a dream than not, or he would not have managed me as he did. He broke out again, cursed me and his wife, and swore that he would shoot her, too, if I didn't go through with it. You can't think of the things he was saying when—but I believe he said them on purpose to make me. At last I pulled, but there was only a click, and he answered with another like lightning. That showed me how he meant it, plainer than anything else! It was too late to get out. I set my teeth and pulled again."

"Like the clash of swords," whispered Langholm in the pause.

Severino moved his head from side to side upon the pillow.

"No, not that time," he said. "There was such a report as might have roused

the neighborhood—you would have thought—but I forgot to tell you he had shut the window and run up some shutters, and even drawn the curtains, to do for the other houses what the double doors did for his own. When the smoke lifted he was lying back in his chair as though he had fallen asleep.

"I think the worst was waiting for her to come down. I opened both doors, but she never came. Then I shut them very quietly—and utterly lost my head. You know what I did. I don't remember doing half. It was the stupid cunning of a real madman—the broken window and the things up the chimney. I got back as I had come, in the way that struck you as possible when you were there, and I woke my landlady getting in. I believe that I told her everything on the spot, and that it was the last sense I spoke for weeks; she nursed me day and night, that I might never tell anybody else."

So the story ended, and with it, as might have been expected, the unnatural strength which had sustained the teller till the last. He had used up every ounce of it, and now he lay exhausted and collapsed. Langholm became uneasy. Severino could not swallow the champagne which was poured into his mouth. Langholm fetched the candle in high alarm, higher yet at what it revealed. Severino was struggling to raise himself, a deadly leaden light upon his face.

"Raise me up—raise me up!"

Langholm raised him in his arms.

"It's another hemorrhage," said Severino calmly.

And his life blood dripped with the words.

Langholm propped him up and rushed out shouting for Brunton, for Mrs. Brunton, for anybody in the house. Both were in, and the old woman came up bravely without a word.

"I'll go for the doctor myself," said Langholm. "I shall be quickest."

And he went on his bicycle, hatless, with an unlit lamp.

But the doctor came too late.

XXVIII.

THAT was between eight and nine o'clock at night. Before ten an outrageous thought occurred to the man with the undisciplined imagination. It closed his mind to the tragedy of an hour ago, to the dead man lying up stairs, whose low and eager voice still went on and on in his ears. It was a thought that possessed Langholm like an unclean spirit

from the moment in which he raised his eyes from the last words of the manuscript to which the dead man had referred.

In the long, low room that was Langholm's study a fire was a necessity in damp weather, irrespective of the season. It was on the fire that his eyes fell, straight from the paper in his hand.

No one else had read it. There was an explicit statement on the point. The Chelsea landlady had no idea that such a statement was in existence. She would certainly have destroyed it if she had known; and further written details convinced Langholm that the woman would never speak of her own accord. There were strange sidelights on the feelings which the young Italian had inspired in an unlikely breast; a mother could have done no more to shield him. On the night of the acquittal, for example, when he was slowly recovering in her house, it had since come to the writer's knowledge that this woman had turned Mrs. Minchin from her door with a lying statement as to his whereabouts.

This Severino mentioned to confirm his declaration that he always meant to tell the truth to Rachel, that it was his first resolve in the early stages of his recovery, long before he knew of her arrest and trial, and that this woman was aware of that resolve as of all else. But he doubted whether she could be made to speak, though he hoped that for his sake she would. And Langholm grinned with set teeth as he turned back to this passage. He would be diabolically safe.

It was only an evil thought. He did not admit it as a temptation. Yet how it stuck, and how it grew!

There was the fire, as though lit on purpose; in a minute the paper could be destroyed forever; and there was no other evidence. Dead men tell no tales, and live men only those that suit them!

It all fitted in so marvelously. To a villain it would have been less a temptation than a veritable gift of his ends. Langholm almost wished that he was a villain.

There was Steel. Something remained for explanation there, but there was really a case against him. The villain would let that case come on; he would be villain did so in his own ready fancy, and the end of it was a world without Steel, but not without his wife; only, she would be his wife no more.

And this brought Langholm to his senses. "Idiot!" he said, and went out to his wet paths and ruined roses. But

the ugly impossible idea dogged him even there.

"If Steel had been guilty! But he isn't, I tell you. No, but if he had been, just for argument, would she ever have looked—hush! Idiot and egotist! No, but *would* she? And could you have made her happy if she had? Ah, that's another thing. I wonder! It is worth wondering about; you know you have failed before. Yes, yes, yes; do you think I forget it? No, but I must remind you. Are you the type to make women happy, women with anything in them, women with nerves? Are you not moody, morbid, uneven, full of yourself?—no, of my work. It comes to the same thing for the woman. Could you have made her happy—yes or no? If no, then pull yourself together and never think of it. Isn't it better to be a good friend instead of a tiresome husband, and, if you care for her, to show her your best side instead of all your sides? I thought so! Then thank your stars, and—never again!"

So spoke the two voices, which are only one voice, within Langholm that night, in the heavy fragrance of his soaking garden, beneath the first faint paring of an August moon; and, having conquered him, the voice of sense and sanity reminded him of his reward. "Remember, too, how you promised to serve her, and how, less by management than good luck, you have, after all, succeeded in what you undertook. Go and tell her. I should go tonight. No, it is never too late to bring good news. I should jump on my bicycle and go now!"

That first paring of the new moon glimmered also over Normanthorpe House, for it was stamped upon the clearest sky that there had been for days. The Steels were strolling on the sweep of the drive before the house, out for outing's sake for the first time that day, and together for the sake of being together for the first time that month.

There was something untoward in the air. In fact, there was suspicion, and Rachel was beginning to suspect what these suspicions were. She could not say absolutely that she did not entertain them herself for a single instant. She had entertained and had dismissed them a good many times.

Why had he never told her his real motive in marrying her? Some subtle motive there had been; why could he never tell her what it was? Then there was his intimacy with her first husband, which she had only discovered by chance, after the most sedulous concealment on

his part. And, finally, there was the defiant character of his challenge to Langholm, as it were, to do his worst, and not his best, as a detective.

On the other hand, there was that woman's instinct, which no wise woman disregards; and Rachel's instinct had never confirmed her fancies in this matter. But within the last few hours her point of view had totally changed. Her husband was suspected. He said so laughingly himself. He was in a certain danger. Her place was by his side. And let it be remembered that, before his absolute refusal to answer her crucial question about his first motive for the marriage, Rachel had grown rather to like that place.

They had been strolling quite apart, though chatting amiably. Rachel had not dreamed of putting her hand within his arm, as she had sometimes done before their quarrel. But she did it again now the very moment his quicker vision saw the cyclist in the drive.

"I hope they are not going to run me in tonight," he had said. "If they do, I shall run *them* in for riding without a light. So it's Langholm! Well, Langholm, put salt on him yet?"

"On whom?"

"Your murderer, of course."

"I have his confession in my pocket." It was the first time that Rachel had known her husband to give a real start.

"Good God!" he cried. "Then you don't think it's I any longer?"

"I know it is not. Nevertheless, Mrs. Steel must prepare for a shock."

Rachel was shocked. But her grief and horror, though both were real and poignant, were swept away for that hour at least by the full tide of her joy.

It was a double joy. Not only would Rachel be cleared forever before the world, but her husband would stand exonerated at her side. The day of unfounded suspicions of either one of them, by the other or by the world—that day, at least, was over once for all.

Her heart was too full for many explanations; she lingered while Langholm told of his interview with Abel, and then left him with her husband.

Langholm, thereupon, spoke more openly of his whole case against Steel, who instantly admitted its strength.

"But I owe you an apology," the latter added, "not only for something I said to you this afternoon, more in mischief than in malice, which I would nevertheless unsay if I could; but for deliberately manufacturing the last link in your chain. I happened to buy both my re-

volvers and Minchin's from a hawker up the country; his were a present from me; and, as they say out there, one pair was the dead spit of the other. This morning, when I found I was being shadowed by these local heroes, it occurred to me for my own amusement to put one of my pair in a thoroughly conspicuous place, and this afternoon I could not resist sending you to the room to add it to your grand discoveries. You see, I could have proved an alibi for the weapon when I went up to town a year ago. Yes, poor Minchin wrote to me, and I went up to town by the next train to take him by surprise. How you got to know of his letter I can't conceive; but it carried no hint of blackmail. I think you did wonders, and I hope you will forgive me for that little trap; it really wasn't set for you. It is also perfectly true that I stayed at the Cadogan and was out at that particular time. I went there because it was the one good hotel I knew of in those parts, which was probably your own reason. I was out reconnoitering my old friend's house because I knew him for an inveterate late bird, and he did not write as if marriage had improved his habits. In fact, as you know, he had gone to the dogs altogether."

This reminded Langholm of the hour.

"It is late," said he, "and I must be off. Poor Severino had not a relation in this country that I know of. There will be a great deal to do tomorrow."

Steel at once insisted on bearing all expenses; that would be the lightest part, he said. "You have done so much!" he added. "By the way, you can't go without saying good night to my wife. She has still to thank you."

"I don't want to be thanked."

"But for you the truth might never have come out."

"Still, I shall be much happier if she never speaks of it again."

"Very well, she shall not—on one condition."

"What is that?"

"Langholm, I thought last summer we were to be rather friends. I don't think that of many people. May I still think it of you?"

"If you will," said Langholm. "I don't think I should ever have brought myself to give you away."

"You behaved most fairly, my dear fellow. I shall not forget it, nor the way you scared off the blackmailer Abel. If it is any satisfaction to you, I will tell you what his secret was. Nay, I may as well; and my wife, I must tell her too, though

all these months I have hidden it from her; for I have no doubt he took it to the police when you failed him. It is bound to get about, but I can live that down as I did the thing itself. I left my country for my country's good. Never mind the offense; the curious will find, and perhaps admit, that there are worse. But that man and I were transported to Western Australia on the same vessel in '69."

"And yet," said Langholm—they were not quite his next words—"and yet you challenged me to discover the truth! I still can't understand your attitude that night!"

Steel stood silent.

"Some day I may explain it to you," he said. "I am only now going to explain it to my wife."

The men shook hands.

Langholm rode on his bicycle from the scene of the one real melodrama of a life spent in inventing fictitious ones; and if you ask what he had to show for his part in it, you may get your answer one day from his work. Not from the masterpiece which he used to talk over with Mrs. Steel, for it will never be written; not from any particular novel or story, or in the reproduction of any of these incidents, since our author was a gentleman; but perhaps you will find your answer in a deeper knowledge of the human heart, a stronger grasp of the realities of life, a wider sympathy with men, and particularly with women; a new, a more serious, a wiser outlook upon life. These are some of the things which Charles Langholm has to show, if he cares to show them. And in the mean time you are requested not to pity him.

Steel went straight to his wife. Tears were still in her eyes, but such tears, and such eyes! It cost him an effort to say what he had to say, and that was unusual in his case.

"Rachel," he said at length, in a tone as new as his reluctance, "I am going to answer the question which you have so often asked me. I am going to answer it with perfect honesty, and very possibly you will never speak to me again. I shall be sorry for both our sakes if you do anything precipitate, but in any case you shall do as you think best. You know that I was exceedingly fond of Alec Minchin as a young man. Now, I am not often exceedingly fond of anybody, as you may also know by this time. Before your trial I was convinced that you had murdered my old friend, whom I was so keen to see again that I came up to town by the very first train after getting his

letter. You had robbed me of the only friend I had in England at the very moment when he needed me and I was on my way to him. I could have saved his ship, and you had sent both him and it to the bottom. That, I say candidly, was what I thought."

"I don't blame you for thinking it before the trial," said Rachel. "It seems to have been the universal opinion."

"I formed mine for myself, and I had a particular reason for forming it," continued Steel with a marked vibration in his usually unemotional voice. "I don't know which to tell you first. Well, it shall be that reason. On the night of the murder do you remember coming down stairs and going, or rather looking, into the study—at one o'clock in the morning?"

Rachel recoiled in her chair.

"Heavens!" she cried. "How can you know that?"

"Did you hear nothing as you went up stairs again?"

"I don't remember."

"Not a rattle at the letter box?"

"Yes! Yes! And it was actually you!"

"It was, indeed," said Steel gravely. "I saw you come down, I saw you peep in—all dread and reluctance! I saw you recoil, I saw your face of horror and yet of hate! And afterwards I learned from the medical evidence that your husband must have been dead at the time. One thing I knew, and that was that he was not shot during the next hour and more, for I waited about till half past two in the hope that he would come out. I was not going to ring and bring you down again, for I had seen your face, and I still saw your light up stairs."

"So you thought I had come down to see my handiwork!"

"To see if he was really dead. Yes, I thought that afterwards."

"Did it never occur to you that I might have thought he was asleep?"

"Yes, that has struck me since."

"You have not thought me guilty all along, then?"

"Not all along."

"Did you right through my trial?"

"God forgive me! Yes, I did. And there was one thing that convinced me more than anything else; and that was when you told the jury that the occasion of your final parting up stairs was the last time you saw poor Alec alive."

"But it was," said Rachel. "I remem-

ber the question. I did not know how to answer it. I could not tell them I had seen him dead, but fancied him only asleep; that they would never have believed. So I told the simple truth. But it upset me dreadfully."

"That I saw. You expected cross examination."

"Yes; and I did not know whether to stick to the truth or to lie."

"I can read people sometimes," said Steel after a pause. "I guessed your difficulty. Surely you must see the only conceivable inference?"

"I do see it."

"And, seeing, do you not forgive?"

"Yes, that. But you married me while you thought me guilty. I forgive you for denying it at the time. I suppose that was necessary. But you have not yet told me why you did it."

"Honestly, Rachel, it was largely fascination—"

"But not primarily?"

"No."

"Then let me hear the prime motive at last, for I am tired of trying to guess it."

Steel stood before his wife as he had never stood before her yet, his white head bowed, his dark eyes lowered, hands clasped, shoulders bent, the suppliant and the penitent in one.

"I did it to punish you," he said. "I thought some one must—I felt I could have hanged you if I had spoken out what I had seen—and I married you instead!"

His eyes were on the ground. When he raised them she was smiling through unshed tears. But she had spoken first.

"It was not a very terrible motive, after all," she had said; "at least, it has not been such a very terrible punishment."

"No; but that was because I did the very last thing I ever thought of doing."

"And that was?"

"I fell in love with you."

"Although you thought me guilty!"

"That made no difference at all. But I have thought it less and less, until, on the night you appealed first to me and then to Langholm—on thinking over that night—it was impossible to suppose it any more."

Rachel rose, her cheeks divinely red, her lip trembling, her hand outstretched.

"And you fell in love with me!" she murmured.

"God knows I did, Rachel, in my own way," said Steel.

"I am so glad!" whispered his wife.